

THE
TRIUMPHS
OF
GODS REVENGE
Against the
Crying and Execrable
SIN OF
MURDER.

EXPRESSEED

In Thirty several Tragical Histories, (digested into Six
Books) which contain great variety of mournful
and memorable Accidents; Amorous,
Moral, and Divine.

BOOK III.

Written by JOHN REYNOLDS.

L O N D O N,

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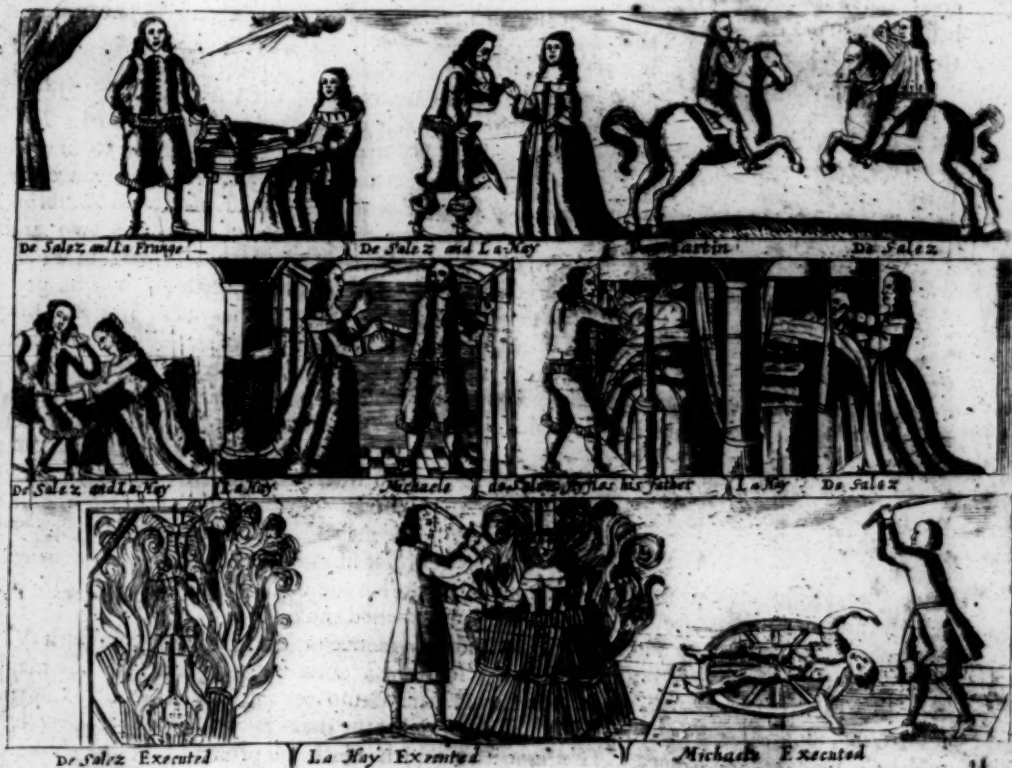
The Epistle Dedicatory,

ledges, finding hand in hand cheerfully to march; and really to sympathize in your Honour, (sith upon the resplendent luster of your actions, Envy is not capable to insinuate a blemish, nor Detraction of power to introduce or inforce a disparagement) was the sole prevailing-motive of this my Zeal and Ambition. And when I consider that the Morality, Ends, and Punishments, of these foul and crying Sins of Murther, which my two former Books (of this nature) have already related and divulged to the world, have not only been approved, but applauded, of our most Excellent and Sacred King, (as only aiming at God's glory, and our own reformation and preservation); I rather hope, than despair, that this Third (wherein the just Revenge of God, the Great and Supreme King of Kings, is no less apparent and conspicuous) will be accepted of your Honour. Again, it fights against Murther, which not only seeks to slay Humanity but therein to murther Religion, which is the Life and Soul thereof. It denounce th War against Nature and Grace, against the Divine Ordinances of Heaven, and the Coactive and Penal Laws of Earth, whereby they are established and maintained, as being the Cœment and Sinews, the Veins and Arteries of Monarchies and Commonweals; as also, against the Majesty of God, and the Crowns and Dignities of Sovereign Kings and Princes, his Royal Deputies and Vice-gerents here on Earth, sith thereby he loseth souls, and these subjects; yea, so general and prodigious a progression doth this scarlet Sin of premeditated and wilful Murther make in the universal World, and with so bloody a deluge and inundation, it not only washes, but (as it were) drowns the face of Christian, that we have now far truer cause to cry out, and juster reason to exclaim, than did Quintus Catulus, (so many Centuries of years since) O with whom, or where shall we live in safety, liti in Wars we kill those who are armed; and in Peace, who are unarmed? Tea, your Honour, who (with a happy Constancy, and constant Happiness) is still a professed Champion for Charity against Envy, and a Tutelary Protector for Virtue against Vice, (whiles divers Great Ones of the World, make it not only their practice, but their glory, to perform the contrary) will, I hope, run over these mournful Histories (and the several accidents they relate) with your eye of pity, and spirit of compassion; and therein with a religious joy, and pious insultation, not only admire the Providence, but applaud and magnifie the Justice of God, in so timely cutting off these Monsters of Nature, and bloody Butchers of Mankind, with these their condign punishments, and deserved deaths: In which Hope and Confidence, this Book is no more mine, but your Honours, and no less is he who collected and penned it: And that my Name may futurely oblige me to make this present Promise of my Pen real; Whiles many others (in a vertuous emulation) contend to deserve the Honour of your Favour, and strive to purchase the felicity of your Commands, none shall do it with more Integrity, and less Flattery than

Your Honour's truly devoted

JOHN REYNOLDS.

Gods



GOD's Revenge against the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

HISTORY XI.

De Salez killeth Vau martin in a Duel, La Hay causeth Michaelle to poyson La Frange. De Salez loves La Hay; and, because his Father Argentier will not consent that he marry her, stifles him in his bed, and then takes her to his Wife: She turns Strumpet, and cuts his throat; as he is dying, he accuseth her of this bloody fact, and himself for murdering his Father Argentier: so his dead body is hang'd to the Gallows, then burnt: La Hay confesseth this Murther, and likewise that she caus'd Michaelle to poyson La Frange: she hath her right hand cut off, and is then burnt alive: Michaelle is broken on the Wheel, and his dead body thrown into the River.

Although our perverse Nature, and rebellious Thoughts may for a while make us esteem Envy to be no Vice, and Murther a Virtue, yet if we will erect the eyes of our Faith, and so look from our selves to our souls, from Earth to Heaven, and from Satan to God, we shall then assuredly find, that hating our Christian Brother, we hate Christ who made us Brothers; and murdering him, that we maliciously and presumptuously attempt to crucifie Christ; by whom we must, without whom we cannot be saved. But if we will turn Atheists, and believe there is a Heaven, but no God; or Devils, and say, there is a God, but no Heaven, then that uncharitable Tenent of Envy may be held lawful, and this bloody position of Murther practised, because privileged; else, not. Wherefore let us who are Christians, send this Devilish Doctrine, and Doctrine of Devils, to Hell from whence it came, and to the Devil himself who first broached and invented it, sith we cannot profess it, without making our selves Agents; nor perpetrate it, without becoming his very limbs and members, in regard they will infallibly prove woful fore-runners of our misery, and the wretched Heralds of our perdition: as the bloody Actors of this ensuing mournful History will make good,

good, and instance to us in themselves, when the severe Judgments and Punishments of God beset them so suddenly, as it was too late for them either to revoke or bewail the enormity of these their foul and internal crimes.

Tboloufe (as well for greatness as state, the third City and Court of Parliament of *France*) is the place wherein we shall understand, there was lately committed and perpetrated a *Tragical History*, which hath many mournful and bloody dependances; the which to branch forth, and depaint in their naked colours, we must understand, that therein lived a Councillor of that famous *Court* (being a rich Gentleman, well descended) termed *Monsieur de Argentier*, whose Wife, being deceased, left him Father only to one hopeful Son, of the age of two and twenty years, termed *Monsieur de Salez*, who being wholly addicted to the Wars (from which Martial Profession it was impossible for his old Father to divert and withdraw him) he procured him an Ensign's place under *Monsieur de Roquelaure*, whom he served in the *Adriatick Sea*, under the Noble and generous *Venetians*, who then stood rather jealous than fearful of the power and greatness of *Spain*: but the *Chimera* of that War (after the term of three or four years) being vanished and blown away, and consequently betwixt those two mighty Estates, a new Peace contracted and concluded (although the old had not been actually broken and decelerated) home returns *Monsieur de Roquelaure*, for *Gascogny*, and with him *de De Salez* for *Languedoc* and *Tboloufe*, where he is received of his Father with much content and joy, not that he is contented to see his Son profess these military courses (which only affords the smোক of Honour, and not the solidity of Profit) but rather that he exceedingly rejoiced him to see him return there-from; and from whence, if he cannot hope that his requests will solely divert him, yet he is resolved and assured, that his commands both will and shall. To which end (as any humour is soonest subject to be expelled and defaced by its contrary, so) the old Councillor, having as much Judgment and Providence in his head, as his Son hath Vainity in his thoughts, and Rashness in his resolutions, doth both request and command to leave the War for Peace, Arms for Love, the Camp for the City, and his Captain for a Wife, and so no longer to march and fight under the Banners of *Mars* and *Bellona*, but under the Standards of *Venus* and *Hymeneus*: to which effect, he proffers him the choice of many rich and fair young Gentlewomen of the Countrey, to his Wife; but especially (and with far more earnestness than any other) to an exceeding rich Match in the City, which was a young Gentlewoman termed *La Frange*, being the only Child of *Monsieur de Clugny*, one of the most famous and richest Presidents of that Court; young of years, as being but sixteen or seventeen, but withall deformed both in favour and body: for she was of a brown and fowr Complexion; and not only a Dwarf in stature, but also exceeding crook-back'd; and yet beyond measure very amorous and desirous of a Husband: only the Endowments of her mind most richly recompenced, and made satisfaction for the defects of her body: for she had an active and nimble wit, a sweet and sugred tongue, a rich memory, and a powerful and happy judgment; and was indeed an excellent Dancer and Singer, and withal a most perfect and exquisite Musician. But as yet *De Salez* Warlike and Generous resolution, could not be so soon made flexible, to embrace the motion of a Wife, and so returns his denial instead of his consent: but his wife old Father *Argentier*, being therefore the more curious of his Son *De Salez* his prosperity and welfare, because he apparently saw he no way regarded, but every way neglected it himself (his Son's exorbitant resolution notwithstanding) although he knew that *Mademoiselle La Frange* had many noble Suitors, who sought her in Marriage: yet relying upon his ancient acquaintance and familiarity with the President, *De Clugny*, and also that that Daughter of his, and this his Son, were of both parties their only children; He taking time at advantage, breaks with him about the Match: whereunto *De Clugny* hearkens rather with delight, than distaste: for if there were any disparity in the dignity of their Offices, he well knows that *Argentier's* Blood and Wealth did at least equalize, if not exceed his: or if he conceited any scruple in his thoughts which impugned or imposed it, it was only because *De Salez* was a Soldier, and not a Lawyer, and consequently delighted to use his Sword, before his Pen; and to wear and prefer a Scarlet Cloak, before a Black. But then again, these repugnant and averse reasons were as soon buried, as born; and defaced, as conceived and engraven in him; when he considered that he himself in his adolescence, was of the same humour and inclination, and therefore that Experience had made him a President to himself, that Time was both the reformer and refiner of manners, and that (in all well-born and well-bred spirits) the Precepts of a Father, and the sweet conversation and counsel of a Wife, had power to metamorphose the conditions of a young Husband: whereupon the old Fathers often meet and consult hereon, and so being fully agreed on all conditions

desires and pleasures, with this, though deformed, yet rich Heir, *La Frange*: so leaving him to his vain suit in courting her, speak we a little of *De Salex*, that sith he will not affect *La Frange*, we may yet observe and discover which way he intends to shape the course of his affections and resolutions.

For albeit he had formerly addicted himself and resolutions to be a professed Soldier; yet *Peace* calling him home now to *Pleasure*, and that to *Effeminacy*, a fatal and dangerous Vice, which in the iniquity of these our times, and depraved manners, not only most insensibly creeps into common Soldiers and Commanders, but also into all Armies, and into many Estates and Kingdoms, still to the disparagement of their glory, and sometime to the price of their ruin, and peril of their subversion; he began to let his Colours hang dusty, and his Pike and Partizan rusty by the walls, and to frequent the company of Ladies; which the old Councillor, his Father, observes with joy; hoping that in the end he shall draw him to affect and marry *La Frange*: but these hopes of his will prove vain, and this his joy will soon be exchanged into sorrow, and metamorphosed into affliction and misery; for that his Son is partly resolved to marry, 'tis true; but as true it is, that he is fully resolved never to love, much less to marry *La Frange*.

Now we must understand, that in *Tholonse* there dwelt a Merchant of Silks, or as we in England say, a *Silk-man*, termed *Monsieur de Soulange*; rather reputed rich of others, than known so of himself: and yet, being an old Widower, to the end the sooner to get him a new Wife, he puts a good face on his Estate, and maintains himself, Family, and House, with great pomp and expences, having no Son, but three fair Daughters, all marriageable: and yet (out of ambition, and in emulation of the Gentry) severally known and stiled by their titles, not by their names, as *Misdameselles de Marisy*, *La Perverte*, and *La Hay*, all famous for their beauties, and indeed for their pureness and excellency thereof, justly reputed and held the prime Birds of the City, and yet the youngest of them, *La Hay*, was the *Phoenix* of all the Three: for she was so sweetly fair, and fairly sweet of complexion, as she drew all eyes to do homage to hers; so as it was almost impossible for any man to look on her without loving her, or to gaze on her, without desiring her: for her Body was so straight and slender, and the Roses of her Cheeks so deliciously gracing the Lillies, and the Lillies the Roses, that the greatest Gallant either of the City or Countrey, held himself not only happy, but honoured with the felicity of her presence and company. But, in one word, to give these three Sisters their true Characters, *De Marisy*, and *La Perverte*, were far more virtuous than *La Hay*, though *La Hay* were far fairer than they: for as Religion and Piety was their chiefest delight and exercise, as more desirous to imbellish their souls, than their bodies; so wanton pleasure, and vain lasciviousness, was hers, as rather delighting to please and adorn her body, than her soul; they being more virtuous than fair; she, more fair than virtuous; different inclinations and resolutions: these as happy and blessed, as hers wretched and impious: their actions might have been a Precedent, yea a Pilot to have conducted her Fame as well to the Temple of Honour, as to the Harbour of Immortal Glory, and of glorious Immortality; but she vows she will prove a President to her self, and her Pleasure shall be a Pilot to her Will, although she mils the Temple of Honour, to find out that of Beasty Concupiscence; and the Harbour of Immortal Glory, to suffer shipwreck upon the Shelves of inglorious Infamy, and the Rock of Infamous Perdition.

To this *Monsieur de Soulange's* House, the Beauties of his three Daughters, but especially that of *La Hay*, and withall her pleasing and tractable affability, invites many young Gentlemen, and the eminentest Citizens, who there pass their time in courting and conversing, in dancing, singing, and the like, whereunto the Youth of France, more than any other people of the World, are most licentiously addicted: and as things are best discerned and distinguished by their contraries; so the Virtues of *De Marisy*, and *La Perverte*, were made more apparent by *La Hay's* Vices; and her Lust and Whoredoms, were more palpably notorious in their Chastity. O that so sweet a Creature should be subject to so foul a sin! and that Beauty, the best gift (and, as I may say, the Gold) of Nature, should be thus villified and polluted with the beastly pleasures of carnal concupiscence, and obscene sensuality! For, ay me! I write it with as much grief to my self, as shame to her; She was too prodigal of her Favours: for she imparted them liberally unto some, for Love; but unto most, for Money; not caring to whom she prostituted her Body, so they filled her Purse; thereby to support her Pride, and maintain the excess and vanity of her Bravery: and yet she was so subtil and cautious therein, that although she were a professed Courtesan, she would nevertheless publickly seem a pure and unspotted Virgin; and the better to fortifie her Fame, and to make the reputation of her Chastity pass current with the world, she would swear all those to conceal her favours, on whom

never

soever she imparted and bestowed them: but if this lascivious subtilty of hers have power to blear the eyes of the world, how can this her beastly sin of Fornication be unseen of God, when the Windows, Walls, and Beams of her Chamber, yea, her very Bed whereon she hath acted her Whoredoms, shall one day give in evidence, and serve as witnesses against her; yea, and be Petitioners on earth, that God will requite and reward them with vengeance and confusion from Heaven?

Now, among the rest of those debauched Gentlemen, who devoted their lascivious service, and sacrificed their fond affection to *La Hay's* beauty, in comes our *De Salex* to enrol himself one, who, feasting and surfeiting his eyes on the delicacies of her fresh and sweet complexion, leaves his own Father's house, to frequent her's; yea, his desires are so lustfully enflamed with her beauty, as with his best art and policy he lays close siege to her Chastity, and with many gifts, requests, and oaths, seeks to endear her to his desires and pleasure. But see the subtilty of this lascivious young *Courtisan*; for, knowing *De Salex* deeply in love with her, and to be the only Child of his Father, and he one of the richest Councillors of *Tbolouse*, she conceives a plot in her head, to go a fishing to make him her Husband, and so bears her self wonderful modest and coy, casting a cloak and veil of Chastity over her unchast desires and actions, as if she were now a Virgin, yea, a Saint to him, though heretofore she had many times played the Strumpet with others. But her denial doth rather enflame, than quench the fire of his lust; so as making many assaults to raze down the defences of her refusal, that he may enter and take possession of her heart and favour, his best Art and Oratory proves vain: for she outwardly retires her affection, thereby the better inwardly to advance and finish her purposes: so this repulse of her's, makes him hang his head, and become pensive and melancholy; the true signs and symptoms of a foolish and fantastical Lover, as in effect we shall shortly see *De Salex* will prove himself. For the colder she is in affection to him, the hotter is he in lust with her; forgetting the wars, yea, his discretion, himself, and all, to crown his desires in enjoying her: the which she well observing, begins to triumph in her good fortune, as thinking him already fairly come to the hook; and so hopes, that if the line of his folly, and her good fortune and wit hold, she will soon make him her Husband, and her self his Wife: for, having formerly met with many Knaves in others, she now begins to rest confident, either to find or to make a fool of him, thereby to serve as a veil to over-veil her Whoredoms. He pleads hard to her for love; she replies, it is impossible to find love in lust. He vows he will dye her servants; she swears, she will never live his Strumpet. He protesteth, that she shall share of his estates; she tells him plainly, that she had rather live a poor *Wife*, than dye a rich *Courtesan*. He replies, that he adores her beauty; she answers, that she knows no other, but that he only seeks to profane and defile it. And here, with more facility to make him swallow either a Gull, a Gudgeon, or both; she, by stealth, permits him to cull some kisses, as well from the Cherries of her lips, as the Roses of her cheeks; and in the interim, like an hypocritical dissembling Quean, reads him many Lectures on the pureness of *Chastity*, and the foulness of *Lust*, on the blessedness of *Marriage*, and the wretched estate of *Fornication*. Profane and impious Giglet! whose speeches are perfumed with Vertue, and yet her actions stink, and are polluted and infected with Vice: dissembling *Syren*, who calls forth bitter-sweet enchanting tunes and charms, to please the sense, and yet purposely to poison the soul: Pills of Wormwood, candy'd in Sugar; Honey to the palate, but gall to the stomach: a fatal Rock, whereon many inconsiderate and debauched young Gentlemen have unfortunately suffered Shipwrack; a wretched Gulph and Labyrinth, which contains all variety of endless miseries and calamities, whereunto whosoever enters with pleasure, is sure to retire with tears, curses and repentance. A Plague sent us from Heaven in our age, for a just guerdon and recompence of the sins and folly of our youth. And into this intricate Labyrinth, and bottomless Gulph of misery and calamity, is our rash and lustful young Gallant, cheerfully entring and steering his course, without either the Star of hope, or Compass of felicity and safety, bearing out top and top-gallant; yea, (as I may say) with all the sails of his folly bearing, and with the Flag, Ensign, and Pendants of his obscene and lascivious desires, playing and dallying in the Air of *La Hay's* fatal and infectious beauty; which hath so closely surpris'd his Judgment, captivated his Thoughts, and eclipsed his Discretion, as in her absence and presence he extols as well her Vertues, as her Beauty, to the Skies; vowing that she is so fair a Nymph, and so pure a Virgin, as she deserves rather to be his Wife, than his Strumpet; or rather, not his Strumpet, but his Wife. And so two months being past since he first frequented her, and sought to seduce and obtain her to his lascivious desires; and seeing (dissembling Quean as she is) that therein she bore her self infinitely chaste and modest, and that it was impossible for him to observe or remark any other inclination or testimony, either in her word or carriage, his wits are so befotted and entangled

in the fetters of her beauty, that he prefers her sweet feature and complexion, a thousand times before *La Frange's* deformed; and vows, that he had rather dye *La Hay's* slave, than ever live to be *La Frange's* Husband. But this folly of his, in the end, shall cost him dear, and so lead him to another, far more unnatural, and, as I may justly say, damnable: But we must proceed orderly in this History, and do therefore reserve that part till anon.

By this time the sly subtilty, and seeming-chast behaviour of *La Hay*, hath acted wonders in *De Salez's* heart; so as she now hopes confidently and shortly to play her prize in surprizing him: for he is extremely amorous, belottet, and (as I may say) drunk with the love of her Self and Beauty: so, on a Sunday, as she returned from *Vespers*, he repairs to her Father's house to see her; whom he finds in her Chamber alone, waiting and attending him, having purposely dighted herself in a rich new Gown and Petticoat, and trimmed and adorned her self in her gayest and most curious Attire, thereby with more ease and facility to draw him to her lure: So as her Beauty being both seconded and graced by her Apparel, she so ravished his heart, and delighted his senses, as he cannot refrain from kissing her: but this Honey of her lips, will, in the end, prove poyson to his heart. And here again he lays close siege to her Chastity; but still she gives him the repulse and refusal, as if she were a *Diana*, and not a *Venus*: He vows he doth affect, and will ever honour her: and she, That if he honour her, she will still affect him. In the way of Love, quoth he, I am wholly yours: and, quoth she, in that of Honour I will not be mine own, but yours. I will, quoth he, in all affection both live and dye your servant: and, replies she, in all Chastity I will live to dye your Handmaid. He affirms, He cannot be more hers in heart, than he is: nor I, quoth she, less yours in lust, than I am. It is, quoth he, my Love which makes me report so much: and, quoth she, it is my Fear which makes me affirm no less. Why, quoth he, should my Love procure your Fear? My Fear, quoth she, is wholly engendred and derived from your Lust, but not from your Love. I pray express your self, quoth he: she replies, My Blushes may, but my Tongue dare not. Quoth he, Did your affection equalize mine, *La Hay* would accept of *De Salez*, and not refuse him. Nay, quoth she, did *De Salez* know how infinitely mine exceeds his, he would not refuse *La Hay*, but accept of her. Why, quoth he, *De Salez* desires none but *La Hay*: Nor, quoth she, *La Hay* any in the World but *De Salez*. Whereupon *De Salez*, being provoked with his own Lust, and animated and encouraged by her sweet speeches, he very joyfully (yet falsely) flattering himself with the conquest of her favour and consent, shuts the door, and (like a most lascivious and dissolute Gentleman) takes her in his arms, and strives to convey her to the Bed, resolving there to enrich himself with more than kisses; yea, to reap the fruit of his beastly pleasures, and obscene and brutish desires, but his hopes shall deceive him: For, although *La Hay* be a Courtesan in heart, yet she will not be so in tongue, especially now, where to get her self a rich Husband, it behoves her to play her prize in Chastity, as if she were as vertuous as fair, and as chaste as lovely. Wherefore exclaiming, and storming at this his lascivious attempt and enterprize, levelled at the deploation and shipwreck of her Honour, she with a violent power, and enraged violence, unskrews her self forth his Arms, and with a world of hypocritical sighs and tears, flies to his Ponyard, which he had thrown on the Table; and, unsheathing it, vows that she will be a second *Lucretia*; and, that if she cannot kill him before he have defiled and deflowered her, yet, that she will assuredly murder her self after; because she is fully resolved, That her Chastity shall out-live her, not she her Chastity. A religious and honourable resolution of hers, if it had proceeded from a chaste and sanctified heart: but alas! nothing less; for she speaks it out of Subtilty, not out of Vertue; out of Policy, no way out of Piety. *De Salez* by this time having wholly lost his judgment in the sweet and roseat Garden of her delicious Complexion, vows that he is now as deeply in love with her Chastity, as formerly with her Beauty. When seeking to appease her Choler, and to pacify her Indignation, as also to give truce to his own thoughts, and content to his desires: he swears he is so far from intending her any dishonour, as he is resolved to do her all the honour of the world; yea, so far, as, if he please, he is ready to accept her for his Wife; protesting, that of all the Maidens of the world, he is desirous to be Husband to none but her self; and that the fault shall be hers, if he make not his words, deeds. *La Hay* having her thoughts tickled with delight, to hear the pleasant melody of these his sugred speeches, doth thereat presently bury her sighs, and dry up her tears; when, throwing away the Ponyard, and making him a most respectful courtesie, and grateful reverence, she with extended arms runs to him, and hangs about his neck, vowing that she loves no man in the World

World but himself; and in consenting to be her Husband, she will till death yeeld not only to be his faithful Wife, in attending his pleasure; but his observant Handmaid, to receive and obey his Commands: and so they interchangeably greet each other with thanks and kisses. But yet, she knowing that his Father *Argentier* was both rich and eminent, and her own poor, and of a far inferior rank; she is so politick and subtil in the managing of this her affection, as she is resolved to make sure work, and to do nothing by halves; so as knowing that words are but wind, and what *De Salex* promiseth her now, he may either forget or deny to morrow; she intends to catch at *Opportunitie's* fore-lock; and so with a sweet and ingenuous insinuation, draws him to give her a Diamond-Ring in token of Marriage; and she, in exchange, returns him a small Gold Bracelet, which she wore upon her arm next her heart. And yet again, considering that his Father would very difficultly (or never) be drawn to consent to this Match, she can give no true content to her desire, nor satisfaction to her fear, before she have united and linked him to her, in a more stricter and firmer bond of assurance; when not only feasting, but (as it were) surfeiting him with variety of kisses, she bethinks her self of a policy as worthy of her wit for attempting, as of his folly for performing: for directing him her speech (which she accompanied with many amorous, yet dissimbling smiles) she told him she would futurely exceed him in constancy, and now out-brave him in affection; when taking Pen and Paper, she writes him a fair promise and firm assurance of her self unto him (in the manner of a Contract); and to make it the more powerful and authentical, subscribes her name and sign to it, and betwixt sighs and blushing, she delivers it to him; no way doubting, but rather assuring her self, that he would requite her with the like courtesie and obligation, as indeed the event answered her desires and wishes. For *De Salex* having now no power left him to see by his own eyes; I mean, by those of his Judgment, but only by these of his intemperate passion, and passionate affection; he is so far from descrying, much less from suspecting her policy, as very simply and sottishly he attributes it to the fervency of her affection; the which he interprets and entertains, I know not whether with more joy, or delectation; and so vowing not to dye her debtor for Courtesie, he very rashly and inconsiderately writes another to the same effect, and flies so far from wit or discretion, as to shew himself her Superior in affection, as well as in sex; he purposely cuts his finger, and so firms his name thereunto with his own blood, and then with a million of kisses delivers it her, vowing that her pleasure shall be his law in the accomplishing thereof: only he prays her for a time to be secret and silent herein, for that he fears he shall hardly draw his Father to consent hereunto: the which she very courteously grants him. And so he triumphing in her Beauty, and she in his Wealth; he in her Youth, and she in his Simplicity, they for that time part, not doubting but they shall shortly reap the fruits of their Matrimonial desires and wishes: for till then, she swears (though with an equivocating reservation to forswear her self) she will live a most pure and unspotted Virgin; and that as the least of her affection and courtesie toward him, shall be smiles, so the most shall be kisses.

But this affection (or rather folly) of *De Salex*, in contracting himself to *La Hay*, is not so secretly born, but as her former unchastity was a general argument of talk to the whole City of *Toulouse*; so now this of her subtilty and good fortune, is that of its universal prattling and admiration, occasioned and redoubled by the opposite considerations of *Argentier's* known Wealth, and *De Soulange's* supposed poverty: and again, of *De Salex's* supposed Chastity, and of *De La Hay's* notoriously known Whoredoms. And as *Fame* is still so rattling a goddess, that events and accidents of this nature can hardly be concealed, and difficultly suppressed and smothered; so by this time, contrary to the expectations and hopes of our two young Lovers; the old Councillor *Argentier* hath notice of this unlooked-for news, and of this unwished-for familiarity betwixt his Son, and that Strumpet *La Hay*; when considering the great opposition betwixt *De Clugney's* Nobility and Wealth, and *De Soulange's* mean Extraction and Poverty; as also, by a true and uncontrollable Antipathy, comparing the foul and enormous Vices of *La Hay*, with the sweet and resplendent virtues of *La Frange*, he (as much disdainning that Match, as desiring this for his Son) very hastily sends for him into the Arbor, where purposely attending him, he with lightning in his looks, and thunder in his speeches, lays before him the simplicity and sottishness of his resolution, in preferring *La Hay* before *La Frange*, a Strumpet before a Virgin, and a Pedler's Brat before a rich Gentleman's only Daughter and Heir: shews him the infamy of the first, and the glory of the last Match; there his unavoidable misery, here his assured happiness: in the first, his utter ruin and shipwrack; and in the last, his infallible prosperity and felicity: and so intermixing threats with tears, with a passionate paternal affection, he endeavoureth to perswade him to leave *La Hay*, and to marry *La Frange*; or if not, he vows and swears, wholly to dis-inherit him, and from thenceforth never repute or esteem him his Son.

But *De Salez* his foolish vanity and vain affection in himself towards his new-contracted Love, *La Hay*, is so great; and consequently his filial obedience to his Father, so small, as notwithstanding this his wholesome advice and counsel, he is still resolute and constant to prefer *La Hay* before *La Frange*; the beauty of the one, before the deformity of the other; his own content, before his Father's; and *Soulanges* citate and birth, before the great wealth and noble extraction of *De Clugny*: But this rashness, indiscretion, and ingratitude of his, will cost him dear.

Now if *Argentier* have perfect intelligence and curious notice of his Son's familiarity with that fair yet leud Courtisan *La Hay*; no less hath *La Frange*, who, poor soul, is so deeply enamored of *De Salez*, as at the very first news and conceit, that another should enjoy him, and not her self, for very grief and sorrow she seems to drown her self in the deluge of her tears. His Father is cholerick thereat, she mournful; he incensed, she afflicted; he enraged, and she perplexed and tormented: his passions and anger proceed from suspicion, that he shall so soon find a Daughter-in-law in *La Hay*; her sighs and tears, from fear, that she shall so soon lose her Love, though not her Lover, his Son *De Salez*. Again, the argument of his choler, is *La Hay*'s unchastity and poverty; and the cause of her disconsolation, *De Salez* his wealth and virtues: likewise she sees, that *Argentier* hath no reason to hope, that his son will marry her self, such is her deformity; and again, that he hath all the reasons of the world, as well to doubt, as fear, that he will wed *La Hay*, such is her beauty. But sith *De Salez* will bear no more respect to his Father, nor affection to *La Frange*, leave we therefore his Father *Argentier*'s passions, and *La Frange*'s perplexities, to be appeased and qualified by Time, or rather by God, the Author and Giver of Time; who out of his All-seeing Providence, and Sacred Pleasure, only knows in Heaven how best to dispose and manage the actions of earth; and so come we to other unexpected occurrences and events, which like so many interjecting and intervening points, are contained within the circumference of this History.

I have so long insisted on the affections of *De Salez* and *La Hay*, as (but to the judicious and temperate Reader) it would seem to appear, that the Baron of *Vaumartin* hath wholly forgotten to remember his to his Lady *La Frange*: But to put that doubt out of question, and this question out of doubt, we shall see him return too too soon, to act a part not so religious and honourable, as bloody, upon the Theater of this History: For by this time both his Creditors and his Debts are grown so clamorous, and his Reputation and Land so near forfeited, for want of disingaging, as, to seduce the one, and to provide for the other, he knows no other invention nor means, but to gain *La Frange* to his Wife: when, as it were provoked and precipitated on by the necessity of this exigent, his thoughts leave Heaven, to flye to Hell; and consequently, flye from God to Satan, to consult, how either by the by, or the main, he may obtain her; yea, though with the peril and hazzard of his own life, to cut off theirs who seek therein to prevent his desires and designs. In which Hellish ratiocination, he, as devoid of Reason, as that is exempt either of Grace or Piety, thus reasoneth with himself: *De Clugny* hates me, for seeking to marry his Daughter; and that, time may remedy for me: but, which is worst of all, the loves *De Salez*, and seeks and desires to marry him; and this I must remedy in time, if I ever expect to obtain or enjoy her; and so resolves to make him away; but is, as yet, irresolute how to perpetrate, and in what manner to finish so execrable a business. But this is not only the voice of his malice, but the sentence of his revenge, that *De Salez* must dye. Wretched *Vaumartin*, unworthy to bear the name of a man, much less of a Baron, but least of all, of a Christian; in that, because *De Salez* hates *La Frange*, and she loves him, that therefore thou wilt not love but hate him; or because she loves him, and not thy self, that therefore thou wilt kill him, that she may love thee. See, see, rash and inconsiderate Noble-man, how treacherously the Devil hath hood-wink'd, yea, inveigled thy judgment, and befottered thy senses, to kill one that loves thee; to kill, I say, a Gentleman who hath not offended thee, but is every way thy friend, no way thine enemy: or if thou think it wisdom, that covetousness must redeem thy former prodigality; alas, alas! canst thou yet be so cruel to think it either lawful or religious, that future Murther should either occasion or authorize it? But the Devil hath so far prevailed with his impious resolutions, that again he resolves *De Salez* must dye: and yet thou thinkest payson as unworthy of him, as he is worthy of thy Sword: so, had thy last resolution been answerable to thy first, assure thy self thou hadst made thy self more happy, and not so miserable: for, as poisoning was the invention of the Devil, and is practised by none but his Agents; so this dishonourable point of honour, to fight Duels, was never instituted by God, nor professed by those who really profess his Gospel; yea, it is not only, truly to dishonour God, in seeking falsely to preserve our own Honour and Reputation, but we assuredly stab at the Majesty of the Creator, in seeking to deface man his Creature; and to

use but a word, as it is repugnant both to Nature and Grace; so though it begin in the heat of passion and pleasure, it many times terminates in Repentance, but still in true Infamy and Misery.

But *Vaumartin's* Faith being so strong with Satan, and so weak with his Saviour, he will not take a Law from Religion, to give to his Envy; but rather, takes one from his Envy, to give to his Religion; and so very prophanely and rashly, by his Lackey, *La Rose*, sends *De Salez* this Challenge.

VAUMARTIN to DE SALEZ.

I f thou seek the cause of my malice, thou mayest find it in the Lady *La Frange's* affection to thee, and hatred to my self: wherefore hold it not strange, that I now command my Pen to invite thee, and thy Sword, to meet me to morrow on horse-back, without Seconds, 'twixt five and six in the morning, behind the Jacobin's Garden. Love and Valour, thou knowest, are never capable of much expostulation, as desirous rather to be tried in action, than seen in words. Could that sweet Lady (who will not be mine, because thou art hers) have affected me more, or thee less, we might have proved as true Friends, as now our Reputations conjure us either to live or dye Honourable Enemies.

VAUMARTIN.

De Salez having received and read this Challenge, doth not a little wonder at the Baron of *Vaumartin's* strange passion and resolution, in sending it him; especially, litch he knows that the motives and grounds of his malice, were so unjust and frivolous: so, now to answer him, as yet he knows not: for, as his generosity one way invites him to fight; so his discretion another way, perswades him from it. But considering the poor esteem he makes either of the Lady *La Frange*, or her affection; thinking it folly to fight without cause, and to hazzard his life without reason, he calls for Pen and Paper, and as a wife, yet valiant Gentleman, by his own Lackey returns the Baron of *Vaumartin* this Answer.

DE SALEZ to VAUMARTIN.

I Have seen many Challenges, but none of the nature of thine now sent me: for, to write thee the truth, the grounds and foundations thereof are unjust, false, or both: for, bring but the eyes of thy judgment, and not of thy passion, to be Judge and Umpire betwixt us, and thou shalt both see and find, that I not only disclaim the Lady *La Frange's* affection, but her self; sith I appertain to another, and she shall never to me. I here shew thee my love, through this true prospective of my heart; and, which if it will not satisfy thy malice, then know, that my weak Valour is neither capable nor desirous of further expostulation, than that my Sword is as willing to bring thee deeds, as thy Pen was to send me words: for either single, or with Seconds; either on foot, or horse-back, I will still be ready to give reason to those who will not relish nor receive any but their own: and in this resolution of mine, I know I shall either live with Reputation, or dye with Honour.

DE SALEZ.

Vaumartin having received and perused this Letter of refusal from *De Salez*, he out of the heat of his passion, and height of his folly, reputes it rather to cowardize, than discretion, in him: and so his courage and revenge the more insulting and inflam'd thereat, he bending his brows (as if Contempt and Envy sate wreath'd in the furrows thereof) very speedily again returns him his Lackey, with this rash Answer:

VAUMARTIN to DE SALEZ.

THY Answer gives me no satisfaction, sith I know, that to deny thy affection to the Lady *La Frange*, is to deny the light of the Sun in his brightest and hottest Meridian: neither are the grounds or foundation of my Challenge, either unjust, or false, as thou in thy false Prospective endeavourest to make me see or believe: for, being ignorant who is thy Mistress, I know thou resolvest to make no Lady of the world thy Wife, but *La Frange*; so as I cannot rightly define, whether thy proceeding with me be more subtil, or malicious; or to what end thou shouldst attempt the one or practise the other towards me, unless out of a premeditated resolution and purpose, thereby to make thy glory the more apparent and conspicuous in my shame. Wherefore, sith thy friendship is false to me, I must, nay I will see if thy valour will prove true to thy self; and whether the effects of thy Sword, be as great in substance, as the vanity of thy Pen delights them, in shew and ostentation: so my Challenge is still my resolution, and to perform.

performance thereof must be thine, except thou resolve to live with as much Infamy, as the conclusion of thy Letter promiseth, thou art ready to dye with Reputation and Honour.

VAUMARTIN.

De Salez having received and run over this Letter, and seeing that *Vaumartin* was still wilful and resolute to fight, thinks that he should degenerate from Himself, his Blood, and Profession, if he did not now accept and answer this his Challenge: wherefore, calling for *Vaumartin's* Lackey, he rounds him thus in the ear; Tell thy Master, that if I live, I will not fail to breakfast with him timely in the morning, according to his expectation. Thus we see two inconsiderate Gentlemen agreed, their Match concluded, and nothing but the night to hinder them from fighting; as if their glory consisted in their shame; and as if Nature had never taught them how to preserve their lives; nor Grace, their souls.

So the Morn peeping forth through the Windows of Heaven, as soon as the Sun with his glistering beams began to salute the Woods and Mountains, our two resolute Champions bravely mounted, with each his Chirurgion, are in the field at the assign'd Rendezvous, & first comes *Vaumartin*, and then immediately *De Salez*; when their Chirurgions performing the duty and office of Seconds, being some hundred paces distant, they give Spurs to their Steeds, and so, drawing their Swords, swiftly part, like two flashes of Lightning each towards other. At their first meeting, *De Salez* gives *Vaumartin* the first hurt in the right shoulder; and he, *De Salez* another in requital, in the right side of the neck; when, being both good Cavaliers (and well near as equal in years, as courages), they turn short, and then fall to it again with bravery and resolution; when again *Vaumartin* runs *De Salez* through his left Arm, of a deep and wide wound, and he only slightly cuts his Shirt upon his Ribs, giving him only a raze or tear; but as yet, both free from any danger of death; so they mutually content to breathe: but their ambitions and courage of both sides are so exasperated and enflamed, as although they are all bloody, yet this will not suffice: so they fall to it again; and in this close, *De Salez* his horse stumbles with him; whereat *Vaumartin* (though a Dwarf in stature, yet not in Valour and Policy) taking the advantage of this accident, gives him first a lick o're his pate, and then runs him at the short Ribs; but *De Salez* reining up his Horse, proved favourable to him; for by that means, *Vaumartin's* Sword met and glanced on a Rib, without doing him any farther hurt. *De Salez* seeing the redoubling of his wounds, begins to redouble his courage; and disdaining thus to be out-braved and beaten by a Pigmy, he lays home at *Vaumartin*, and at their very next close, runs him thorow the body of a deep and mortal wound, a little above the Navel; whereat his Sword presently falls out of his hand, to the ground, and he immediately likewise from his Horse, stark dead, without having the grace or happiness, either to call on, or name God. O what pity, what misery is it, that a Christian should dye like a Beast, having neither power to pray, nor felicity to repent. Thus we see the Challenger killed; and he who would have murdered a stranger, murdered himself by a stranger: a Lesson to teach others to beware, by the Tragical and mournful end of this rash Noble-man. *De Salez* seeing *Vaumartin* dead, praiseth God for his victory; and so leaving his breathless Corps to his sorrowful Chirurgion, he gallops away to the next Village, where he causeth his wounds to be dressed; and from thence provides for his safety.

All *Tholouse* rings and resounds of this disastrous and Tragical accident. *De Clugny* is glad that *De Salez* hath escaped death; yet sorrowful that *Vaumartin* is killed, in respect he tears he undertook this quarrel for his Daughter *La Frange's* sake; who hearing that *De Salez* wounds are no way mortal, infinitely rejoiceth and triumpheth thereat, flattering her self (though with this false hope) that he affected her far more dearer than he made shew of, or else that he would never have fought with *Vaumartin* for her sake; nor have killed him, but for his own. And thus, though humanity made her grieve for *Vaumartin's* death, yet that grief of hers was as suddenly converted into joy, when she saw he received it by the hand of *De Salez*, whom she respected and affected more dearly than all the Gentlemen of the world. Now, as for his Father *Argentier*, the life of his Son likewise wiped off the remembrance of *Vaumartin's* death; and yet it grieved him inwardly, that he to whom he gave life, should give death to another; and far the more, in that this unfortunate accident must now enforce him to beg pardon from that grave Court of Parliament, for this Murther perpetrated by his Son; sith he had formerly so often pleaded for Justice against others, for the like crime and offence: but all these joys of *Argentier*, *De Clugny*, and his Daughter *La Frange*, are nothing to those of *La Hay* for the life and victory of her dear *De Salez*; leaping, as it were, for meer content and pleasure, that she should shortly see and enjoy him for her Husband; and that God

hath

hath both reserved and preserved him, to crown her with the sweetness of this desired felicity.

Thus while *La Frange* and *La Hay* triumph and congratulate the return of *De Salez*, so *Argentier* publicly, and *De Clugny* privately, imploy their chiefest power, friends, and authority, to procure his pardon, first from the King, then from the *Parliament*, whereof they are two famous Members; Which at last, (by the means and favour of the *Duke of Ventadour*) they obtain. So this murder of his, is remitted in Earth, but, I fear me, will not be forgotten in Heaven: for though men be inconstant in their decrees, yet God will be firm and upright, as well in the distribution, as execution of his judgments. Men as they are men may err, but as they are Christians they should not; but God (either to please or displease them) neither can nor will.

De Salez no sooner hath escaped this danger, but, forgetting his former follies, and his Father's advice and house, he again, in a manner, voluntary imprisoneth himself with his Mistress *La Hay*, in hers; whereat, as his Father storm's, so *De Clugny* and *La Frange* bite the lip; hoping that his good office in procuring him his pardon, would more strictly have united him to her self, and consequently sequestered him from *La Hay*; but nothing less, for he sings his old tune, and will rather run the hazard of his old Father's displeasure, than leave *La Hay* to take *La Frange*: whereat, his Father *Argentier* reneweth his choler, and revives his indignation against him, as desiring nothing so much in this life, as to see him married to *La Frange*, but he shall never live to see it; for there are too many disastrous accidents preparing, to cross and prevent it.

Whiles these things happen in *Tholouse*, there betides an unexpected and unwished business, which must call away *Argentier* to *Paris*: For the Lords of the Privy Council of *France*, having received some informations and grievances against the body of the Court of Parliament of *Tholouse*, command them speedily to send up some Deputies, to answer such matters as shall be objected against them; whereupon, the gravity and wisdom of that Court, in obedience to their Superiors, elect two Presidents and four Counsellors, to undertake that journey and business, among whom *De Clugny* is chosen for one of the Presidents, and *Argentier* for one of the Counsellors; as indeed their Integrity and profound Wisdom and Experience had made them eminent in that Court. As for *De Clugny*, at his importunate request (made to the Court) he was dispensed with from that journey; by alleadging that his Age and Sickness made him altogether unfit to undertake it; but all the evasions and excuses which *Argentier* could make, could not exempt him, but he must needs see *Paris*. But first, before his departure, he had a long and serious Conference with *De Clugny*, how to effect the so long desired match of his Son and Daughter, the finishing whereof was referred till his return from *Paris*, which sweet news infinitely rejoiced and delighted the young Lady *La Frange*: and the immediate night before he was to take Coach, he calls his Son *De Salez* to him, and with a perswasive and powerful speech, requested him in his absence to love *La Frange*, which he, in plain terms, protested and vowed to his Father, he could not; then he conjures him, never to marry *La Hay*, which likewise he would not grant; and to conclude, sith his Father could not prevail in the two former, he commanded him upon his blessing, that he would never marry any wife whatsoever without his consent, the which indeed *De Salez* could not deny, but faithfully promised his Father; yea, and bound it with an oath, yet still hoping, that it was as possible for him to draw his Father to consent he should marry *La Hay*, as it was impossible for his Father ever to perswade him to marry *La Frange*: and so that night the Father takes leave of the Son, and he the next morning of his Father, wishing him a prosperous journey, and a speedy return: who suspecting, and fearing, that in his absence, contrary to his requests and prayers, his Son would only abandon *La Frange* to frequent *La Hay*; he being arrived to the City of *Tours*, thought himself bound in Nature, as well for his own content, as his Son's tranquillity and prosperity, again to signify him his mind in some few lines of advice and counsel, and to send it him by the ordinary Carrier of *Tholouse*, which was then, in that City, bound thither from *Paris*: His Letter spake thus;

ARGENTIER to DE SALEZ.

IT is out of a Fatherly, and (as I may say) a religious care of thy good, that I now send thee these few ensuing lines: for thy Youth cannot see that which my Age knows. How many miseries are subject to wait and attend on Vice, and how many blessings on Vertue; if *La Frange* be not fair, yet she is comely, not contemptible: but sith her defects of Nature are so richly recompensed with the Ornaments of Fortune, and the excellencies of Grace; why should thy affection prefer *La Hay* before her, who hath nothing but a painted face to overveil the deformity of her other vices? If thou wilt leave a Saint to
 marry

marry a Strumpet, then take La Hay, and forsake La Frange; but if thou wilt forsake a Strumpet, to take a Saint, then marry La Frange and leave La Hay; for look what difference there is between their births, thou shalt find ten times more between the chastity of the one, and the levity of the other: if thou espouse the first, thou shalt find Content and Honour; if the second, Shame and Repentance: for I know not whether La Frange will bring thee more happiness, or La Hay misery. This Letter shall serve as a witness betwixt God, my self, and thee; that if thou perform me not thy promise and oath, I will deny thee my blessing, and deprive thee of my lands.

ARGENTIER.

De Salez having received this his Father's Letter in *Thoulouse*, exceedingly grieves to see him disgrace his Mistress, by the scandalous name of a Strumpet, which he knows she is not, and therefore will never believe it; yea, he vows, that if it were any other in the world, who had offered him that intolerable affront, he would revenge it, though with the price and peril of his life. *La Hay* perceiveth this discontent and alteration of Mirth in him, but from what point of the Compass this wind proceeds, she neither knows, nor as yet can conceive: but withal, determineth to make the discovery thereof her greatest Ambition, and nor her least Care; which she now well knows it behoves her to do, sith she finds *De Salez* less free, and more reserved and pensive in his speeches, than accustomed. But when in vain she had hereunto used many smiles and fetches; lo, here falls out an unlook'd-for accident, which betrays her the very Pith and Quintessence of the mystery: For on a time, when he lay slumbering on the table, she as accustomed, diving into his pockets for sweet-meats, or rather for Gold (of both which, he many times went well furnished) she finds his Father's (afore said) Letter, which she knew by the direction; and so flying into another Chamber, and bolting the door after her, she there reads it both with grief and choler; when, stung to the quick, and bitten to the heart and gall, to see her reputation and honour thus traduced and scandalized by the Father of her pretended Husband; she, with tears and interjected sighs and groans, flies back to *De Salez*, and holding the Letter in her hand, like a dissembling and impious Strumpet, as she was, there shews it him; takes Heaven and Earth to bear witness of her innocence, and of the irreparable and extream wrong his Father had offered her, in seeking to eclipse the glory of her chastity, which she swears she will bear pure and unspotted, not only to his bed, but to her own Grave. But alas, alas, these are the effects and passions of dissimulation, not of truth; of her profaneness, not of her piety, which time will make apparent to *De Salez*; though now her beauty and tears be predominate with his judgment and folly, as he cannot, because he will not see it: So being still as constant in his sottishness, as she in her hypocrisy; he gives her many sweet kisses, and with a Catalogue of sugred words, seeks to appease and comfort her, whom he hath far more reason to execrate and curse. But for her part, her heart is not so afflicted: for, remembering her self, still her wits are her own: and so remembering the conclusion of the Letter, and fearing that *De Salez* his promise and oath to his Father, might infringe and contradict his to her; she tells him, that her love is so fervent and infinite towards him, as she can give no intermission, nor truce to her tears, before he reveal her his oath and promise, which his Father's Letter informed her he had formerly made him.

De Salez, seeing himself put to so strict an accident and push, doth both blush for shame, and again look pale for anger, when for a small time, irresolute how to bear himself in a matter of this different Nature, wherein he must either violate his obedience to his Father, or infringe his fidelity and honour to his Mistress; he at last (consulting with folly, not with discretion, and with Vanity, not with Judgment) doth so adore her beauty, and commiserate her tears, as he sottishly reveals her his oath, given his Father (*Verbatim* as we have formerly understood it) adding withal, that she hath far more reason to rejoyce, than grieve hereat; That a little time shall cancel his said late promise and oath to his Father, and confirm his former to her; For, sweet *La Hay* (quoth he) come what will, two months shall never pass, ere I marry thee; when sealing his speeches with many kisses, our hypocritical afflicted Gentlewoman is presently again come to her self, and in all outward appearance, her discontents are removed, her choler pacified, her tears exhaled, and her sighs evaporated and blown away.

But all this false, like her self, and treacherous like her beauty: For this Letter of *Argentier* to his Son, and his promise and oath to his Father, hath acted such wonders in her heart, and imprinted such extravagancies in her thoughts, as she cannot easily remove or supplant it, nor difficultly forget or deface it, whatsoever she speak or make shew of to the contrary; for thus she reasoneth with her self: That her whoredoms are already revealed to *Argentier*, and for any thing she knows, may likewise be discovered to his Son, how closely soever she either act or conceal them. That *La Frange's* descent, wealth and virtues, will in the end over-prise and weigh

weigh down her mean extraction, poverty, and beauty; and in the end, that the wisdom of the Father, will infallibly triumph over the folly of the Son, except her policy interpose, and her vigilancy prevent it; which to prevent and effect, she sees no other obstacle to her content, nor bar to her preferment, but only *La Frange*: for, quoth she, if *La Frange* shine in the firmament of *De Salez* affection, *La Hay* must set; or if *La Hay* will shine, *La Frange* must set: again, if she fall not, I cannot stand; and if she stand, I must needs fall; and as the Sky is not capable of two Suns, so both of us cannot shine in the Horizon of his heart and thoughts at once: except thus, that *La Hay* may live to see *La Frange* his Wife, and her self his Strumpet; when burning with false zeal to *De Salez*, and true inveterate malice to *La Frange*, she forgetting God, swaps a bargain with the Devil, that *La Frange* must first go to her grave, ere *La Hay* come to his bed, and so resolves to sacrifice her as a Victim to her malice and jealousy, and to send her out of this world, in an untimely and bloody Coffin. Hellish Aphorisms, infernal Positions, odious to Earth and execrable to Heaven!

For wretched and impious Strumpet, wilt thou needs not only gallop, but flye to Hell, and so redouble thy crimes purposely to redouble thy torments; as first of Whoredom, then of Murder? Wretched, yea, thrice wretched woman! how darest thou see Earth; or think of Heaven; when thy acted crimes are so odious, and thy pretended ones so monstrous, as thou deservest to be shut forth of the one, and spued out of the other? For alas, consider what this poor Gentlewoman hath done to thee, that thou shouldst do this to her; She bear the Image of God, and wilt thou therefore bear that of the Devil to destroy her? Ah me, where is thy Religion, thy Conscience, thy Soul; that thou wilt thus hellishly imbathe thy hands in her blood, and imbrue thy heart in her murder? If it be not that her virtues crye on thy vices, thou hast no reason in Nature, and less in Grace, to attempt a deed so Tragical, an act so inhuman and execrable: But rest assured, that if thou proceed and finish this infernal and bloody stratagem of thine, although thou chance go unpunished of men, yet the Lord (in his due time) will find thee out, and both severely scourge and sharply revenge and chastise thee.

The effects of malice and revenge in men are finite, in women infinite; theirs may have bounds and ends, but these none, or at least, seldom and difficultly: for having once conceived these two monsters in their fantasies and brains, they long till they are delivered and disburthened of them; and so to bring their abortive issue to perfection, they (for the most part) are sharp and severe in their designs, and sudden and malicious in their execution, hating all delays, so it be not to do evil: So this our bloody and vicious Strumpet *La Hay*, is resolute to advance, and not to retire in this diabolical business of hers. Of all kind of violent deaths, she thinks none either so sure and secret as poyson; whether she consider the manner, or the matter: If the Devil himself had not invented this unparalleled cruelty, his agents and members had never known how to have administr'd and practis'd it. But having resolved on the drug and ingredient, she now bethinks her self of some hellish Emperick or Factor of Hell, to apply and give it her; and her inveterate and implacable hatred making her curious in the research and inquiry thereof, she is at last advertised, that there is an old Italian Emperick in *Mompellier*, termed *St. Bernardo Michaele*, who is his Arts-Master in that infernal profession; when wholly concealing this mystery and business from *De Salez*, she by a second means, (with promise of store of Gold) sends away for *Michaele* from *Mompellier*, who in hope thereof, packs up his drugs and trinkets, and within three days arrives at *Toulouse*; where she thinks nowhere so fit and secret as the Church to consult and resolve on this bloody business, the hour is eight the next morn, and the place the *Cordeliers*, (or *Grey Fryers*) Church, appointed and agreed on betwixt them, where they both meet; but she (the better to disguise her self, and to blear the eyes of the world) wraps her self about in a great furred Cloak, and muffles her self up with a large Coyf of Velvet, and a rich Tassata Scarf over it, as if she were some grave and reverend old Matron; so being brought to each others presence, they being both on their knees, he to his Book and she to her Beads, she proposeth him the poysoning of *La Frange*, daughter to the President *de Clugny*, for the which she promiseth to give him three hundred Crowns of the Sun to perform it; whereof he shall now have one in hand, and the other two when he hath dispatched her. *Michaele*, like a limb of the Devil, being deeply in love, and allured with this Gold, undertakes it; when swearing secrecy, and withall to perform it within ten days, she gives him the hundred Crowns tyed up in her Handkerchief, and so for that time they part.

Good God! what prophane Christians what monsters of Nature, and Devils incarnate by profession are these, thus to pollute and defile the Church ordain'd for prayer, with the price and sale of innocent blood, a most prodigious and hellish impiety, since there is no sin so odious or execrable to God, as that which is masked with piety, and overveiled with the Cloak of

sanctity. And what a damnable young strumpet, and old villain are they, in so holy a place to treat and conclude so hellish a business? but beware; for the sword and arrow of Gods just revenge, and revenging justice, threatens yea with no less than utter confusion and destruction.

La Hay infinitely glad of this agreement, returns from the Church, and *Michael* as glad of her Gold, (being informed of *La Frange's* deformity, and to lose no time) trips away towards *President de Clugny's* house, taking that for a fit occasion to assay to make his Daughter become his Patient, and he her *Emperick*: who slyly insinuating, and skrewing himself into his knowledge and acquaintance, (in which profession the *Empericks* and *Mountebanks* of Italy, come no way short, but rather exceed all other Nations of the World) he proffers him his best service and skill, to redress and reform the body of the young Lady his Daughter, adding with all (thereby to add the more belief and credit to his speeches) that he is so far from despairing or doubting, as he is very confident thereof: and, in the phrases and mysteries of his profession, gives him in outward appearance many inward and plausible reasons to induce him to believe it. The good old *President*, who preferring the cure of his Daughter before any other earthly respect, having heard of *Michael's* Fame, begins to relish his reasons, and yet not ignorant that the *Mountebanks* and *Charlatans* of Italy, are Cousin-germans to the *Alchemists* of France, who promise to make Gold of Dross, and yet only bring forth Dross for Gold: he holds it fit to take a consultation of the learnedst Physicians, and expert Chirurgeons of the City, whereunto *Michael* willingly consents; so they sit, being six in number, *Michael* delivers them his reasons to redress the deformity of this young Ladie's body (the *President* her Father being present) whose reasons are heard, and controverted of all sides betwixt them; the conclusion is, four are of opinion, that this cure is repugnant to the grounds of Physick and the principles of Chirurgery, and therefore impossible to be effected, the other two are of a contrary judgment, and hold it feasible, and that many times God blesteth the art and labour of a man not only beyond expectation, but also beyond hope and reason: so *De Clugny* seeing that these two with *Michael* were three against four; he, in respect of the tender care and affection he bore his Daughter, resolves to employ him, and gives him an hundred double Pistols in hand to attempt it; with promise of as much more, when he had performed it; whereof this miscreant and hellish *Emperick Michael* being exceedingly glad, he betakes himself to his business, visits the young Lady, who promiseth him to redouble her Fathers sum, if he make her body straight: when, to reduce his impious contemplation into infernal action, he outwardly applyeth Plasters and Sear-cloths to her body, and inwardly administred her pills and potions, and (O grief to write it!) therein infuseth deadly poyson, which he knows at the end of ten days, will assuredly make a divorce between her body and soul, and so send that to the death of this world, and this to the life of that to come. So this sweet and innocent Lady (wishing good to herself, and hurt to none in the world) first finds a giddiness and swimming in her head, and within some six days after (in which time the poyson had dispersed it self throughout all the veins and pores of her body) many sharp gripes, and bitter throws and convulsions, whereat her Father grieves and she weeps; only that graceless villain her *Emperick*, bids them be of good comfort, and that the more pain and grief she suffered, the better and speedier hope there was of her cure, but yet inwardly in his devillish heart, knows that the poyson effectually operated and wrought with her as he desired and expected, and that by these infallible signs and symptoms, his patient drew near the period of her end. Whereupon he repairs secretly to *La Hay*, and bids her provide the rest of his money, for that *La Frange* could not possibly live two days to an end; whereat she triumphing and rejoicing with much alacrity, again promiseth it him: and indeed the hellish art of this execrable *Emperick* doth not now deceive him, though in the end, the malice of the Devil his Doctor will; for just as the tenth day was expired, this harmless sweet young Lady dies, to the incomparable and unspeakable grief of the good old *President* her Father; for that she was the staff of his age, and the chief and only comfort of his life, who disconsolately and mournfully seemed to drown himself in tears bereat, cursing the hour that he first saw this accursed *Emperick Michael*, who had robbed him of his only joy and delight, of his dear and sweet Daughter *La Frange*. But this murderous *Michael* having learnt of the Devil to fear no colours, means not to step a foot from *Tholouse*, and so sends away for *La Hay*, of whom he craves the performance of her promise, for that (quoth he) he had performed his. Why (quoth *La Hay*) is that crook-backt dwarf *La Frange* dead? She is gone (quoth *Michael*) to her eternal rest: when *La Hay* not able to retain her self for excess of joy, runs to him, gives him the other hundred Crowns, together with many kisses, which take (quoth she) as a pledg of my continual good will towards thee; when again swearing secretly, they both take leave each of other, and part.

The news of *La Franges* death, ratleth and resoundeth all over *Tholouse*, her Kinsfolk grieve

at it, her friends lament it, and all who either knew her, or her fame, bewail it; only *De Salez*, and execrable *La Hay* excepted, who knowing her to have been the only stop and hindrance of their marriage, they are so ravished with joy hereat, as they seem to contest and envy each other, who shall first bring the news hereof each to other: yea, the excess of *De Salez*'s joy as is boundless, as that of *La Hay*'s delight, so that he seems to flye to her Father's house; where she, with out-spread arms receives and entertains him; and there they mutually congratulate each other for this her death; he affirming, and she believing, that *La Frange* being gone to Heaven, it shall not be long ere the Church make them man and wife on earth. In the mean time, he being wholly ignorant of her poysoning; and yet the old President her Father, and the rest of her friends suspecting it, they cause her body to be opened: and although they find no direct poyson, yet remarking a little kind of yellow tincture on her heart and liver, as also some shew thereof through her frozen veins. They cause *Michaels* to be apprehended and imprisoned, and so procure a Decree from the Parliament to have him rack'd: At the news whereof, *La Hay* is extremely tormented and perplexed, as well foreseeing and knowing, that her life lay at the mercy of his tongue: wherefore to fortifie his secrecie, and thereby to secure her own fear and danger, she by a confident friend of his, sends him a hundred French Crowns more, and promiseth him to give him a rich Diâmond, worth as much again; who (as before) being extremely covetous, and the Devil (resembling himself) still harping to him on that string which most delights him, his heart is so devillishly obdurate, and his fortitude so armed and prepared, as his patience and constancy not only indures, but out-braves the cruelty of his torments, and so he is acquitted of this his pretended crime: but he hath not as yet made his peace with God.

And now is *De Salez* resolved to make a journey to *Paris*, to draw his Father's consent that he may marry *La Hay*; but the wisdom of the Father shall anticipate the folly of the Son, for he having heard in *Paris* of *La Franges* death, and still fearing, that because of his frequent familiarity with this Strumpet *La Hay*, he will in the end marry her. He in *Paris* buys a Captains place for him in the Regiment of the Kings Guard, and likewise dealt with a very rich Counsellour of that Court of Parliament, named *Monsieur de Briançon*, that his Son may marry his eldest Daughter *Madamoyselle de Plessis*, a very sweet and fair young Gentlewoman; and the old folks are already agreed on all conditions, only it rests, that the young see and love; To which end, *Argentier* writes away with all speed to *Tholouse* for his Son *De Salez* to come up to him, who before he had received his Father's Letter, (as we have formerly understood) was ready to undertake that journey: *La Hay* infinitely fearful and jealous to lose her prey, with *Crocodile* tears in her eyes, and *Hyena*-aspects in her looks, informs *De Salez*, that she feareth that his Father hath provided a wife for him in *Paris*; but he vows and swears to her, that neither his Father, nor the whole world, shall make him marry any other than her self; and so after many embraces and kisses, he takes horse and leaves *Tholouse*.

Being arrived at *Paris*, his Father very joyfully bids him welcome, and refers to confer with him till the next morning; but such is *De Salez*'s rashness and folly, as he hath no sooner supped in company of his Father, but he prays to speak with him. When the servants voyding the Chamber, he earnestly and humbly beseecheth him, sith that *La Frange* is dead, he will now be pleased that he may marry *La Hay*, whom, quoth he, I only affect and love before all the Maids of the world: His Father exceedingly incensed hereat, vows that he had rather see him fairly buried in his Grave, and that of all the females of the world, he shall not marry *La Hay*: and so for that night, they betake themselves to their beds; the Father grieves with his Son's folly, the Son with his Father's aversness. The next morning *Argentier* calls for his Son. When the doors shut, he bids him shut his eyes to his foolish familiarity with *La Hay*, and now to open them to the preferment he hath purchased him, and so relates him how he hath procured him the honour of a Captains-place, in the Regiment of the Kings Guard; as also a very fair young Gentlewoman for his wife, termed *Madamoyselle de Plessis*, the eldest Daughter of *Monsieur de Briançon*, one of the richest Counsellors of *Paris*: But *De Salez* having his eyes and thoughts wholly fixed on *La Hay*, with a discontented look, returns his Father this perverse and disobedient Reply:

That he will not accept of the Captains place, nor once see *De Plessis*, but that he is constantly resolved, either to wed *La Hay*, or his Grave; whereat his Father is so extremely incensed, as with much passion and choler, he commands him henceforth, not to dare so much as to name him *La Hay*, swearing by his Saviour, that if he do, for his obstinacy and disobedience, he will disinherit him; as indeed he might, having himself purchased three parts of his lands and revenues, through his care and industry in his profession; and so in much discontent and choler leaves him going to his Colleagues of *Tholouse*, who are already awaiting and attending his coming.

De Salez is all on fire at this his Fathers, bitter resolution against him, and storms and fumes, not only beyond the bounds of Reason, Religion, and Humanity, but also beyond himself. For with *La Hay* is his sole delight and joy, and that his Father hath vowed he should never marry her, his affection to her makes him resolve to dispatch his Father, yea, his head conceives such murderous thoughts, and his heart attracts, and assumes such degenerate and devilish blood against him, that like an execrable wretch, and a hellish Son, disdaining to take counsel from God, and therefore taking it from the Devil his bloody Tutor and Abettor, he vows he will forthwith rid his hands of his Father, and he will therefore send him into another world, because he would give him no content in this.

Oh wretched monster of *Nature*, limb of the Devil, nay, a very Devil thy self, thus to resolve to take his life from him that gave thee thine; Foul stain of mankind! bloody Parricidous miscreant! can no respect either of thy natural and filial obedience to thy kind and dear Father, or of his white hairs, and venerable old age, restrain thee? or no consideration of thy conscience or thy soul, of Heaven or Hell deter thee from this bloody, inhuman, and damnable design of thine, in laying violent hands on him? O me, where are thy thoughts, where thy senses, where thy heart, thy soul, to act so execrable and infernal a Tragedy, on him without whom thou hadst not been! On thy Father, whom, by the Laws of Heaven and Earth, thou oughtest both to love, honour, reverence and obey.

But *De Salez* being resolute in this inhuman rage and implacable malice and fury, watcheth how he may take time at advantage, to effect and finish this his bloody business, and one night after Supper, hearing his old Father complain that he found himself not well, and commanding his Clerk *De Buissie*, very early in the next morning to carry his water to Dr. *Salopin*, a famous Physician, whose Chamber was far off, in the place *Maubert*, he himself lying in *Grennelles* street, *De Salez* thinks this a fit opportunity to dispatch his Father, the which, O a thousand griefs and pitties to speak of, he accordingly performeth. For the morn appearing, his Father having sent away his Clerk with his water, and betaking himself to sleep till he return: His watchful and murderous Son, having purposely made himself ready, and through the Key-hole and crannies of the Chamber door, espying his Father sleeping, he intends that this shall be his last sleep: When softly stealing into his Chamber, he (incouraged and animated by the Devil) and approaching his bed, as exempt of fear or grace, without any more delay or circumstance, stifles his Father betwixt two Pillows; when leaving him breathless in his bed, his face exposed to the air, and the door shut, goes down, gives the Master of the house the good morrow, and so trips away as fast as he can, to the sign of the Swan within St. *Homoyes* Gate; and from thence rides away to St. *Clow*, (two leagues distant from *Paris*) to see *Gonaves* Gardens, Fountains, and House, wherein that execrable and damnable *Jacobine* Fryer, *Jagues Clement*, murdered *Henry the third, King of France*, but with an intent to return to his Father's Lodging immediately after dinner, and to plead ignorance of the fact; and withall, if occasion serve, to stand upon his innocency and justification, as indeed he did. Now his Fathers Clerk *De Buissie* returning in the morning from Doctor *Salopin*, entering his Master's Chamber, finds him stark dead, and almost cold in his bed: whereat he makes many out-cries, and grievous exclamations; the man of the house hereat ascends the Chamber, infinitely laments and grieves at this sorrowful accident and spectacle, vows to *De Buissie*, that he saw none whosoever in his house, much less in his Masters Chamber, and that his Son *Monsieur de Salez* departed as soon as he himself; they search his body, and find it no way wounded, so they beleve and resolve that some Ague hath carried him away; yet they hold it rather wisdom than folly, to acquaint the Lieutenant Criminal therewith, fearing lest he might after suspect either violence or poyson; So he comes, confers with his Son *De Salez*, with his Clerk *De Buissie*, and with the man of the house, he visits the dead body, finds only his head somewhat swollen, which his Physician affirms, may be his striving and struggling with death. When the Lieutenant, out of his zeal and integrity to Justice, having informed himself of Dr. *Salopin*, of *De Buissie*'s being with him, as also from St. *Clow* of his Son *De Salez*, being there timely in the morning, and withall, that his Trunks were all safe, and nothing wanting, they banish all suspicion, and without farther inquiry or doubt, commend the dead Corps to the Grave; whose Funeral, with exterior shew of extream grief, and sorrow, *De Salez* performs in *Paris*, with all decency and decorum, answerable in all respects to his Father's rank and quality. But we shall shortly see this mask of his devilish hypocrisie pulled off, and this inhuman paricide of his, both shamefully and sharply revenged, by the just judgment and finger of God: The manner is thus.

This harmless and innocent old Father *Argentier*, is no sooner laid in his untimely Grave, but his bloody and execrable Son *De Salez*, within eight days after leaves *Paris*, and returns to *Thoulon*;

Tholoufe; where already this sorrowful news is dispersed and divulged, being for his virtues and integrity of life, generally bewailed of the whole City; only graceless and impudent *La Hay* triumphs hereat, and her very heart and thoughts dance for joy hereof; she welcomes home her *De Salez* with a world of sweet and sugred kisses, who, as glad of her presence, returns her them with a plentiful and prodigal interest; but his lustful love to her is so fervent, and his folly in himself so perverse and obstinate, as he hath scarce the patience, much less the respect and modesty to wear blacks for his Father six weeks, but casts them off, takes on gaudy and Scarlet Apparel, and very solemnly marries *La Hay*. Whereby in respect of the inequality of their descents and means; but especially of her whorish conditions, he makes himself the Laughter and May-gime of all *Tholoufe*.

But, Good God! what a prodigious and hellish match is this, sixth man and wife, and both are murderers? O execrable and miserable Wretches! O bloody and impious Miscreants! for sure if this marriage of yours prove happy, I may boldly and truly say, there will never any prove unfortunate and miserable. For alas, alas, what do those impious and damnable crimes of theirs deserve and portend, but misery, ruine, and confusion of allsides? neither shall the curiosity of our enquiry carry us far, before we see it surprize and befall them.

For before they had been fully married three months, *De Salez* reaping his desires, and feasting himself with the pleasures of her youth, he directly, contrary to his hopes and expectation, is enforced to see and know, that which before he would have thought never to have known or seen: for, thinking his wife to have been a modest and chaste *Diana*, he now sees she is a debauched *Lais*; yea, his misery is so great, as he needs no spectacle to see, that she daily makes him a Knight of the Forked Order; and almost every hour, despite of his care and jealousy, claps a Cuckow's Feather in his Hat; which to prevent and remedy, he first administheth requests and perswasions, and then complains to her Father: But these are too weak reasons, and too gentle motives, to prevail with so insatiable a Strumpet; so as he is constrained to add threats to his requests, and in the end, blows to his threats. But as it is impossible for the *Leopard* to change his skin, and the *Ethiopian* his hew; so *De Salez* sees it labour lost to think to reclaim his wife from her beastly sin of Adultery, wherein (notwithstanding all that possibly he can do) she takes such delight and habit, as by this time she is grown so extremely impudent, as when her Husband is at home, she is abroad ranging; and he is no sooner abroad, but she is instantly at home, revelling with her Ruffians: Yea, she is grown to that height of obscenity, as she contemns and sleights her Husband; that whether he be abroad or at home, she will play the whore before his face with open doors; which although it be too late for him to remedy, yet it bites him to the heart, and grieves him to the Gall; and now it is that he a thousand times thinks of his Father's advice and counsel in forsaking her; and as often wisheth he had followed it. Now it is, that his unnatural murdering of his Father, thunders forth horror, terror, and repentance to his soul and guilty conscience; and now it is that he wisheth from his heart, that he had been blind when he first saw her, and fairly laid in his Grave, before he lay with her in bed. But these his complaints and griefs, bring him only vexation and miseries instead of comfort; for now he utterly despairs, and sees no hope of his wife's reformation: Whereupon he resolves to divorce himself from her, and to that end takes counsel thereon: but it is not so secretly managed by him, but the Strumpet his Wife hath present notice and inkling thereof, whereupon seeing her Husband exceeding rich, both in Lands, Coyne, Plate, and other rich household-stuff, she vows not to quit her great Joynture, share and interest hereof thus. But before he had enrolled his Sute in the Spiritual-Court, or any way vented his own shame, and his wives infamy in publick, she, like a true Courtisan, and debauched Strumpet as she was, vows to prevent him that would prevent her, and to send him to his death, that would seek to divorce her; and in respect of his jealousy and malice, that as she had formerly poisoned *La Frange* for her Husband's sake, so she would now murder him for her own.

But miserable and execrable wretch! Oh, to what a monstrous height and huge sum will all these thy beastly sins, and bloody enormities arise amount unto? But *Lust*, *Malice*, and *Revenge*, like three infernal Furies, so possess and pre-occupate her senses, as she will not retire till she hath sent her Husband unto another world, in a bloody winding-sheet. To which end, watching the time when most of her servants were gone abroad to gather in the Vintage, she softly opening her Husband's Chamber-door, steals in, and finding him soundly sleeping, approacheth his bed, when drawing forth a Razor from her sleeve, which she had purposely provided, she with an implacable and damnable malice steps to him, and cuts his throat, speaking only these words to her self, *Lo, here the reward of thy jealousy!* when throwing the Knife, and her outward Taffeta Gown into the house of Office, she leaving him weltring in his

his blood, very secretly conveys her self thorow the Gallery to the Garden, where her Waiting-Gentlewoman attends her, and so hies away to the Church, thinking with a wretched impiety to cloak this her second murther, as her former, under the veil of Religion and piety; but her Hopes, and the Devil that gave them her, will now deceive her.

De Salez her Husband striving and struggling for life against the pangs of death; fear and haste (contrary to her intent and mind) had so made his murtherous Wife's hand shake and tremble, as she did not so fully cut his Throat-bole, but he could yet both cry and groan, which he did very mournfully; and, which indeed was soon over-heard by a man and a maid-servant of his, who only remained in the house, who hearing their Master's voyce, and hastily running up, at these his pitiful and lamentable out-cries; stepping to his assistance, they hear him (with his best power) utter these fearful speeches; *That Strumpet my wife hath kill'd me: O that she-Devil my wife hath murthered me.* Whereat they cry out at the Windows to the Neighbours for help, alledging that their Master is murthered. The Neighbours assemble, and hear him report so much; so they send away for his Confessor, and the Lieutenant Criminal; to both whom he again confesseth, *That it is the Strumpet his Wife, who hath murthered him.* And then raising himself up in his bed, (with as much strength as his dying wound would permit him) he taking them both by the hands, with infinite sighs and tears reveals to them, that he it was who at the seducing of the Devil, had stifled his Father *Argentier* to death in *Paris*; that he did it only to marry this whore his murtherous wife *La Hay*; that the killing of his Father, yea, the very remembrance thereof, infinitely grieves his heart and soul, and for the which he infinitely repenteth himself, and beseecheth the Lord of mercy, in mercy to forgive it him; and likewise prayed all that were present to pray unto God for him; and these were his last words, for now his fleeting and fading breath would permit him to say no more.

All that were present are amazed at this lamentable confession of his, to see that he should murther his Father, and his execrable wife, well near himself; so they all glorifie God for the detection and discovery hereof: But the Lieutenant Criminal, and the Counsellors his associates step to the Window, and consult to have him hanged, whiles he is yet living, for the murthering of his Father. But *De Salez* saves them that labour; for there and then he sinks into his bed, and dyes away before them; so they instantly search the House and City for this wretched Murtherers *La Hay*, whom impious and bloody Strumpet, they at last find in the *Dominican Friar's Church* at a Sermon, from whence with much obloquy and indignity they drag her to prison, where they charge her with the murther of her Husband *De Salez*, which the Devil as yet will not permit her to confesse; but being adjudged by them to the Rack, she at the very first torment confesseth it.

Upon which several murthers, the *Criminal Judges* of the *Tournells* proceeded to sentence: So first, they adjudged the dead body of *De Salez* for so inhumanly murdering his Father *Argentier*, to be half a day hang'd by the heels to the common Gallows, and then to be burnt to Ashes, which was accordingly executed: Then they adjudg his Wife *La Hay*, for murthering him, the next day to be strangled, then burnt: so that night some Divines deal with her in Prison about the state of her soul, whom they find infinitely obdurate through the vanity of her youth, and the temptation of the Devil; but they work effectually with her, and so at last, (by the mercies of God) draw her to contrition and repentance; when willing her not to charge her soul with the concealing of any other crime; and shewing her the dangers thereof, she very freely, yet sorrowfully confesseth, how she it was, that for three hundred Crowns, had caused the *Emperick, Michaele* to poyson *La Frange*, for the which she told them, she was now exceedingly repentant and sorrowful: Whereof the Divines (sith it was not delivered them under the seal of Confession) advertising the Judges, they all wonder at Gods providence, to see how all these murthers are discovered and burst forth, one in the neck of the other; so they alter her sentence, and for these double murthers, they condemn her, to have her right hand cut off, and then to be burnt alive: and so they make curious inquiry and research to apprehend this old bloody Varlet *Michaele*.

In the mean time, that very afternoon, this miserable and murtherous Curtesan *La Hay*, though to the grief of her sorrowful Father and Sisters, yet to the joy of all *Tholouse*, is brought and fastned to the stake, where her hand being first struck off, she with many sighs and tears, delivereth these words: That her crimes were so foul and odious, as she was ashamed to look either God or Man in the face: That she was very sorrowful for causing *La Frange* to be poysoned, as also for murthering of her Husband *De Salez*, whose wealth she only affirmed she loved, but not himself, the which she wholly attributed to the lust and vanity of her youth, to her neglect of prayer, and forsaking of God; which made the Devil so strong with her, and she with the Devil; and which was the sole cause and ground of this her miserable

nable ruin and destruction; she with tears and prayers besought the Lord to be good unto her soul; and (lifting up her eyes and hands to Heaven) likewise beseeches the whole Assembly to pray heartily unto God for her: when, recommending her Soul into the hands of her Redeemer, the fire being alighted, her body was soon consumed to ashes; whose lamentable, yet just end and punishment, caused a number of spectators to weep, as yet pitying her youth and beauty, as much as they detested the enormity of her crimes.

And now for this devillish and murtherous Emperick, *Michaele*, although as soon as he heard of *La Hay's* imprisonment, he (to save himself) left *Tboloufe*, and fled towards *Castres*, disguised in a Fryer's habit, with his Beard shaven: yet by the care of the Court of *Parliament*, or rather by the immediate finger and providence of God, he is found out, and brought back to *Tboloufe*; where, for poysoning of *La Frange*, (the which he now without the Rack confesseth) he is adjudged to be broken on the Wheel, there to remain till he be dead, and then his body to be thrown into the River of *Garonne*, the which the same day is accordingly executed and performed, to the infinite joy of all the spectators: but as he lived an *Atheist*, so he desperately dyed a *Devil*, without any shew at all, either of contrition or repentance; only he vomited forth this wretched speech: That because the *World* had so much to say to him, he would say nothing to the *World*, but bad the *Executioner* dispatch him.

Now by the sight of this mournful and bloody History, the *Christian Reader* may observe and see how Gods Revenge doth still triumph against *Murther*, and how he in his due time and providence doth assuredly still detect and punish it. It is a History which may serve to deter and fore-warn all young Gentlemen, not to frequent the companies of Whores and Strumpets, and all Sons not to transgress the will of their Parents, much less not to dare to lay violent hands on them. It is a Glass, wherein young Gentlewomen and Wives may to the life see what bitter fruits and sharp ends ever attend upon Whoredom and Murther: it is a lively Example for all kind of *Empericks* and *Druggsters* whatsoever, to consider how severely God doth infallibly revenge and punish the Poysoning of his Saints and Children. In a word, it is a Lesson and Caveat for all people, and for all degrees of people, but especially of Christians, (who profess the Gospel of Christ, not only to detest these foul sins of Revenge and Murther in others, but to hate and abhor them in themselves: which that all may endeavour to practice and perform, grant good God, who indeed art the only Giver of all Goodness.

X

God's



GOD's Revenge against the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murder.

HISTORY XII.

Albemare causeth Pedro and Leonardo to murder Baretano; and he after marrieth Clara, whom Baretano first sought to marry. He causeth his man Valerio to poison Pedro in Prison; and by a Letter which Leonardo sent him, Clara perceives that her Husband Albemare had hired and caused Pedro and Leonardo to murder her first Baretano; which Letter she reveals to the Judge: so he is hanged, and likewise Valerio and Leonardo, for these their bloody crimes.

With what face can we presume to tread on the face of the Earth, or dare lift up our eyes to that of Heaven, when our thoughts are so rebellious to conspire, and our hearts and resolutions so cruel, to embroil our hands in the innocent blood of our harmless and Christian Brethren? Thoughts they are, which in seeming to please our senses, poison our hearts, (and do therefore truly poison our souls, because they so falsely please our senses.) Resolutions they are, which we cannot conceive or attempt with more inhumanity, than finish with misery; sith in thinking to send them to their untimely graves, we assuredly send our selves to our own miserable and infamous ends: whereof in this ensuing History, we shall find many woful Precedents, and mournful Examples, in divers unfortunate and wretched persons, who were born to happiness, not to infamy; to prosperity, not to misery; if they had had so much Grace to secure their Lives, as Vanity and Impiety to ruin them. It is a History purposely produced and penned for our detestation, not for our imitation; sith it is a point of (true and happy) wisdom in all men, to beware by other mens hartus. Read it then with a full intent to profit thy self thereby, and so thou mayest boldly and safely rest assured, that, the sight of their sin and punishment, will prove the reformation of thine own.

Fruitful

Fruitful and fair *Lombardy* is the Country; and the great, populous, and rich City of *Millan*, (the Capital of that Dutchy) the place where the Scene of this mournful and Tragical History is laid, where perpetrated: the which to re-fetch from its first spring and original, thereby the more truly to inform our curiosity, and instruct our knowledge. We must then understand, that long since the Duke of *Feria* succeeded the *Count de Fuentes*, as *Vice-roy* of that potent and flourishing Dutchy, for King *Philip* the third of *Spain*, his Master. There was native and resident in that City, an ancient Noble-man, termed *Seignior Leonardo Capello*, who in his younger years had married a *Spanish* Lady, and brought her from *Spain* to *Millan*, termed *Dona Maria de Castiana*: he exceeding rich and noble; and she as noble and fair: he by his Father's side ally'd to Cardinal *Charles Borromeo*, (since Sainted by Pope *Paul V.*) she by her Mother, to the present Duke of *Albucurque*: he infinitely honoured for his extraction and wealth; she no less beloved and respected for her beauty and virtues: and although there are but few Marriages contracted between the *Millanese* and *Spaniards*, and those very seldome prove successful and prosperous, in respect of the antipathy which for the most part is hereditary, betwixt the commands of the *Spaniards*, and the subjection of the *Millanese*; yet it seem'd that this of *Capello* and *Castiana*, was first instituted in Heaven, ere consummated on Earth: for so sweetly did their years, humours, and affections, conjoyn and sympathize, as although they were two persons, yet I may truly affirm and say, they had but one heart, affection, and desire, which was mutually to please, and reciprocally to affect and love each other. And as Marriages cannot be reputed truly happy and fortunate, if they be not blessed and crown'd with the blessings of Children, (which indeed is not only the sweetest life of human content, but also the best and sweetest content of our human life) so they had not been long married, ere God honoured them and their Nuptial Bed, with a beautiful and delicate young Daughter, termed *Dona Clara*, the only Child of their loyns, and Heir of their Lands and Vertues; being indeed the true picture of themselves, and the joyful pledg and seal of their intire and invaluable affections; who having over-past her infancy, and obtained the eighteenth year of her age, she was so exquisitely adorned with beauty, and so excellently endued and enriched with virtues, as distinctly for either, or joyntly for both, she was, and was truly reputed, the *Paragon of Nature*, the *Pride of Beauty*, the *Wonder of Millan*, the *Glory of her Sex*, and the *Phoenix of her Time*. And because the purity and perfection of her Beauty deserves to be seen through this dim *Perspective*, and the dignity of her Vertues known of the Reader in this my impolish'd Relation. For the first, we was of stature indifferently tall, but exceeding straight and slender; her Hair either of a deep Chestnut-colour, or rather of a light black; but to which most adhering and inclining, fancy might, but curiosity could difficultly distinguish: her complexion and tincture, rather of an amorous and lovely brown, than of a Roseat and Lilly die; but yet so sweetly pure, and purely sweet, (and withal, rather fat than lean) that no earthly object could more delight and please the eye, or ravish the sense. And for her eyes, those two relucant Lamps and Stars of Love, they were so black and piercing, that they had a secret and imperious influence to draw all other eyes to gaze and do homage to hers, as if all were bound to love her; and she so modest, as if purposely framed to love none but her self. Neither did her Front, Lips, Neck, or Paps, any way detract, but every way add to the perfection of her other excellencies of Nature: for, the first seem'd to be the *Promontory of the Graces*. The second, the *Residence of Delight and Pleasure*. The third, the *Pyramids of State and Majesty*. And the fourth, the *Hills and Valley of Love*. But leave we the dainties of her body, now, to speak of the rarities and excellencies of her Mind, which I cannot rightly define, whether the curiosity and care of her Parents in her education, or her own ingenious and apt inclination to Vertue and Honour, were more predominant in her: for in either, or rather in both, she was so exquisite and excellent, that in *Languages*, *Singing*, *Musick*, *Dancing*, *Wisdom*, *Temperance*, and *Modesty*, she was so fully compleat and rare, that to give her her due, and no more, she could not be parallel'd by any young Lady of *Lombardy*, or *Italy*, nor equaliz'd but by her self.

Thus if her noble extraction, and Father's wealth, made her surmount others, and her delicious sweet beauty and virtues excel her self, no marvel if those *Adamants*, and these excellencies draw divers of the best *Cavaliers* and chiefest *Gallants*, both of *Millan* and *Lombardy*, to affect and seek her in marriage: and indeed, although she be sought by divers of them with much respect and honour, answerable in all regards to her rank and quality; yet neither her Parents, or self, are so much importuned by any, as by *Seignior Giovanni Albemare*, a young noble Gentleman of the City, who was adorned and fortified with these human privileges, to be well descended, rich, and of some twenty five years old; a match in the eye and censure of the World;

yea, and in all outward appearance correspondent and equivalent; if his generous perfections and virtues had parallel'd hers, or if the candor and sincerity of her affection had not justly transported her thoughts and heart from him, because she had formerly fixed and settled them on another Gentleman, younger of years than *Albemare*, but in all other respects, as well of *Nature*, as *Fortune*, every way his Superior, named *Signior Alphonso Baretano*, a young Gentleman of one of the noblest Families of *Millan*, of some eighteen years old, whose Father was lately deceased, and had left him sole heir to many rich Lands and Possessions; but (with all) exceedingly entangled in Law, and engaged in many Debts and Mortgages, whereunto the vanity and prodigality of his youth had deeply precipitated and ingulphed him; which consequently reflecting and falling on his Son, we shall see will prove a hinderance to his marriage, and an obstacle to his content and preferment. But to observe some order and *decorum* in the conduction and relation of this History, we must briefly be informed, That as of all the Beauties of *Lombardy*, *Albemare* only chiefly affected and loved *Clara*; so, of all the *Cavaliers* of the world, *Clara* affected and loved no other but *Baretano*: for, as conformity of years, manners, and inclinations, breed a sympathy in affections; so they, in their tender youth, often frequented one the other's company, sometimes at the Dancing- and Musick-Masters, but many times at Weddings, Feasts, and noble Assemblies; being well near as equal in age, as in complexion and stature. Again, the vicinity of their residence, added much to the combining and enflaming of their affections; for they were opposite in nothing but in their Mansion-houses, from whose Galleries and Windows, many times publicly, but more often by stealth, their eyes could not refrain to tilt at each other with the invisible Launces of Love and Affection, which bred such a habit, and that habit (so powerful) a second nature, that it was now become impossible for them not to gaze each on other: so as if the innocency of their puerility made them delight in each other's sight and company with desire; so now their more ripe years inforce them to desire it with delectation: for when as yet they were so young, as they knew not the instinct and influence of Nature (which cannot be taught by a more powerful or ingenious *Tutrix* than her self), yet they never met, but kissed; nor kissed, but as if their hearts and thoughts checked their lips for taking such short farewells each of other. But now when their years had proclaimed them both very capable to march under the Standard of *Hymeneus*, this *Venus*, and that *Adonis*, (for so her fresh beauty, and his flourishing youth (with as much right as fame in *Millan*) generally entituled them) they felt some pleasure wanting, which as yet they could not find; and therefore no marvel if they desired to find that which they wanted: so as burning in affection each to other, *Clara* hearing spoken of a Husband, infinitely wished that *Baretano* were hers; and when he heard of a Wife, he ardently longed, and fervently desired, that *Clara* were his. Neither can I rightly say, whether he were more affectionate in his constancy to her, or she constant and resolute in her affection to him; so that as heretofore they hardly knew the way to kiss, now time (running on her swift career) had taught them to desire to marry; and that whereas formerly *Baretano* only termed *Clara* his sweet Maid, and she him, her dear Friend; now Love had suggested and given them new desires, and therefore new Epithets: for sometimes, as well in earnest as in jest, he could not refrain to term her his sweet Wife; nor she him, her dear Husband: and herein their tongues were only but the outward Heralds of their inward hearts, as their hearts were of their more secret and retired desires. And as fervent love and true discretion very seldom concur and meet; so although affection made them rich in inventing new inventions to meet and kiss, yet they were so poor, or rather so blind in discretion, as they could not bear their affections in secrecy and silence, but by this time they are bewrayed to their Parents, and divulged to their acquaintance: but if any grieva and storm at this unexpected news, it is first *Albemare*, then *Capello* and *Castiana*, betwixt whom there was a secret promise, and verbal contract, That he, and no other, should marry their Daughter.

Thus we see, that *Albemare* and *Baretano* are become Competitors and Rivals in their affections; for either of them affect *Clara* as the Mistress of their thoughts, and both adore her as the Queen-Regent of their desires. But, as they sympathize in their hopes, to purchase her to their Wife; so they differ in the means and progress of their resolutions, how to obtain her. For, whiles *Baretano* sues the Daughter before her Parents, so doth *Albemare* the Parents before their Daughter: but what effects and ends these beginnings will produce, ye shall shortly see, and they themselves very soon both feel and find.

Capello and *Castiana* (as we have formerly said) with much affliction and grief understanding of their Daughter's affection to *Baretano*, and reciprocally of his to her, they (with much impatience and passion) relate it to *Albemare*, whose affection to *Clara* hath made him so subtil towards them, as although his heart knows this news, yet he makes his tongue deny the knowledge

knowledg thereof, when protelling of his intire and fervent affection to her, and that he must either wed her, or his Grave; they consult on this important business, how they may dethrone *Baretano*, and inthronize *Albemare* in the chair and choice of *Clara's* affection: as for *Capello* and *Castiana*, they so highly affect *Albemare's* great and free Estate, and so disdainfully hate the intricate incumbrances of *Baretano's*, as they vow their resolutions shall sail by the Compass of his desires; and he in exchange, that his affections and desires shall still steer their course by that of their resolutions. So from the matter of their agreement, they proceed to the manner how to effect it; to which end her Father and Mother single their Daughter apart, and in mild and fair terms, demand of her what hath pass betwixt her and *Baretano*; and whether she be so simple and inconsiderate, to take so poor a Gentleman for her Husband, whose Estate is so weak and small, as it cannot well maintain himself, much less her. *Clara* already prepared and armed by her affection to receive these or the like speeches from her Parents, having twice or thrice metamorphosed the Lillies of her Cheeks into Roses, very temperately and modestly returns them this discreet and respective answer:

That as she must needs affirm, she is confident of *Baretano's* affection to her; so she must as truly deny, that as yet he had ever motioned her for marriage; which if he had, considering that his Birth, Means, and Vertues, were such as every way deserved not only her equal, but her superior, she is enforced to reveal them, that she loves him so tenderly and dearly, as, if her will and pleasure be not contradicted by theirs, it will be not only her joy, but her felicity, to accept and take him for her Husband, before all others of the world.

But this modest answer of hers, they hold too peremptory for a Child to give, and Parents to receive; as if it favoured more of irregular zeal to *Baretano*, than of due respect and obedience to themselves: yet the sooner to divert her from her own desires and resolutions, to make her flexible to theirs, they as yet hold it fit, rather to continue mild than imperious towards her; and so by depraving the deserts, and debasing the merits of *Baretano*, to seek to extol and magnifie those of *Albemare*, as if the first were only a Foil, and the second a rich Diamond, worthy of her affection and wearing: and indeed, so exquisite and excellent a Cavalier they depaune him to her in the richest frame and pomp of all his praises, as well of the endowments of mind, as of those of Fortune, that they leave no insinuating Oratory untrayed, nor perswasive attempt unattempted, to make her shake hands with *Baretano*, and consequently to extend her arms and heart to receive and retain *Albemare*: but although she were young in years and experience, yet love in this fragrant and flourishing spring of her youth, had so refined her judgment, and indoctrinated and prompted her tongue, that her thoughts, commanded and marshalled by her heart, and both by her desires and affections to *Baretano*, she confusedly intermixing and interrupting her words with many far-fetch'd broken sighs, again returns her Parents this reply;

If your Age will not, yet my Youth, or rather my heart informs me, that *Baretano* as far exceeds *Albemare* in the privileges of the mind and body, as *Albemare* doth him in those of Fortune: but that my resolutions and answers may answer and correspond with my obedience, Although I love *Baretano*, yet I will never hate, rather honour *Albemare*; but to make him my Husband, or my self his Wife, if Earth have, I hope Heaven hath not decreed it; and I humbly beseech you, that this may rest your resolution, as I assuredly think it shall and will remain maine.

Capello and *Castiana*, (like discreet Parents) seeing their Daughter *Clara* wholly wedded (in a manner) to the singularity of her own will, they yet conceive it to be far more requisite to revert her reasons by fair means, than refuse and resist them by force, sith love and discretion hath still reference to that, and this relation still to choler, many times to repentance: whereupon, minding her of the blessings which infallibly attend filial obedience, and the miseries and curses which individually wait on contempt and disobedience, hoping this time will effect that which importunity cannot; they as then leave her to her thoughts, and she them to their care, caring for nothing so much, nay, I may well say, for nothing else, than to see her affection divorced from *Baretano*, and contracted and wedded to *Albemare*, who having curious correspondence and intelligence with them, he is ever and anon ascertained, not only what hath, but what doth pass betwixt them and their Daughter; and withal, is advised by them, to delay no time, but to frequent and haunt her as her Ghost and shadow; yea, and no more to conceal his affection and suit from her, but to acquaint *Millan* therewith, sith it was no disparagement, but rather an equal honour for him to match with *Clara*, and *Clara* with him. Which concluded betwixt *Capello* and *Castiana*, *Albemare* is so far from rejecting this advice and counsel, as he embraceth it with much joy and delectation, and vows (though with the peril of his life) to persevere and pursue her in marriage. To which end, authorized as well by his own affection, as their authority. *Clara* is neither abroad, nor at home,

but he meets her, gives away all time from himself, to give himself to her; so as it seems to the eye of the world, that *Capello's* house is now become his, and that his Daughter *Clara* likewise shortly shall be; yea, he adds such curiolity to his care, and such care to his affection in courting her, as she cannot be either at *Mas* or *Vespers*, but he is either with her, or near her, and when in solemn pomp or zeal she visits the *Domo* (or Cathedral Church) of that City, and in it the Shrine of the new *St. Charles*; then he waits and attends on her at the Porch-stairs, sometimes with his Coach, but many times (as the custom of *Millan* is) on his Foot-cloth, and prancing *Barbary*-horse, to conduct her home; yea, and not to fail in any complement of an accomplished Lover (besides the harmony of his own insinuation and sollicitation) he greets her with rich Presents, and salutes her with all variety of Melodious Musick, and mellifluous Voices: but all this notwithstanding, although he every way use his best art and industry, and her Father and Mother their best skill to make her flexible to his desires, and their pleasure; yet she, as having her thoughts fully bent and fixed on her dear and sweet *Baretano*, looks haggard and averie on *Albemare*, giving him such general answers, and cold entertainment, as he seeth he hath far more reason to despair, than hope to obtain her. Whereupon, doubting of her affection; he hath again recourse to her Parents love, who to confirm and seal it him; seeing fair means will not prevail with their Daughter, they resolve to use force; and so to add threats to their requests, and choler to their persuasions, to make her abandon *Baretano*, and embrace *Albemare*. But if the first prevail not with her, the second cannot; for she now tells them plainly, that she neither can nor will affect any man for her Husband, but *Baretano*: and yet she is so far from any determinate resolution to marry him, as she affirms, That their Will shall be her Law, and their Pleasure, her Resolution.

Whiles thus *Albemare* in the way of marriage seeks out fair and sweet *Clara* publicly, no less doth *Baretano* privately; and although with less vanity and ostentation, yet he hopes with far more fortunacy and success, as grounding his hopes upon these reasons: That in heart and soul *Clara* is only his, as both in soul and heart he is hers: so he entertains her many times with his Letters; and yet not to shew himself a Novice in discretion, nor a Coward in affection, he making her content, his commands; as she did his desires, her felicity; he, in remote Churches and Chappels, (for whose number *Millan* exceeds *Rome*) hath both the happiness and honour privately to meet her, where if they violate the sanctity of the place, in conferring and cherishing their affections; yet they sanctifie their affections, in desiring that some Church or Chappel might invest and crown them with the religious honour and holy dignity of Marriage. For having jested of love heretofore, now like true Lovers they henceforth resolve to love, not in jest, but in earnest: and as of their two hearts they have already made one; so now they mean and intend to dispose of their bodies, thereby to make one of two. And this is their sole desire; and this, and only this, is their chief delight, and most pleasing desires and wishes.

But as it is the nature of Love, for Lovers to desire to see none but themselves, and yet are seen of many; so this their familiarity and frequent meeting, is again reported to her Father and Mother, whereat they murmur with grief, and grieve with discontent and affliction: and now not to substract, but to add to their vexation, it is resolved between our two young amorous Turtle-Doves, *Baretano*, and his fair *Clara*, that he should publicly motion them for her in Marriage; which he in wonderful fair terms, and orderly decorum (as well by his Friends, as himself) performeth. When, contrary to his wishes, but not his expectation, they give him so cold entertainment, and his suit such poor and sharp acceptance, as they (in affection and zeal to *Albemare*) not only deny him their Daughter, but their House: an answer so unkind, and therefore so unjust, as might give a testimony some way of their care, yet no way of their discretion to themselves, or affection to their Daughter. And here I must confess, that I can difficultly define whether this resolution and answer of *Capello* and *Castiana*, more delighted *Albemare*, discontented *Baretano*, or afflicted *Clara*; who although in the entrance of their Loves, their hopes seem'd to be nipt, and their desires cross'd by the frowns of their Parents, yet they love each other so tenderly and dearly, as these discontents notwithstanding, they will not retire, but are resolute to advance in the progress of this their chaste and fervent affection: and although their commands seem to give a law to her obedience, in not permitting her to be frequented of *Baretano*; yet her obedience is so enforced to take a more stronger of her affection, as despite her Parents malice and jealousie towards them, when they are sweetly sleeping in their beds, then is their Daughter *Clara* waking with *Baretano*, and he with her, often-times walking and talking in the Arbours, and billing in the close Galleries of the Garden; which they cannot conceal or bear so closely, but her Father and Mother have exact notice and intelligence thereof by some of their trusty servants, whom

whom they had purposely appointed as Centinels to espy and discover their meetings. Whereupon (as much in hatred to *Baretano*, as in affection to *Albemare*) knowing that if the cause be once removed, the effect is subject soon to follow and ensue; they very suddenly and privately send away their Daughter from *Millan* to *Modena*, by Coach, there to be mewed and pent up with the Lady *Emilia* her Aunt; and, besides her Waiting-Gentlewoman *Adriana*, none to accompany and conduct her, but only *Albemare*, hoping that in a small time, his presence and importunate solicitations, would deface the memory of *Baretano*, to engrave his own in the heart and thoughts of his sweet *Clara*; who, poor soul, seeing her self exiled and banished from the society of her *Baretano's* light and company, wherein under Heaven she chiefly and only delighted; she hercat doth, as it were, drown her self in the Ocean of her tears, storming as well at the cruelty of her Parents, as at her own affliction and misfortune; and no less doth her *Baretano* for the absence of his sweet Saint and dear Lady *Clara*: for as their affection, so their affliction is equal; now mourning as much at each other's absence, as formerly they rejoiced and triumphed in their presence. But, although the jealousy of *Capello* and *Cassiani* were very careful to watch and observe *Baretano* in *Millan*; and the zeal and affection of *Albemare's*, safely to guard, and sweetly to attend on *Clara* in *Modena*: yet as fire suppressed, flames forth with more violence; and Rivers stopped, overflow with more impetuosity; so despite of the one's vigilancy, and the other's jealousy, though *Baretano* cannot be so happy and blessed to ride over to *Modena*, to see and salute his *Clara*: yet Love, which is the ruler of inventions and wit, and the polisher of judgment, cannot yet detain him from visiting her with his Letters, the which in respect of the hard access and difficult passage to her, he is enforced to send her by subtil means and secret messengers. And the better to overshadow the curiosity of his Arts, and the Art of his affection herein; he, among many others, makes use of a Fryer and a Hermit, for the conveyance of two Letters to *Modena*, to his Lady; which (as fit Agents for such amorous employments) they (with more cunning and fidelity, than zeal and religion) safely delivered her, and likewise returned him her answers thereof. And because the fervency of their affections and constancies, each to other, are more lively depainted and represented in these two, than in any other of their Letters: therefore I thought my self in a manner bound here to insert them, to the end to give the better spirit and grace to their History, and the fuller satisfaction and content to the curiosity of the Reader. That which *Baretano* sent *Clara* upon her departure from *Millan* to *Modena*, by the Fryer, spake thus:

BARETANO to CLARA.

HOW justly may I term my self unfortunate, sith I am enforced to be miserable, before I know what belongs to happiness? For, if ever I found any content, or Heaven upon Earth, it was only in thy sweet presence; which thy sudden absence, and unexpected exile, hath now made, at least, my Purgatory, if not my Hell. Fair *Clara*, judg of thy *Baretano* by thy self, what a matchless grief it is to my heart, and a heart-killing terror to my thoughts, to see thee made captive to my Rival, and that the Fates and thy Parents seem to be so propitious to his desires, and so inexorable and cruel to mine; That I must live alone in *Millan* without thee, and be alone in *Modena* with thee, which makes, that I know not whether I more envy his joy, or lament and pity mine own sorrows and afflictions. But if I have any sense or shadow of comfort in this my calamity, it only consists in this, that as thou carriedst away my heart with thee, so thou wilt vouchsafe to return me thine in thy Letter, by a reciprocal requital and exchange. For if thou neither bring me thy self, nor send me that, I may be sought in *Millan*, but found no where but in Heaven. Were I privileged by thy consent, much more authorized by thy command, I would speedily rather flye than post to thee: for fair and dear *Clara*, as thou art my sole joy, and sovereign felicity; so, whiles I breathe this air of life, thy will shall be my law, thy command, my compass; and thy pleasure, my resolution.

BARETANO.

Her Answer returned by the Fryer, to *Baretano* at *Millan*, was to this effect:

CLARA to BARETANO.

IT is for none but our selves to judg, how equally we participate and share of misery, in being deprived of each other's presence. Thou termst my absence either thy Purgatory, or thy Hell: and my afflictions and torments, for thine, are so great, and withall so infinite, as I have all the equity and reason of the world, to repute them not only one, but both. Thou art mistaken in the point of my thralldom; for whiles *Albemare* vows himself to be my Captive, I disdain to be his, and both vow and triumph

to be only Baretano's. I know not whether I have brought thy heart with me to Modena; but sure I am, I left mine with thee in Millan. If my Parents seem now pleasing and propitious to him, I am yet so far from despair, as I confidently hope the Fates will not prove cruel or inexorable to thee, and in thee to my self: but rather, that a little time will change their resolutions and decrees, sith they cannot our affections and comitancy. If Clara be thy sole joy, and sovereign felicity, no less is Baretano hers: and albeit I could wish either thou here with my self in Modena, or I there with thee in Millan; yet such is my Aunt Emelia's care, and Albemare's jealousie over me, that wert thou in this City, thou couldst difficultly see me, but impossibly speak with me: wherefore refrain a while, and let thy Journey hither to me, be ended ere began; yet with this proviso and condition, that the cause thereof, thy affection to me, be begun, never to be ended: and think, that my stay and exile here shall be as short, as either my best art in my self can invent, or truest zeal to thee, suggest. In which interim, let us solace our selves, and visit each other by the Ambassadors of our Hearts, I mean our Letters: and this resolve, my dear Baretano, that during our absence, whilst thou dost feast on my Idea, I will not fail to surfeit on thine.

CLARA.

Baretano's other Letter, sent Clara to Modena, by the Pilgrim, was couched and penned in these terms.

BARETANO to CLARA.

HAD not thy requests (in thy last Letter) granted out, a Prohibition against my desires and wishes, I had long since left Millan, to have seen Modena, and in it thy self, my sweet and dear Lady: but I speak it to my present comfort, and future consolation and joy, that it is excess, not want of affection, which insuseth this provident care, and careful providence, to thy resolutions, to the end that thy return make us as joyful, as thy departure sorrowful; and consequently, that the last prove as sweet unto our hearts and thoughts, as the first was bitter. And yet believe me, dear Clara, that my affection is so entire and fervent to thee, because I know thine is reciprocally so to my self, that I deem it not only capable to make difficult things easie, but, which is more, impossible things possible: for, for thy sake, what would I not attempt? and to enjoy thy sight and presence, what would I leave unperformed? But if thou wilt not permit me to come to thee to Modena, nor yet speedily resolve to return to me to Millan, Sorrow will then prevent my Joy, and Despair, my Hope: for, if thou hasten not thy arrival, and our interview, sickness will be my death. Wert thou as kind, as fair; or as affectionate, as I am fervent in affection, thou wilt thou rather suffer me to live with thee, than to dye for thee: for in this rest confident, that if thou deny me that request, I cannot Nature this tribute, my Affection this homage, or thy Beauty this sacrifice.

BARETANO.

And Clara her Answer hereunto, returned to Millan to Baretano, by the foresaid Pilgrim, was traced in these words:

CLARA to BARETANO.

THE last command of my Parents, and the first resolution of my Aunt Emelia, and my suitor Albemare, have now reduced me to so strict a sequestration (or rather captivity) as only my thoughts, hardly my pen, hath the freedom and power to signify thee so much. But as storms ensue tempests, and sun-shine, showers; so I beseech thee to brook it with as much patience, as I do with grief; and not only hope, but resolve, that violence is never permanent, and all extremes subject to revolution and change. Wherefore, my dear Baretano, consider and think with thy self, that my stay from Millan, and thy prohibition from Modena, hath his two-fold excuse that is in my will, but not as yet in my power to perform; and this will rather hinder, than any way advance the accomplishing of our desires; sith a little time may effect that with my Parents, which I fear importunity will never: neither can thy heart so much long for my sight, or wish for my presence, as my soul doth for thine: sith to give thee but one word for all, Thy self, and only thy self, art both the life of my joy, and the joy of my life. A thousand times a day I wish Modena were Millan; and again as often, that Albemare were metamorphosed into Baretano. Therefore I am so far from preventing thy joy, as, though at the price of my death, I am ready to, sacrifice my life for the preservation of thine, as also for the banishing of thy despair. Write me not then of thy sickness, lest thou as soon bear of my death: and I know not what request to deny thee, sith I have already granted and given thee my self, which is all that either I can give, or thou desire: cherish thy self for my sake, and I will thy remembrance for mine.

CLARA.

By

By their loving Letters of their our Lovers, the Reader may observe and remark, what a firm league, and strict and constant friendship, there was contracted and settled betwixt them, and what a hell their absence was each to others thoughts and contemplations. In the mean time, whilſt *Bartano* entertains *Clara* with Letters, *Albemare* doth with words: wherein he uſeth his beſt Rhetorick and Oratory, to draw her to his deſires; and withal, to liſten and eſpy out, if there paſſ any paſſages of Letters, or other correſpondency betwixt them. Which al- though *Clara* her affection to *Bartano* vow, and her diſcretion to her ſelf reſolve, to conceal and obſcure from *Albemare*; yet ſo, here falls out a ſiniſter and unexpected accident, which will diſcover and bewray it; yea, and of all ſides, and to all parties produce grief, ſorrow, choler and repentance, which in eſſect briefly is thus.

Clara had reaſon, in her former Letter ſent by the Pilgrim, to term this her ſequeſtration in *Medana* a captivity, ſince the bounds of her Aunt *Emelia*'s two ſmall Gardens, and the walls of her little Park, were the limits wherein her liberty was confined, and her ſelf, as it were, immured; for farther ſhe was not permitted to go, except to the Church with her Aunt in her Coach, but ſtill accompanied by *Albemare*, who left no minutes or occasions, as well to ſee her, as to be ſeen of her. Now to give ſome truce (though not peace) to her diſcontents, and thereby ſomewhat to calm the impetuofity of thoſe tempeſts, which love had ſtirred up in her heart and thoughts for the abſence of her *Bartano*, ſhe never better accompanied than when alone, ſometime paſſ a way the irkſomeſs of her time in walking in the Gardens, but many times in the Park cloſt ſhut, followed only by her Waiting-gentlewoman *Adriana*; for in reſpect of her Aunts unkindneſs, and *Albemare*'s jealouſie, ſhe would neither accept of her familiarity, nor of his company. Now to the neareſt end of the Park, not far diſtant from the ſecond Garden, was a curious walk, ranked about with many rows of *Sycamore*-trees, and at the farther end thereof a cloſe o're-ſhadowed Bower; yea, ſo cloſely veiled, that the rays of the Sun could neither peep in, to ſcorch the pureneſs of her beauty, or to contend with the piercing luſtre and reſplendency of her eyes; and to this Bower, in a fair and clear day, *Clara* (about three of the clock after dinner) repairs, having in her hand to delude the time the old amorous Hiſtory of *Hero* and *Leander*, which was very lately illuſtrated, and newly reprinted in *Milſin*, and wherein indeed for the conformity of their loves with her own, ſhe took a ſingular delight to read; but that which gave ſweeter mulick to her thoughts, and felicity to her heart and mind, were her *Bartano*'s two Letters (which we have formerly ſeen) and which as then ſhe had purpoſely brought with her to ſurvey and peruſe; yea, ſhe reads them ore again and again; and, to write the truth, more o'ten than there are words, or I think ſyllables therein contained; but when ſhe deſcends to his name, ſhe cannot refrain from kiſſing it; yea, and ſuch is her tender love to *Bartano*, as ſhe bedews it with her tears; a thouſand times ſhe wiſhed her ſelf with him, or he with her, and bitterly blames the cruelty of her Parents, for ſeparating their bodies, ſith the not only hoped, but aſſured her ſelf, that God had conjoynd and united their hearts. But whilſt ſhe in the middeſt of theſe paſſionate ex- ſtaticſeems to be rapt up into the Heaven of joy, at the peruſal of theſe Letters of *Bartano*, and then again to be plunged into the hell of ſorrow, at the conſideration and remembrance of his abſence, ſhe hears a voice, which ſhe thinks is not far off from her, when looking forth the Bower; and deeming it to be that of her Waiting-gentlewoman, whom ſhe ſaw ſome- what near her, gathering of Straw-berries and wild Liſhes, ſhe within a ſlight-ſhoot from her, perceives it to be her Lover (but not her Love) *Albemare*, who knowing her there in the Bower, and for want of other talk, ſpeaking to the Echo, ſhe gueſſed by his courſe, (wherein ſhe was not deceived) that he had an intent to ſalute and ſpeak with her; which to prevent, becauſe it wholly diſpleaſed her, to be cumbered with the company of ſo unwelcomed a gueſt as him- ſelf, ſhe haſtily folds up her Letters in her Handkercher, and clapping them (at leaſt as ſhe thought) into the pocket of her Gown, takes her Book in her hand, and calling *Adriana*, trips away back towards the Garden, by the other ſide of the Park, purpoſely to eſchew and avoid him; ſhe indeed the did.

Albemare grieves to ſee *Clara*'s coyneſs and cruelty toward him; altho' ſhe were departed forth the Park from him, yet his affection is ſo fervent to her, as ſhe will needs aſcend the Bow- er, eſteeming it not only a kind of content, but a bleſſing to his thoughts, ſith he cannot be where ſhe is, yet to be where ſhe hath been; when thinking to mount the ſtairs of the Bow- er, he unexpectedly at the foot thereof, finds the two Letters, whereof we have formerly ſpoke, which it ſeems ſlip forth of *Clara*'s Handkercher, as ſhe was putting it into her Pocket; *Albe- mare* taking up the Letters, and ſeeing them directed to his ſweet *Clara*, he betwixt the ex- tremes of love and joy, kiſſeth them again and again for her ſake; when ſitting down in the Bower, he betakes himſelf to read and peruſe them, verily expecting and hoping to gather and

draw something from them which might tend to advance the process of his affection towards her; But when he had read the first, he was so extremely perplexed and afflicted, as he had hardly the patience to peruse the second: and yet at length hastily and passionately running it over, and seeing by all the Circumstances thereof, that it was in vain for him any longer to hope for *Clara*, since she was *Baretano's*, and *Baretano* hers, he like one Lunatick, stamps with his foot, throws away his Hat, tears his hair for very grief and choler, now thinking to tear the Letters, and then to offer violence to himself; But when the fumes and flames of this his folly were over-blown, and that he had again recalled his wits to take place in the proper seat of his judgment and discretion; then taking up his Hat, and pulling it down his eyes, he leaves the Bower and Park, and so going into the house, shews them the Lady *Emilia* her Aunt; who prays him not to despair, but that *Baretano's* Letters notwithstanding, he himself shall shortly marry her Niece *Clara*; only she prays him for the two Letters, because she affirms, she will to morrow send them to *Millan* to her Father and Mother; Wherein he saith, he will take advice of his pillow; when fasting out his Supper, he betakes himself to his Bed, to see whether he can sleep away those his passions and vexations: And by this time *Clara* going to lock up these two afore-said Letters in her Trunk, she finds her Handkercher, but misseth her Letters, whereat blushing for shame, and then again looking pale for sorrow, grief and anger, she speedily sends away *Adriana* to the Bower, to look them, who returns without them, and then she knows for certain that *Albemare* hath found them; whereupon for meer grief and anger, feigning her self sick, she withdraws her self to her Chamber, and there presently betakes her self to her bed.

I may well say, that *Clara* and *Albemare* betake themselves to their beds; but I am sure not to their rest; For grief and love so violently act their several parts in their hearts and thoughts, as sigh they do, but sleep they cannot. Yea, their passions and sorrows are as different as their desires; for as *Albemare* now grieves that he hath found these Letters; so doth *Clara* that she hath lost them; and as he vows not to restore her them, so she neither dares, and yet disdaineth to demand them of him; Yea again, which is more, as their sorrows are different, so are their pretended consolations, at least if I may properly and truly term them consolations: For as *Clara*, although she have lost her *Baretano's* Letters, doth yet rejoyce that she still retains the Writer and Author thereof engraven and charactered in her heart; so doth *Albemare*, that now fully knowing *Baretano* to be his rival, and who by all probability is like to bear his Mistress from him, he hath (as he unjustly conceives) a just reason to be revenged, and a true occasion to fight with him; but as *Clara's* comfort and consolation herein proceeds from true affection, so doth the vanity and impiety of this resolution of *Albemare's* from hellish malice and dévillish indignation; yea, although the night doth, or should bring counsel, yet as *Clara* passeth it over only with sighs, so doth *Albemare* with fumes of revenge against *Baretano*, vowing that he will in the morn towards *Millan*, and there try his fortune, either to kill him or to be killed of him, in a Duel, to which end he is no sooner ready, but he acquaints the Lady *Emilia* with his intended journey, but not with his resolution to fight with *Baretano*, and the same he doth to (the Empress of his thoughts, and Queen of his desires) *Clara*, demanding her, if she please to command him any service for *Millan*; who both blushing and paling hereat, her affection to *Baretano* having now made her expert in the subtilties of love, she well knows what wind drives *Albemare* to *Millan*; and therefore guided by discretion, and not by passion, she returns him this Answer: That having neither reason nor desire to command him, she onely prays him to remember her humble duty to her Father and Mother, and so wisheth his journey prosperous; which answer of hers (being indeed no other than *Albemare* expected) he yet advanceth to kiss her at parting; which her civility, though not her affection, granted him; not so much as once dreaming or suspecting that he conceived the least thought or intent to fight with her sweet *Baretano*, and so he takes horse, having only one servant with him.

Albemare being arrived at Saint Remy, a small Town within fifteen miles of *Millan*, he resolves to dine there, which he doth; and to avoid the heat of the day, then betakes himself to sleep an hour or two; being awaked, he commands his man to make ready his horse; and seeing the Host of the house in his Chamber, enquires of him, if there were any Gentleman in the house riding to *Millan*, who as soon returns him this unlook'd-for and unexpected answer; that there was a brave Gentleman in the house named *Seignior Baretano*, who was to ride thither some two hours hence. *Albemare* no sooner hears the name of *Baretano*, but his very heart-blood flasheth up in his face, when demanding of him again, what manner of Gentleman he was, he told him he was a tall slender young Gentleman, with never a hair on his face; and out of this window, quoth he, you may now see him walking in the Garden: when

Albemare

Albemare looking forth sees indeed that it was his very rival *Baretano*; when enquiring farther of the Host what followers he had with him, he told him, that then he had none, but sometimes when he came thither, either to take the air, or breathe his horse, he was attended by two or three: and so the Host leaves him, not once suspecting of any difference between them. *Albemare* seeing his enemy (because his rival) brought to him, whom he formerly resolved to seek and find out, assumes a base and a bloody resolution to set upon him in the High-way disguised, and there to venture his own life, and to deprive him of his; which to effect he will have no eye-witnesses of this his ignoble and treacherous business; and therefore purposely sends a way his man to *Millain* before him, and so slipping into the Town, provides himself of a Mask or Vizard, then takes his horse, and rather like a Thief than a Gentleman, lurks behind a Grove (some three miles from *St. Remy*) attending *Baretano's* coming, who poor harmless young Gentleman, harbouring and breathing no other thoughts and wishes, than charity to all the world, and pure and fervent affection to his fair and dear *Clara*, likewise takes his Horse, and draws homeward toward *Millain*; when being arrived to the place where *Albemare* secretly lay in ambush for him, he furiously and suddenly rusheth forth, and with his Rapier drawn in his hand, runs *Baretano* into his right arm, who feeling the wound almost as soon as he saw his enemy who gave it him, he is at first, as it were amazed hereat; when thinking him by his Mask to be a *Bandetti*, who were then very busy in *Lombardy*, but especially in the Dutchy of *Millain*, he told him that all the Coyn he had, which was some ten double Pistols in Gold, and two Duckats in silver, were at his service, but to fight in his defence, he would not; Not, quoth he, that he was any way a Coward, but that he affirmed he was lately affianced and engaged to a young Lady; so that he perfectly knew that her affection was so dear and tender towards him, as either the loss or preservation of his life would be that of hers; *Albemare* galled and touch'd to the quick with this his heart-killing answer to him, is wholly inflamed with choler against him, when rushing toward him, he delivers him these words; Villain, it is not thy Gold, but thy life which I seek; and then straining himself to run *Baretano* thorow, so the string of his Mask breaks, where *Baretano* apparently sees it is his Rival *Albemare*; whereat, such is his tender affection to his sweet and fair *Clara*, that he who before turned Craven, and would not fight for his own sake, is now chearfully resolved, not only to fight, but if occasion require, to die for hers; and so returning the Villain to *Albemare's* Throat, he instantly draws, and joyns with him; and if *Albemare* be resolute in fighting, no less valiant and courageous is *Baretano*; for the remembrance of his *Clara's* sweet Idea, and fresh delicious beauty, infuseth such life to his valour, and such generosity and animosity to his courage, as he deals his blows roundly, and his thrusts freely, making *Albemare* know, that his Rapier is of an excellent temper, and yet his Heart of a better; and *Albemare* seeing he must buy his victory dearer than he expected, and disdaining to be out-braved and beaten by a Boy, plucks up his best spirits and courage to him, and so likewise behaves himself manfully and valiantly, in such sort, that within less than a quarter of an hour, *Baretano* hath given him five wounds, and he *Baretano* three; when the Count of *Martingne* passing that way in his Coach towards *Millain*, and seeing two Gentlemen so busily fighting, he cries out to his Coachman, to gallop away with all celerity, and so parts them; when seeing them full of blood, sweat, and dust, having his *Chirurgeon* still in his train with him, he out of an honourable courtesie and charity, intreats and accompanies them to the next house, where he causeth their wounds to be dress'd and bound up; when by their Apparel seeing them to be *Millaineses*, he is desirous to know their quarrel, and proffers his best assistance to reconcile and make them friends; but their hearts are so great, and their malice so implacable, as they both thank the Count for his noble courtesie, but beseech him to pardon them, in obscuring their names and quarrel; and yet he is so noble and generous, as he will not so leave them, but seeing them shrewdly wounded (though not he thinks mortally) he for their greater ease and safety, causeth two of his Gentlemen to mount their Horses, and takes them both up into his Coach with him, and so brings them within the Gates of *Millain*, where after they had severally rendred him many thanks for his Courtesie and Honour, he commends them both to their good Fortunes, and so leaves them.

Baretano and *Albemare* being thus arrived at *Millain*, they conceal their fightings, and so keep their Chambers, till they have secured their wounds: when *Albemare* visits *Capello*, and his Lady *Costiana*, and reports to them the health and duty of their Daughter, as also her aversness towards him, and withall shews her *Baretano's* two Letters to her, whereby it is apparent, that she is so wholly his, as he himself is sure never to obtain or enjoy her. Her Father and Mother at the first, seem to hang their heads at this news, and the perusal of the Letters; but at last, bid him not despair, but be courageous, for he, and only he shall be their Son-in-

law. But *Albemarle* considering, that for the term of at least six Months, he, *Camelion*-like, had only been fed with the air of their vain promises; and that he perfectly knew, that *Clara* only intended to marry *Baretano*, and none but him: his love to her was so tender and fervent, as he cannot conceive the shadow of any hope how to obtain her for his wife in this world, before he have sent *Baretano* to another; when he being constant in his resolution thereof to himself, because he was resolute in his constancy and affection to *Clara*; no Reason, no Religion, nor his Conscience, nor his Soul, can divert him from this bloody design, from this murderous and therefore damnable project: Feeding therefore on malice, and boiling with Revenge towards *Baretano*, he, not as a Gentleman, but rather, degenerating from the virtue and honour of that honourable degree and quality, bethinks himself, either by Pistol or Poyson how he may treacherously dispatch him; whereon ruminating and pondering (as *Milice* and Revenge may perchance slumber, but difficultly sleep) the Devil, who is never absent in such hellish stratagems and occasions, gives him means (though by a contrary course) how to dispatch him: For on a day, descending the stairs of the *Domo*, he sees *Pedro* and *Leonardo* (two Souldiers, or rather *Braves* of the Castle of *Pavia*) pass by him, with whom he had been formerly acquainted, but so poorly apparelled, as, weighing their bloody humours by their necessity, he (in favour of money) thinks them very fit *Agents* and *Instruments* to murder and make away *Baretano*; to which end, to play the *Pfafflick* part, as well as the *Theorick*, and so to reduce this his bloody contemplation into action; he sends his man *Valerio* after them, and prays them to repair to him in the *Cloisters* of *Borromeo's* Palace, for that he hath a business to impart them of great importance for their profits. *Valerio* overtakes them, delivers them his Master's pleasure; who nettled with this word *Profit*, they repair to the *Rendezvous*, and meet *Albemarle*; when having refreshed their acquaintance, and he sworn them to secrecy, as he was a wretched and perfidious Gentleman, acquaints them with his desire, some ten days hence to have them murder *Signior Baretano* in the street by night, and to give it out, that it was done by some *Spaniards* of the *Viceroy's* Guard, and that he will give them an hundred Duckatoons in hand, and leave them as much more with his man *Valerio*, which they shall receive of him, when they have dispatched him; and for his own part, some four or five days hence he will away for *Modena*, to cast the better varnish and colour that he was innocent thereof, and had no finger at all in the business.

Pedro and *Leonardo* seeing that *Albemarle* proffered them Gold, which they so much wanted and desired, like two limbs of the Devils, and as a couple of hellish Blood-Hounds, not only promise, but swear to him punctually, in all respects to perform his desires, and so they touch their first hundred Duckatoons, which being the pledg and price of innocent blood, it will assuredly cost them dear, and draw down vengeance, ruine, and confusion on their heads from Heaven, when they least think or dream thereof. *Albemarle* having settled this his bloody and monstrous business with *Pedro* and *Leonardo*, he is again solicited by *Capello* and *Castiana*, to return to their Daughter in *Modena*; whereunto he willingly consenteth; when armed with their Letters to her, wherein they charge her on their commands and blessing, to dispose her self to affect and marry him; he within four days departeth: But having secretly revealed his fight with *Baretano* to some of *Capello* his chiefest and most confident servants, they yet love and honour their young Lady *Clara* so well in her absence, as they send her the true relation and intelligence thereof, which is at *Modena* a little before *Albemarle*, the which being unknown to him, he is no sooner arrived there, but he salutes first the Aunt *Emelia*, then her Niece, and his Mistress *Clara*; to whom having delivered her Parent's Letters, she stepping aside to the window, reads them, and so returning to him again, gives him this sharp and bitter welcome: *My Father and Mother command me to love thee; but how can I, since upon the high-way, thou basely and treacherously attemptedst to kill my dear Baretano, whom I love a thousand times dearer than the whole world?* When with tears in her eyes, and choler in her looks, she very suddenly and passionately flings from him; whereat *Emelia* wondreth, and he both storms and grieves; and so they betake themselves to their Chambers, where *Albemarle* throwing himself on his Bed, saith thus to himself, Unkind and cruel *Clara*, if thou take my fighting with *Baretano* thus tenderly, how wilt thou brook the news of his death? On the other side, *Clara* grieves as much at her *Baretano's* wounds, as she rejoiceth at his safety and recovery; yea, so tender is her affection to him, as she a thousand times wishes that the blood he lost, had streamed from her own heart. Again, knowing his wounds free from danger, she cannot but smile, and delight to see his dear and true affection to her, in remembering, that he would not fight for his own sake, and yet was ready, yea, and valiantly hazarded to lose his life for hers; and in these amorous conceits and contemplations, she pensively drives away the time, admiring and wondering that all this while she hears not from

from her *Baretano*; But alas, alas! she shall hear too too soon of him, though indeed never more from him; for these execrable wretches, *Pedro* and *Leonardo*, some four days after *Albemare's* departure to *Modena*, they, according to their promise and oath given him, like two most bloody and butcherly villains, cruelly assault and murder this harmless and innocent young Gentleman *Baretano*, in the streets of *Millain* by night, with no less than seven several wounds, whereof four were clean thorow his body; and so give it out (as it was formerly concluded) that he was murdered by some *Spaniards* of the *Vice-roy's* Guard; when the same night they repair to *Valerio*, acquaint him therewith, receive their other hundred Duckatoons, and so provide for their safety in the City; but that bloody money, and this cruel murder, will in the end cost them dearer, than either they imagine or dream of.

Whiles *Millain* ratleth with the news of *Baretano's* bloody and untimely end, as his own friends infinitely lament and grieve, so *Capello* and his wife *Cassiana*, cannot refrain from rejoicing thereat, as now assuring themselves, that *Albemare* shall shortly be their Son-in-Law; and for *Valerio*, he with all possible speed, writes away thereof to *Modena*, to his Master, who entertains this news with infinite joy and delectation, and presently acquaints the Lady *Emelia* therewith, whereat she rejoiceth, and he triumphs; but they both resolve as yet, to conceal it from *Clara*, because they know she will even dissolve and melt into tears thereat. But four days after are not fully expired, but her Father and Mother advertize their Daughter *Clara*, their sister *Emelia* and *Albemare* thereof, by a Gentleman a servant of theirs, whom they purposefully send to *Modena* to bring back *Clara* and *Albemare* to *Millain*. But it is for none but lovers, to conceive or judge, with what extream excess of grief and immoderate sorrow our poor *Clara* understands this heart-piercing news of her *Baretano's* mournful and sorrowful death; for she is no sooner advertized thereof, but she throws off her attire; tears her hair, and twice following falls to the ground in a swoon; so as *Emelia*, *Albemare*, *Adriana*, and her Father's Gentleman, can hardly refetch and keep life in her, but being come again to her senses and self, and faintly opening her cloudy eyes to the beams of the Sun, who enamored of her beauty (as well in pity as love) came to comfort and revive her; she wringing her hands, then crossing her arms; and lastly, looking up towards *Heaven*, betwixt sighing and speaking, breaths forth these mournfull, passionate, and affectionate speeches.

O my *Baretano*, my sweet and dear *Baretano*! and shall thy wretched *Clara* live, thou being dead? When the violence of her affection and sorrow making her forget her self, and her God, she secretly unsheaths her Knife, and then, and there would have stabbed her self to death, had not *Albemare* and her Aunt *Emelia* speedily stepped to her assistance, and prevented her, by wresting it from her; when conducting her to the Garden to take the air, she prays *Albemare* to leave her, and in his absence often again repeating the name of her dear *Baretano*, she a thousand times wisheth that her life had ransomed his; vowing that although she were a woman, yet if she knew his murderers, she would flie to their eyes, and tear out their hearts, in meer revenge of this inhuman and cruel death; when her sorrows are so infinite, and her grief so unsupportable, as she cannot long remain in one place, but withdraws her self from the Garden to her Chamber, where her Aunt *Emelia* carefully accompanies her, lies with her that night to comfort her, who, poor afflicted young Lady, neither can nor will be comforted; so as the next morning, had not her Aunt powerfully prevented and stopped her, she had then undoubtedly entered the Nunnery of her own name *St. Clara*, and in that retired and obscure life, there ended her days in *Modena*; resolving in true affection and zeal to her dead *Baretano*, never thenceforth, either to see her Parents, or *Millain*; but being diverted and comforted by some Divines, and many Ladies of that City, she brooking her sorrows as patiently as she may, (with much solicitation) after ten days, permits her self to be conveyed home to *Millain*, where, although she were cheerfully received, and joyfully entertained of her Father and Mother, yet she likewise went neer to have there mewed her self up a spiritual Sister in the Nunnery of *Annunciation*: but that again she was prevented; whereat grieving, she takes on mourning attire, and vows to wear it a whole year for his sake; when to make her self (as she was) both a true Lover, and a true Mourner to the memory of her dead *Baretano*, she often-times steals into *St. Euphemia's* Church, where he was buried, and there bedews his Tomb with tears, living so pensively, and disconsolately, that although she live in the world, yet it seems she neither is, nor long will be of the world.

But as women are but women, and as time is a sovereign remedy for all diseases and sorrows; so about some ten months after, the incessant importunity of her Father and Mother, and the continual tender respect and observant courtship of *Albemare* towards her, make her

somewhat neglect and forget the memory of *Baretano*, and now to look on him with a more pleasing and favourable eye, than before. But here (again) a consideration makes her affection die towards *Albemare*, almost as soon as it begins to live. For why (quoth she) should she affect or love him, who at *St. Remy* gave her *Baretano* three several wounds? But then love again steps in, and thus pleads with her for *Albemare*; That he received five wounds, and gave *Baretano* but three, which made him lose far more blood than *Baretano*; and yet that this attempt of his was only occasioned through his affection to her, and only for her sake, as loving her dearer than his own life; which again gave her thoughts such satisfaction, as weighed down and vanquished, as well by the Power and Prayers of her Parents, as also by the endless sighs, letters and presents of *Albemare*. The year is no sooner expired, and her mourning weeds and attire done away, but to their own hearts content, and the unspeakable joy of their Parents, they in *Millain* (with great Pomp and Bravery) are very solemnly married. But this marriage of theirs shall not prove so prosperous as they expect and hope; for God in his all-seeing Providence, hath decreed to disturb the tranquillity and serenity thereof, and to make them feel the sharp and bitter showers of affliction and misery, which briefly doth thus surprize and befall them.

Albemare and *Clara* have hardly been married together a year and quarter, but his hot love begins to wax cold and frozen to her; yea, albeit she affected him truly and tenderly, yet he continually neglecting her, and no longer delighting in the sweetness of her youth, and the freshness of her beauty, his lustful eyes and thoughts carry his lascivious self abroad among *Curtezans*, when they should be fixed on her, and resident at home with his chaste and fair Lady, so as his infidelity proving her grief and torments, and his vanity and ingratitude, her unspeakable affliction and vexation; she with infinite sighs and tears repents her matching him, and a thousand times wishes she had been so happy and blessed to have died *Baretano's* Martyr, and not so unfortunate and accursed to live to see her self *Albemare's* Wife; and yet were there any hope of his reformation, she should then prefix bounds to her calamities and sorrows; but seeing that his vices grew with his age, and that every day he became more vicious and unkind to her than other, her hopes are now wholly turned into despair, her mirth into mourning; yea, her inward discontents so apparently bewray themselves in her outward sorrowful complexion and countenance, that the Roses of her cheeks are metamorphosed into Lillies, and her heart so wholly taken up with anguish, and surprized with sorrow, as she wisheth that her bed were her grave, and her self in Heaven with God; because she could find no comfort here on Earth with her Husband: but beyond her expectation, God is providing to redress her grief, and to remedy her afflictions by a very strange and unlooked-for Accident.

The Providence and Justice of God doth now again fetch bloody *Pedro*, to act another part upon the Stage and Theatre of this History; for having spent that money lewdly, which he before got damnably of *Albemare*, his wants are so great, and his necessity so urgent, as having played the murderer before, he makes no conscience nor scruple now to play the thief, and so by night breaks into a Jeweller's shop, named *Signior Fiamata*, dwelling in the great place before the *Domo*, and there carries away from him a small Trunk or Casket, wherein were some uncut *Saphyrs* and *Emeralds*, with some *Venice* crystal pendants for Ladies to wear in their ears, and other rich commodities; but *Fiamata* lying over his shop, and hearing it, and locking his door to him for fear of having his throat cut, gives out the cry and alarm forth the window, which ringing into the streets, makes some of the Neighbours, and also the watch approach and assemble; where finding *Pedro* running with a Casket under his arm he is presently hem'd in, apprehended and imprisoned, and the Casket took from him, and again restored to *Fiamata*; when knowing that he shall die for this robbery, as a just punishment and judgment of God, now sent him for formerly murdering of *Baretano*, he having no other hope to escape death, but by the means of *Albemare*; he sends early the next morning for his man *Valerio*, to come to the prison to him; whom, he bids to tell his Master *Albemare* from him, that being sure to be condemned for this robbery of his, if he procure him not his pardon, he will not charge his soul any longer with the murder of *Baretano*, but will on the Ladder reveal, how it was he who hired himself and *Leonardo* to perform it; *Valerio* reporting this to his Master, it affrights his thoughts, and terrifies his conscience and courage, to see himself reduced to this misery, that no less than his life must now stand to the mercy of this wretched Varlet *Pedro's* tongue. But knowing it impossible to obtain a pardon for him, and therefore high time to provide for his own safety, by stopping of *Pedro's* mouth; he resolves to heave *Ossa* upon *Pelion*, or to add murder to murder, and now to poison him in Prison, whom he had formerly caused to murder *Baretano* in the street, to the end he might tell no tales on the Ladder, thinking it no ingratitude or sin, but rather a just reward and recompence for his former bloody service; so to feed *Pedro* with false hopes, thereby to charm his tongue to silence, and to lull his malice asleep

asleep, he speedily returns *Valerio* to prison to him, who bids him fear nothing, for that his Master had vowed to get him his pardon, as he shall more effectually hear from him that night; whereat *Pedro* rejoiceth and triumpheth, telling *Valerio*, that his Master *Albemare*, is the most generous and bravest Cavalier of *Lombardy*. But to nip his joys in their untimely blossoms, and to disturb the harmony of his false content, that very day, as soon as he had dined, he is tried and arraigned before his Judges; and being apparently convicted and found guilty of this robbery, he is by them adjudged to be hanged the next morn, at a Gibbet, purposely to be erected before *Fiamata's* house, where he committed his delict and crime: which just sentence, not only makes his joy strike sail to sorrow, but also his pride and hopes let fall their Peacock's Plumes to humility and fear; but his only trust and comfort; yea, his last hopes and refuge, is in *Albemare*, who hearing him to be condemned to be executed the next morning, he is enforced to play his bloody Prize that night, and so in the evening sends *Valerio* to prison to him, with a Capon, and two Fiascoes (or Bottles) of Wine for him to make merry, informing him that he hath obtained his Pardon, and that it is written, and wants nothing but the *Vice-roy's* sign to it, which he shall have to-morrow at break of day. But the Wine of one of the Bottles, was intermixed with strong and deadly poyson, which was so cunningly tempered, as it carryed no distasteful, but a pleasing relish, to the palate. *Valerio* like an execrable villain, proving as true a servant to his Master, as rebellious and false to his God, punctually performs this fearful and mournful business; and having made *Pedro* twice drunk, first with his good news, and then with his poysoned Wine, he takes leave of him that night, and committing him to his rest, promiseth to be with him very early in the morning with his Pardon. When this miserable and beastly profane wretch, never thinking of his danger, or death; of God, or his Soul; of Heaven, or Hell, betakes himself to his bed, where the poyson spreading ore his vital parts, soon bereaves him of his breath, sending his soul from this life and world to another.

Now the next morning very early, as the Gaoler came to his Chamber, to bid him prepare to his execution, he finds him dead and cold, in his bed; and thus was the miserable end of this bloody and inhuman Murderer (and Thief) *Pedro*, who yet for example-sake was one whole day hanged by the heels in his shirt, at his appointed place of execution, because his Judges deemed that he had cruelly poysoned and made away himself. And now doth *Albemare* again rejoice and triumph, to see he hath avoided that dangerous shelf and rock whereon he was very likely to have suffered shipwreck, yea, and now he thinks himself so absolutely safe and secure, as he holds it impossible, that either his murdering of *Baretino*, or his poysoning of *Pedro*, can any way reflect on him, or henceforth produce him any farther storms or tempests; but his hopes and joys will deceive him; for God, who is the infallible revenger of innocent blood will not to leave him, but ere long when he least thinks or dreams thereof, not only in his providence detect these his foul crimes, but in his Justice severely punish them; and the Readers curiosity shall not go far to see it; for as to a guilty Conscience, it is the pleasure of the Lord, that one misery befall him in the neck and nick of the other, so *Albemare* is no sooner freed of *Pedro* in *Milain*, but behold he is afresh intangled and assaulted with *Leonardo* (his other hired murderer) in *Pavia*, who having there prodigally rioted away his hundred Duckatoons, and also run himself far in debt; his Creditors joyn together, and so clap him prisoner, where having no other hope for his freedom and liberty, but to rely on *Albemare*, he writes him a Letter to *Milain*, wherein he acquaints him with his poverty and misery, and prays him (for the obtaining of his liberty) either to lend or give him fifty Duckatoons; *Albemare* receives this Letter, but forgetting his former service; as also thinking it only a fetch of *Leonardo*, to fetch him over for so many Duckatoons; as God would have it, he very inconsiderately burns this his Letter, and answereth it with silence; but he shall repent when it will be too late, and out of his power to remedy this his ingratitude and indiscretion.

Leonardo having at least fifteen days expected an answer from *Albemare*, and receiving none, he is extremely incensed and enraged to see himself thus slighted and forgotten of him, when exasperated by his misery, and animated by his extreme poverty and indigence, in that he is now enforced to sell away his apparel, and so to uncloath his back, thereby to feed his belly, he intends no more to request and pray him, but now resolves to touch him to the quick, the which he doth in these few lines which he sends him to *Milain* by a messenger of purpose.

LEONARDO to ALBEMARE.

[F my first Letter prevailed not with thee for the loan or gift of fifty Duckatoons, to free me from this my miserable imprisonment; I make no doubt but this my second Will; for being a Soldier, I give thee to understand, that I hold it far more generous to hang than starve; sith as a halter is only the beginning of

of my friends sorrows; so it will likewise be the end of my own miseries; yea, if thou speedily furnish and accomplish not my request, although it cost me my life, I will no longer conceal how thou didst hire Pedro and my self for two hundred Duckatoons to give Signior Baretano his death, which at thy request we performed: I think then how near my secrecy concerns thy life, sith when I suffer death, I know thou hast but a short and poor time left thee to survive me: Therefore thank thy self if thy ingratitude turn my affliction into contempt, and that into revenge and malice.

LEONARDO.

Now although *Leonardo* meant not as he writ, yet this his messenger coming to *Millain*, and not finding *Albemare* at his house, knows not (and yet is resolute) what to do, either to stay his coming in, or to deliver his Letter to some of his servants; but waiting at his door till late in the evening, and hearing no news of him, he gives it to *Valerio*, and (without telling him from whom, or whence it came) prays him safely to deliver it to his Master, and that he will repair thither the next morning for an answer. *Valerio* claps the Letter into his pocket, awaiting his Master's coming; but he is so bad a Husband to himself, and so disloyal and unkind a one to his chaste and fair wife, as he was out all night with his *Courtisans*, which good and virtuous Lady, even pierceth her heart with grief and sorrow. Now *Valerio* seeing his Master absent, his coming uncertain, and himself enforced to go forth about his affairs, he placeth the Letter upon a Cupboard near his Master's study, that it might be apparent to his eye when he came in, and so departs.

But here the mercy and providence of God invite the *Christian Reader* to admire and wonder at the strange discovery and detection of this Letter; for as *Albemare* (more for sport than charity) kept a Man-fool of some forty years old in his house, who indeed was so naturally peevish, as not *Millain*, hardly *Italy* could match him for simplicity. It so chanced, that this harmless fool gat into the room after *Valerio*, and saw him put up this Letter on the Cup-board; Now, as Children and Fools may in some sort be termed *Cousin-German* to Apes; so, as soon as *Valerio* was departed, this Fool (no doubt led wholly by the direction and finger of God, rather than by his own proper ignorance and simplicity) gets into the Chamber, and taking a stool to ascend the Cupboard, he brings away the Letter, which both in the Hall and Yard he tosses and dandles in his hand, as if this new found play gave delight and content to his extravagant and simple thoughts; when, behold our sweet and virtuous *Clara* coming from *St. Ambrose* Church, where she had been to hear *Vesper's*, and seeing a fair Letter fast sealed in the Fool's hand; she enquires of him from whence he had it? who singing and hopping, and still playing with the Letter, she could get no other answer from him, but, *That it was his Letter, and that God had sent it him, God had sent it him*; which speeches of his he often redoubled. When *Clara* weighing his words, and considering out of whose mouth they came, her heart instantly began to grow, and her colour to rise, as if God and her Soul prompted her, that she had some interest in that Letter: whereupon snatching it from the Fool, whom she left crying in the Hall for the loss thereof; she seeing it directed to her Husband, goes to the Parlour, attended by *Adriana*, and there sitting down in a Chair and breaking up the seals thereof, she begins to read it; but when she draws towards the conclusion thereof, and finds that it was her Husband *Albemare*, who had caused her dear Lover and Friend *Baretano* to be murdered; then not able to contain her self for sorrow, she throws her self on the floor and weeps, and sighs so mournfully, as the most obdurate and flintiest heart could not chuse but relent into pity to see her; For sometimes she look'd up to Heaven, and then again dejecting her eyes to earth; now wringing her hands, and then crossing her arms; in such disconsolate and afflicted manner, as *Adriana* could not likewise refrain from tears to behold her: when after a deep and profound silence, she bandying and evaporating many volleys of far-secht sighs into the air, commanding *Adriana* forth, and the door being shut, with the two extremities of passion and sorrow she alone utters these mournful speeches to her self.

And shall *Clara* live to understand, that her *Baretano* was murdered for her sake, and by her unfortunate Husband *Albemare*? and shall she any more lie in bed with him, who so inhumanly hath lain him in his untimely and bloody Grave? And *Clara*, *Clara*, wilt thou prove so ungratefull to his memory, and to the tender affection he bore thee, as not to lament, not seek to revenge this his disastrous and cruel end? When again, her tears interrupting her words, and her sighs her tears; she entering into a further consultation with her thoughts and conscience, her heart and her soul, at last continues her speech in this manner: O, but unfortunate and wretched *Clara*, what speakest thou of Revenge? for consider with thy self, yea, forget not to consider, *Baretano* was but thy friend, *Albemare* is thy Husband; the first loved thee in hope to marry thee, but thou art married to the second, and therefore thou must love him;

and

and although his ingratitude and infidelity towards thee, make him unworthy of thy affection, yet ye two are but one flesh: and therefore consider, that Malice is a bad Advocate, and revenge a worse Judge. But here again remembering what a foul and odious crime Murther was in the sight of the Lord, that the discovery thereof infinitely tended to his glory and honour, and that the poor Fool was doubtless inspired from Heaven, to affirm that God sent the Letter; she knows that her bonds of Conscience to her Saviour, must exceed and give a Law to those of her duty towards her Husband: and therefore preferring Heaven before Earth, and God before her Husband, she immediately calls for her Coach, and goes directly to *Baretano's* Uncle, *Seignior Giovan de Montefiore*, and with sighs and tears shews him the Letter, who formerly, though in vain, had most curiously and exactly hunted to discover the Murtherers of his Nephew. *Montefiore* first reads the Letter with tears, then with joy; and then turning towards the Lady *Clara*, he commends her zeal and Christian fortitude towards God, in shewing her how much the discovery of this Murther tended to His glory; and so presently sends away for the *President Criminal*, who immediately repairing thither, he acquaints him therewith, shews him the Letter, and prays him to examine the Lady *Clara* thereon; which with much modesty and equity he doth, and then returns with her to her house, and there likewise examineth the Fool where he had the Letter, who out of his incivility and simplicity, takes the *President* by the hand, and bringing him to the Cupboard, tells him, *Here God sent the Letter, and here I found it*: when *Valerio* being present, and imagining by his Lady's heavy and sorrowful countenance, that this Letter had (perhaps) brought her into some affliction and danger; he looking on the direction of the Letter, as also on the seal, reveals both to the *President*, and his Lady, that he received that Letter from one whom he knew not, and that he left it purposely on the Cupboard for his Master against his coming. The *President* being fully satisfied herein, admires at God's Providence, revealed in the simplicity of this poor harmless Fool, in bringing this Letter, which brought the murther of *Baretano* to light (when knowing that God doth many times raise up the foolish and weak, to confound the wise and mighty things of the world) he presently grants out a Commission to apprehend *Albemare*; who being then found in bed with *Mariana*, one of the most famous Beauties and reputed Courtiers of *Millan*: He, both astonished and amazed by the just Judgments of God, is drawn from his beastly pleasures and adulteries, to prison; where being charged to have hired *Pedro* and *Leonardo* to have murdered *Baretano*, he stoutly denies it. But *Leonardo's* Letter being read him, and he thereon adjudged to the Rack, his Soul and Conscience ringing him many thundring Peals of terror, he there at large confesseth it; when for this foul and bloody fact of his, he the same afternoon is condemned to be hanged the next morning, at the common place of Execution, which administred matter of talk and admiration thorowout all *Millan*; when Serjeants are likewise sent away to *Pavia*, to bring *Leonardo* to *Millan*, who not so much as once dream'd or thought that ever this his Letter would have produced him this danger and misery.

And now *Albemare* advertised of the manner how this Letter of *Leonardo's* was brought to light (without looking up to Heaven, from whence this vengeance justly befell him for his sins) he cursed the cruelty of his Wife, the simplicity of the Fool, but most bitterly exclaims against the remissness and carelessness of his servant *Valerio*, in not retaining and keeping that Letter, which is the only cause of his death: yea, he is so far transported with choler against him, as although he hath but a few hours to live, yet he vows he will assuredly cry quittance with him ere he dye.

Now the charity of his Judges, send him Divines that night in Prison, to prepare and clear his Conscience, and to confirm and fortifie his Soul against the morn, in his last conflict with the world, and her flight and transmigration to Heaven; who powerfully and religiously admonishing him, that if he have committed any other notorious offence or crime, he should now do well to reveal it. He likewise there and then confesseth, how he had caused his man *Valerio* to poison *Pedro* with Wine in Prison, the very night before he was executed: whereupon this bloody and execrable Wretch (according to his hellish desert) is likewise apprehended and imprisoned.

And now God's Mercy and Justice brings this unfortunate (because irreligious) Gentleman, *Albemare*, to receive condign punishment for those his two horrible Murthers which he had caused to be committed on the persons of *Baretano* and *Pedro*; who ascending the Ladder in presence of a world of Spectators, who flocked from all parts of the City to see him take his last farewell of the world, (the sight and remembrance of his foul crimes, having now made him not only sorrowful, but repentant) he briefly delivered these few words:

He confesseth that he had hired *Pedro* and *Leonardo* to kill *Baretano* in the street, and sedu-

ced his servant *Valerio* to poison *Pedro* in prison; whereof, with much grief and contrition, he heartily repented himself, and besought the Lord to forgive it him: he likewise besought *Leonardo* and *Valerio* to forgive him, in respect he knew he was the cause of their deaths; because he was sure they should not long survive him. He likewise forgave his Fool, as being assured, that it was not he in the Letter, but God in him, that had revealed the Letter for his just punishment and confusion. And lastly, he with many tears forgave his Wife and Lady *Clara*, whom he affirmed from his heart, was by far too vertuous for so dissolute and vile a Husband as himself. He blamed himself for neglecting to love her; and cursed his Queens and Curtesans, as being the chief cause of all his miseries: when requesting all that were present, to pray for his soul, he was turned off.

But his Judges seeing that he had added Murder to Murder, they held it Justice to add Punishment to his Punishment; and so he is no sooner cut down, but they cause his body to be burnt, and his ashes to be thrown into the air; which is accordingly performed.

Now, because the Lord in his Justice will punish as well the Agents, as the Authors of murder, whiles *Albimare* is acting the last Scene and Catastrophe of his Tragedy, his wretched Hireling, *Leonardo*, and his execrable servant, *Valerio*, are likewise attainted, found guilty, and condemned to be hang'd for their several Murders of *Baretano* and *Pedro*; and so the very same afternoon they are brought to their Executions, where *Leonardo* his former life and profession, having made him know better how to sin than repent; he, out of a soldier-like bravery, (or rather vanity) thinks rather to terrifie death, than that death should terrifie him; begging pardon for his sins in general, of God and the world, and then bidding the Hang-man do his Office, takes his last adieu of the world.

When immediately *Valerio* ascends the Ladder, who having repentance in his heart, and grief and sorrow in his looks, as near as could be observed and gathered, spake these words:

That being poor both in Friends and Means, the only hope and preferment under his Master, made him at his request to poison *Pedro* in prison: That many times since, he hath heartily grieved for it, and now from his very soul repents himself of it, and beseeches the Lord to forgive it him; that he was as guilty of his murder, as innocent of *Baretano's*; yea, or of the knowledg thereof, before his Master was imprisoned for the same; and that as this was his first capital crime, so with he must now dye, he rejoiced it was his last; and so praying all servants to beware by his miserable example not to be seduced to commit murder, either by their Masters, or the Devil: and beseeching all that were present, to pray for his soul, he resigning and commending it into the hands of his Redeemer, was likewise turned off.

And these were the miserable (yet deserved) ends of these bloody Murderers; and thus did God's Justice and Revenge, triumph over their crimes, and themselves, by heaping and raining down confusion on their heads from Heaven, when the Devil (ally) made them believe they safe secure, yea, when they least dream'd thereof on Earth. Oh that the sight and remembrance of their punishments, may restrain and deter us from conspiring and committing the like crimes: so shall we live fortunate, and dye happy; whereas they dyed miserably, because they lived impiously and prophanely.

And here fully to conclude and shut up this History, and therein, as I think, to give some satisfaction to the curioly of the Reader, who may perchance desire to know what became after of the fair and vertuous *Clara*: Why, her sorrows were so infinite, and her quality and nature so sorrowful, as being weary of the world, and as it were weighed down with the incessant vanities, crosses, and afflictions thereof, she (notwithstanding the power and perswasions of her Parents) assumes her former resolution, to retire and sequester her self from conversing with the world, and so enters into the Nunnery of the *Annuniation* (so famous in *Millan*) where, for ought I know, or can since understand to the contrary, she yet lives a penfive and solitary life.



GOD's Revenge against the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murther.

HISTORY XIII.

La Vasselay poisoneth her Waiting-maid, Gratiana, because she is jealous that her Husband, De Merfon, is dishonest with her; whereupon he lives from her: in revenge whereof, she causeth his man, La Villetete, to murder him in a Wood, and then marries him in requital. The said La Villetete, a year after, riding thorow the same Wood, his Horse falls with him, and almost kills him; when he confesseth the murder of his Master, De Merfon, and accuseth his Wife, La Vasselay, to be the cause thereof: so for these their bloody crimes, he is hanged, and she burnt alive.

HOW falsely, nay, how impiously do we term our selves *Christians*, when under that glorious and sanctified Title, we seek to prophane and deface the glory of Christ, in cruelly murdering our Brethren his Members? Effects, not of zeal, but of rage; not of piety, but of madness; invented by the Devil, and perpetrated by none but by his Agents: lamentable effects! yea, I say, bloody and infernal crimes, which still ruin those who contrive, and confound those who finish them. For, let us but look from Earth to Heaven, from Satan to God, from Nature to Grace, and from our Hearts to our Souls; and we shall assuredly find it very difficult for us to define, whether Charity be a sweeter Vertue, and Malice a fouler Vice; whether that be more secure, or this pernicious, fatal, and dangerous; whether that be a more apparent testimony of God's saving-grace towards us, or this of our own inevitable perdition and reprobation. And as it is an odious sin, and displeasing sacrifice in the sight of God, for one stranger to kill another; O then, how much more execrable and diabolical must it be for a Gentlewoman to poison her Waiting-maid, and for a servant to pistol his Master to death, at the instigation of the same Gentlewoman his wife: for murders, no less ingrateful and cruel, doth this subsequent History and relate; wherein we shall see, that God in the triumphs of his re-

vening Justice, and out of sacred providence, hath in all points made their punishments as sharp and severe, as their crimes were bloody and deplorable. May we then read it to God's glory, and our own consolation, which we shall assuredly perform, if we hate the like crimes in others, and detest them in our selves.

In the fair and pleasant City of *Mans*, (being the chief and Capital of the Province of *Main* in *France*), in the very latter years that the Marthial of *Boyes-Daulphin* was Governor thereof, under the present King *Levi XIII*, his Master, there dwelt a Gentlewoman, aged threescore and three years, termed *La Kiffelay*, being well descended, and left very rich, as well in Lands as Movables, by her late deceased Husband; *Monsieur Frosset*, who was slain in the behalf of the *Queen-Mother*, in the defence of *Pont de Sey*, assaulted and taken by the King her Son. Now although this old Widow, *La Vasselay*, (in respect of her Age) was far more fit to seek God in the Church, than a new Husband in her Bed; yet she is weary of a single life, although it be not fully six Months since she hath buried her second Husband; (for the Reader must understand, she had formerly buried her first, at least five and twenty years before, and is now again resolved to take a third) and albeit she knew, that the civility of the Widows in *France*, was such, that they seldom marry, but almost never within the term of a whole year; yet her conceit and fancy, thinks it not only lawful, but fit, to break this too austere custom; and therefore she peremptorily resolves to live a Wife, and not to dye a Widow. But this resolution of hers, were the either in the Summer or the Autumn of her years, had been as excusable and praise-worthy, as now it favoured of undecency and inconstancy, sith she was in the Winter thereof: for Age, despight of her Youth, and youthful desires, had thrown Snow on her head, and new-dyed the colour of the hair from black to white: yea, she was so far from retaining any signs or reliques of, an indifferent beauty, as the furrows of her face could not justly shew any ruins or demolitions thereof; and yet (forsooth) she will marry again. Now her Birth and Wealth, rather than her Vertues and Personage, invite many old Widowers, and some rich Gentlemen and Councillors of the famous *Presidial Court* of that City, to seek her in marriage; and indeed, both for Lands and Money, none her inferiors, but at least her equals, and some her betters: but in vain; for the vanity of her thoughts suggests her, that either she is too young for them, or they too old for her; and therefore she will have none of them: yea, her lust seems so youthfully to give a Law to her age, and she a lye to her years, as she casts off her Mourning-attire, decks her self up in gay apparel, powders her hair, paints her face, with a resolution (forsooth) to have no old *Dotard*, but a young *Gallant*, to her Husband; as if therein she wholly placed, not only her content, but her felicity. But we many times see such irregular desires, and such incontinent designs, met with unexpected misery, and unthought-of repentance.

Now during the time that the vain carriage and deportment of this old Gentlewoman and Widow, *La Vasselay*, made her self the laughter and by-word of all *Mans*, home comes a young Gentleman of this Countrey of *Main*, termed *Monsieur De Merson*, from his travel in *Italy*, whose Father dwelt betwixt *La Vall* and *Gravelle*, termed *Monsieur De Mansfelle*, being a Gentleman well descended, and rich, and to whom *De Merson* was second son, who in a year's absence in *Italy*, being purposely sent thither by his Father, to enrich his experience and capacity (which is the true essence and glory of a Traveller, thereby to be the more capable to serve his Prince and Countrey, as also to be a comfort to his age, and a second prop to his House and Linage), he had made such poor and unprofitable use of his travels, as forgetting the obtaining of the Language, and all generous exercises, perfections, and qualities, (so requisite and graceful in Gentlemen) he delighted in nothing so much, nay, in nothing else, but to pass his time with Curtisans and Strumpets, especially in *Venice*, *Rome*, and *Naples*; where, for their sakes, and his lascivious pleasures, he built up the greatest part of his Residence; where he so prodigally spent and exceeded his Father's exhibition, as he returns into *France*, not laden with Vertues and Experience, but with Vices and Debts; being otherwise ignorant in all things which he should know, and knowing nothing but that wherein he should be ignorant. Only to the end he might thereby set the better counterfeit tincture on himself, and false luster on his Endowments and Proficiency, he superficially brought away, or rather borrowed some *Italian Phrases* and *Complements*, which he thought would not only pass currant with the Gentlemen and Ladies of *France*, but also draw them into admiration, as well of himself, as them. When immediately upon his arrival, that he might the better see and make himself seen of the World, he flaunts it out in brave Apparel, both in *L' Aval*, *Angiers*, and *Mans*: yea, there is scarce any great Feast or Marriage in all those parts, but if he be not invited, yet he purposefully invites himself thereat, thereby to make himself the more conspicuous and apparent to the eyes of the World, especially of the Ladies and Gentlewomen, in whose acquaintance and favor

he not only endeavours to imitate, but ſtrives to engraft himſelf: but his old Father *Manſſelle*, judiciously obſerving the vain behaviour, and deportment, carriage of this his Son, he exceedingly grieves thereat, becauſe he had well hoped, that his travels would have returned him as capable and diſcreet, as now he finds him ignorant, and, which is worſe, debauch'd; ſith he well knew, that either of theſe two vices was enough, ſufficient, and powerful, not only to ruin his Reputation, but his Fortunes.

Again, to add more ſorrows to his grief, and more diſcontent to his ſorrows: for the vanity and levity of this his Son, every week, nay, almoſt every day, brings him in new Bills of his debts; and a third falling in upon the neck of firſt and ſecond, and a fourth on the third; which being greater than his eſtate, or at leaſt his pleaſure would permit him to pay, he takes his Son *De Merſon* aſide, and very ſharply checks him for his old and new prodigalities, vows that he will neither ſell nor mortgage his Lands, to diſcharge his fooliſh debts; and therefore he bids him look to ſatiſſie them, for that he is fully reſolved not to ſee, much leſs to ſpeak with any of his Creditors, how great or ſmall ſoever the ſummes be he owes them. This cooling-Card of *Manſſelle's*, makes his Son *De Merſon* not only bite his lips for ſorrow: but hang his head for anger and vexation; yea, his folly doth ſo eclipse and over-veil his judgment herein, as inſtead of making good uſe hereof, he takes a contrary reſolution, and ſo reſolves to embrace, and follow the worſt: for, whereaſ he ſhould have made his pride and prodigality ſtrike fail, and now rather ſeek to re-integrate himſelf into his Father's favours, than any way futuramente to incenſe or exalperate him againſt him; he only taking counſel of his Youth, Paſſions, and Choler, (which as falſe and treacherous guides, moſt commonly lead us to miſery and repentance) again precipitates and ingulphs himſelf aſreſh in new debts, both with his *Uſurer*, *Mercer*, and *Taylor*; and, no longer able to digeſt his Father's checks and frowns, he very inconfiderately and raſhly packs up his baggage, leaves his houſe, rides to *Mins*, and there reſolves to paſs his time that Winter; partly hoping that his Father will diſcharge his debts in his abſence; but more eſpecially, to become acquainted with the Beauties of that City, thereby to obtain ſome rich young Heir, or old Widow, for his Wife, whoſe eſtate and wealth might ſupport his pride, and maintain his exceſſive prodigality and voluptuouſneſs: and indeed, although the two former of theſe his hopes deceive him, yet he ſhall ſhortly find and ſee, that the third and laſt will not.

Living thus in *Mins*, the bravery of his Apparel and Equipage, the freeneſs of his expences, his comely talk, perſonage, black beard, and ſanguine complexion, makes him as ſoon acquainted and affected, as known of many Ladies and Gentlewomen; and far the more, becauſe they know his Father, *De Manſſelle*, to be a very ancient and rich Gentleman of that Countrey of *Mins*; and although he is not his Heir, yet in regard he is his ſecond Son, as alſo a Traveller, he was the more honoured and reſpected of all thoſe he frequented; ſo that the very fame and name of *Monsieur De Merſon*, began to be already divulged and known in the City; yea, and becauſe he was a great *Balladine* or *Dancer*, there was no ſolemn Aſſembly, either publick or private, but ſtill *De Merſon* made one; and there was not a reputed Beauty, or ſuppoſed courteous Lady in *Mins*, or thereabouts, but ſuch was his vanity, as he ſoon wrought and inſinuated himſelf into her acquaintance and familiarity; the which he made not only his delight, but his glory. And although that in a ſmall time, the wiſer ſort of the Gentlemen and Ladies of the City, found his wit and experience to come infinitely ſhort of his brave Apparel; yet the more illiterate and ignorant of them (who eſteem all men by their luſter, and not by their brave worth) as preferring gay Apparel, and the comelineſs of the body, before the exquiſite endowments and perfections of the mind: they hold him in ſo high a repute and eſteem, as they think him to be the moſt abſolute Gallant, not only of *Mins*, but of all the Countrey of *Mins*: ſo eaſie it is to captivate the conceits and judgments of thoſe who only build their judgments in their conceit, and not their conceits in their judgment.

And of this rank and number was our old Widow, *La Vaſſelay*; who having many times heard of *De Merſon's* fame and comely perſonage, and ſeen him once at a Sermon, and twice at two ſeveral Nuptial-Feaſts, where his ſkill and agility proved him to be one of the prime Dancers; ſhe is ſo far in love with him, as in her thoughts and heart ſhe wiſheth ſhe had given half her Eſtate and Dowry, conditionally that ſhe were his Wife, and he her Husband: yea, ſhe is ſo raviſhed with the comelineſs of his feature, and the ſweetneſs of his complexion and countenance, as all the World is not half ſo dear to her as *De Merſon*, nor any man whatſoever, by many thouſand degrees, ſo delicious to her eye, and pleaſing to her heart and ſoul, as himſelf. And although ſhe be in the frozen *Zone* of her age, yet her intemperate luſt makes her deſires ſo youthfully intemperate, as forgetting reaſon and modeſty (that the beſt virtue of our

soul, and this the chiefest ornament of our body) she a thousand times wisheth, that either *De Merfion* were impaled in her arms, or she incloistered in his.

But doting (yea, I may well near truly say) dying old Gentlewoman! is this a time for thee to think of a young Husband, when one of thy old feet is, as it were, in thy grave? or being in thy *Climacterical* year of threescore and three, art thou yet so fraughted with levity, and exempt of continency, as thou wilt needs seek to marry one of five and twenty? Foolish *La Vasselay*! if it be not now time, yea, high time for thee to sacrifice thy desires to continency, when will it be, if ever it be? Didst thou resolve to wed a Husband near of thine own age, and so to end the remainder of thy days with him in chaste and holy Wedlock; that resolution of thine were as excusable, as this, in desiring so young a one, is worthy, not only of blame, but of reprehension, and, I may say, of pity. Consider, consider with thy self, what a preposterous attempt and enterprise is this of thine, that when thou shouldst finish thy days in devotion, and prayer, thou then delightest to begin them in concupiscence and lust. O *La Vasselay*, mock, at those rebellions and treacherous pleasures of the flesh, which seem to mock at thee, yea, to betray thee: and if there be yet any spark of thy youth, which lies burning under the embers of thy age, why, if thy chaste thoughts cannot, yet let modesty, or at least piety, extinguish them. God hath already given thee two Husbands, is it not now therefore time, yea, more than time, for thee to prepare to give thy self to God? Hitherto the chastity of thy youth hath made thee happy; and wilt thou now permit, that the lust of thine age make thee unfortunate, or peradventure, miserable? and that the purity and candor of that, be distained and polluted by the foulness and obscenity of this? Alas, alas, incontinent and inconsiderate Gentlewoman! of a grave Matron, become not a youthful Giglet; or if thou wilt not suffer the eyes of thy baby, at least permit those of thy soul, to look from thy painted cheeks, to thy snow-white hair, who can inform and tell thee, that thou art far fitter for Heaven, than Earth, sith those pleasures are eternal, and these transitory; for God, than a Husband, sith he only can make thee blessed; whereas (in reward of thy lascivious lust) this peradventure may be reserved to make thee both unfortunate and wretched.

But the vanity of this old Gentlewoman's thoughts and desires, do so violently fix and terminate on the youth and beauty of young and (as she immodestly terms him) fair *De Merfion*, as the only consideration of her delight and pleasure, weighs down all other respects; so that neither reason nor modesty, advice nor persuasion, can prevail with her resolution to divert her affection from him, but love him she doth, and (which is repugnant as well to the instinct of Nature, as to the influence of Modesty, and rules of Civility) seek him for her Husband she will; yea, she is already become so sottish in her affection, and so lasciviously fervent in her desires towards him, that her heart thinks of him by day, her soul by night; that admires him as the very life of her felicity; and this adores him as the only content and glory of her life: she will not see the greatness of her own estate and wealth, nor consider the smallness of his means and hopes, in that he is not an Heir, but a second Brother: she will not enquire after his debts and vices, to know what those may be, what these are; she will not think what a preposterous disparity there is betwixt the fire of his youth, and the ice of her age; nor what a world of discontents and afflictions are incident to proceed thereof: she will not consider, that in endowing him with all her wealth, that she thereby impoverisheth many, as well of her own kindred, as of those of her two former Husbands, to whom in the right of Nature it more justly and properly belongs: and to conclude and shut up this point, she will not imagine or dream to how many laughs and scandals of the world she exposeth her self, who will not only call her discretion, but her modesty in question, for matching with so young a Gentleman as *De Merfion*, to whom for age she may not only well be Mother, but (which is more) Grandmother. But contrariwise, this foolish old Gentlewoman having sent her wits a wool-gathering on his sweet and comely personage; his youth, and her affection, like two impetuous torrents, and furious inundations, bear down all other respects and considerations before them: yea, they so submerge her reason, and quite drown her discretion, as she hath no eyes unshut to see the one, nor ears unstopped to hear the other; so that if she desire any thing in the world, it is (as formerly is observed) that she live to see *De Merfion* her Husband, and her self his Wife; which to effect and accomplish, she knows no better nor fitter Agent to employ herein, than one *Monsieur De Pruneau*, an ancient Councillor of the *Præsidial Court* of that City, who was the only Councillor both to her last Husband, and her self; and of whose discretion, integrity, and fidelity, she had all the reasons of the world to rest confident and assured.

Now although the Wisdom and Experience of *De Pruneau* suggested him, with what an extreme inequality there was betwixt *De Merfion's* youth, and *La Vasselay's* age, which he could

not more pertinently parallel and compare, than to Winter and Summer, the Spring and Harvest: and therefore, how many afflictions and miseries were subject to attend and wait on such preposterous marriages, whereof he had formerly seen divers lamentable examples and woful experiences, as well of men, as women, who had suffered shipwreck upon that *Seylla*, and this *Charibdis*; he like an honest man, and indeed a truer friend to her than she was to her self, produceth some of the former alledged reasons to her consideration, thereby to divert the stream of her ill-grounded affection, from *De Merson*, and (in general terms) to convey and conduct it to some elder personage, whose years (and therefore their dispositions and affections) might the better agree and sympathize. But when he sees that her love to *De Merson* was so firmly and immovably settled, as that it not only appeared to him to be her grief, but her torment, to be any way crossed or contradicted therein, then he changeth his language; and because she will not hearken to his advice, he therefore gives way to her resolution, promiseth her his utmost power, and best endeavours, speedily to effect and compass her desires; when taking leave each of other, at last *La Vasselay* remembering she had forgotten something, calls him again, and prays him, that if *De Merson* be inquisitive to know her direct age, that he subtract away at least ten years thereof; so that whereas she is sixty three, to affirm that she is very little above fifty: whereunto she her self blushing, *De Pruneau* not able likewise to refrain from smiling, promiseth her to be very mindful thereof. To which end, he (with the first conveniency) finds out *De Merson*, acquaints him how much he is obliged to *Mademoiselle La Vasselay*, for her affection to him; lays before him the Nobility of her Descent and Blood, the greatness of her Estate and Means, as also the excellency of her virtues; that fifty years is the most of her age; and that she is not by far so old, as pleasing and lovely; that she affects him above all the men in the world; yea, and desires no man in the world for her Husband, but himself; and, that when he pleaseth, she desires the honour of his company to her house; with many other intimations and insinuations conducing that way.

De Merson having formerly understood of *La Vasselay's* rich Estate and Dowry, as also of the truth of her age, he likes the first well; and although he disesteemeth, yet he will dissemble the second: he thanks *De Pruneau* for his pains, and *La Vasselay* for her love toward him; promiseth to requite the first; and if her wealth and virtues correspond with his relation, to deserve the second: alledging further, that although there be a great inequality in their age, yet sith he is no Heir, but a second Brother, yet it is rather likely, than impossible, for it to be a Match betwixt them; and in the mean time, to requite part of her affection, he promiseth to sup with her, the night following, at her house, where he only desires his company and assistance, that they may the more effectually and secretly consult of this business, which he hopes will so much import, as well her good and his content, as her content and his good: and so for that time they part.

De Pruneau having received this pleasing and discreet answer from *De Merson*, he returns with the relation and repetition thereof to *La Vasselay*; vows, that his exterior feature is no way answerable, but comes far short of his interior virtues and discretion: and, that by all which he either can collect from his speeches, or gather from his deportment and behaviour, he is, in his conceit, the most accomplished Gentleman, not only of *Mans*, but of *Frances*; and so bids her prepare her Supper, and her self, to entertain him the next night. Which answer of *De Merson's*, and relation of *De Pruneau*, is so pleasing to her heart and thoughts, as her age seems to be already ravished with joy at the conceit of his youth; when thinking every minute a month, and every hour a year, before she be made happy, and her house blessed with his presence, she leaves no cost unspared, or unspent, to make his entertainment answerable to his welcome; whereof, whiles she is not only careful, but curious in providing, let us cursorily speak a word or two how *De Merson* entertains and digesteth this unexpected motion and affection of *La Vasselay*.

He laughs in his sleeve to see her youthful affections so flourishing in this *Autumn*, nay, in this *Winter* of her Age, as to desire and seek so young a Gentleman as himself for her Husband: but he understandeth she is exceeding rich, and therefore resolves, that this virtue is capable to over-value and ransom that defect and error of hers. He sees that his Father will not pay his debts, and that he of himself cannot; that they growing more clamorous, will shortly become scandalous; which will not only directly prevent, but infallibly ruin his fortunes. He considereth how displeasing her age will be to his youth; as also, that there is no Hell comparable to that of a discontented bed; and then again, his debauch'd and lustful thoughts suggest him this remedy, That *Mans* hath Beauties enough for him to recreate himself, and to pass his time with; although she have him sometimes in her bed, yet he may have

have younger Lasses and Ladies in his arms, both when and where he pleaseth. He considereth, that rich Widows are not so soon found, as sought; nor so soon obtained, as found; and that if he refuse *La Vasselay* this day, he may not only repent it to morrow, but perchance all the days of his life; and although his Will may, his Power shall not be able to repair or redress this error of his all his life after. He is not ignorant, that Gentlewomen of her age and wealth, are subject to be as soon lost as won in a humour; and therefore then lost, because not then won. Again, that the elder she is, the sooner she will dye, and he then is at liberty to marry as young a Virgin as he pleaseth; and that her Wealth would then prove a true prop and sweet comfort to his age. And to conclude and finish this consultation of his, she is without children to molest and trouble him, and therefore to be desired; she is vertuous, discreet, and of an excellent fame and reputation, and therefore deserves to be accepted and not refused.

Upon the grounds of which reasons and considerations, he makes good his promise to *De Pruneau*, and comes the next night both to visit and sup with *La Vasselay*; who having purposely deckt her self up in her youthful and gayest Apparel, receives him with all demonstrations of affection and joy. At his first arrival, he affords her two or three kisses; whereat she infinitely both rejoyleth and triumpheth, and, in a word, he finds that his welcome not only exceeds his deserts, but his expectation; and believe me, it was worth his observation to see how superficially his youth looked on her age; and how artificially and lustfully her age gazed on his youth. Now by this time Supper is served in, wherein her affection was again discovered to him in the curiosity and bounty thereof: Where *De Pruneau*, to give life to their mirth, tells them both, That he hopes this their first meeting and interview will produce effects answerable to both their contents and desires; whereat *De Mersin* cannot refrain from blushing, nor *La Vasselay* from smiling: they are all very pleasant and jocond at Table; and she, to give the better edge and relish to his affection, strives to seem far younger than indeed she is, and than he knows her to be: yea, she doth so cunningly intermix and disperse youthful speeches amidst her aged gravity, as if she were not old, or at least newly made young. Now whiles she feasted her eyes on his fresh countenance, and fair complexion; he sends his abroad to look on her Plate, rich Hangings, and Household-stuff, wherewith he saw her House was richly and plentifully furnished. Supper ended, and the cloth taken away, they are no sooner fallen from their Viands, but they fall to their talk. *De Mersin* kindly and familiarly taking his new-old Mistress in his Arms, as if he had already given her a place in his heart and affections; which makes her, beyond her self, both merry and joyful. I will not trouble the Reader with the repetition of what speeches and complements here past betwixt them; because in this, and my future Histories, I will follow the same method of brevity which I have proposed and observed in my former. Let then his inquisitive curiosity understand, that they parted very lovingly and affectionately this first time; and *De Mersin*, although he were a debauched Gentleman, yet he is not so simple to omit, but rather so well advised to pry into the true depth and naked truth of her Estate; and the rather, for that he hath known many Gentlemen who have been fetch'd over, and gull'd in this nature, and in marrying one Widow, have match'd themselves to two Thieves; and credulously thinking her rich, have in the end found her a very beggar. Whereupon he takes three days respite to resolve; and so with some kisses, and many thanks for her affection, and kind entertainment and great cheer, he for that night takes his leave of her; whose fair carriage, and discreet resolution in temporizing, *La Vasselay* applauds, and *De Pruneau* approves: So *De Mersin* having spent the first and second day in surveying the Writings of her Dowry, the Leases of her Lands and Houses, and the Bonds and Bills of Debts due to her, with all her ready Money, Plate, and other moveables: he finds her Estate to answer his expectation, and her report; and that she is really worth in Land, 6000 Franks yearly, and her moveables worth at least 1800 more: he the third day publicly contracts himself to her; and having advertised his Father thereof, who likes the wealth better than the widow, within eight days after privately marries her; which administ'reth cause of speech and wonder in and about *Mans*; some blaming her of indiscretion and levity, to match so young a Gentleman; others taxing him of folly to marry so old a Widow; some extolling and applauding his judgment, in enriching himself with so great an Estate, which would not only deface his debts, secure his youth and age from the storms of want, and the tempests of necessity, but also in the one & the other maintain him richly, prosperously, and gallantly. And others again believing and presaging, that this their great inequality and disparity of years, would either of the one side, or other, or both, produce many discontents and afflictions, instead of hoped-for joys and prosperities. Thus every one speaks differently of this preposterous Match, according as their passions and fancies dictate them;

them; but which of all these opinions and judgments speaks truest, we shall not go far to understand and know.

We have seen the consummation of this marriage, *Youth* wedded to *Age*, *May* to *December*, and young *De Merson* to old *La Vasselay*: in which Contract and Nuptials, either of them are so vain, and both so irreligious, as caring wholly for the pleasures of their bodies, they have not therein so much as once thought of their souls, or of Heaven. Yea, God is not so much as once nominated or remembred of them. All the ends of Marriages, are only two, *God's glory*, and the *propagation of Children*; and because they cannot hope for the second, must they therefore needs be so impious, as to forget the first? Ay me! if his youth had attained no more Grace, could her age retain no more goodness? or how can they flatter themselves with any hope, that this marriage of theirs can possibly prosper, when only her aim and end therein is lust, and his wealth? If a building can sublift and flourish, which hath a rotten and reeling foundation, then this match of theirs may prosper, otherwise cannot; for what more rotten than the beastly pleasures of her lustful, and yet decayed age; and what more reeling and fickle, than the constant inconstancy of his lascivious youth? which make my thoughts justly fear, and my heart truly preface and apprehend, that repentance, not pleasure; affliction, not joy; misery, not prosperity, is at the heels to attend and follow these their Nuptials; As mark we the sequel, and it will briefly inform us how.

De Merson hath not been married two whole months to *La Vasselay*, but he begins to repent himself that ever he married her; for he now sees, though before he would not, that it is impossible for his youth to sadg and sympathize with her age, he sees that he hath a decrepit, sickly and decayed body, and that she is never free of the Cough and Rheum, as also of an Issue in her left arm, which is not only displeasing, but loathsome to him. Yea, when she hath taken off her Ruff and head-attire, and dighted her self in her night habiliments, then he vows he is afraid of her Lamb-skin furred Cap and Waist-coat; and takes her withered face for a *Vizard* or a *Comet*, which yeelds no delight but terror to his eyes, swearing that he serves only for a Bed-pan to heat her frozen body, which of it self is far colder than a *Marble-statue*; Yea, he is so far out of love with her, because, to write the truth, he never truly loved her, that her sight is a Plague to him, her presence by day a Purgatory, and her company by night a very Hell.

But debauched and dissolute Gentleman, these vicious and impious conceits of thine, come immediately from Hell and Satan, and are no way infused in thy thoughts by Heaven, much less inspired in thy heart by God; Consider, consider with thy self, that if *La Vasselay* be old, yet she is now thy wife, and that whatsoever *De Pruncean* or her self informed thee of fifty years, yet thou knowest she could not be less than sixty three, and more she is not. In which regard marriage (the holy institution of Heaven) having now made you of two, one, if thou wilt not love her age, at least thou shouldst reverence it; or if thou canst not affect her, thou shouldst not hate her. Hath she imperfections? what woman in the world lives without them? or is she pestered with diseases, who can be either exempted from them, or prevent them? Thou hast vowed in Temple of the Lord, and in the presence of him and his people, not only to love, but to honour her; and is thy inconstancy and impiety already such, as forgetting that promise and vow of thine, thou dost now not only dishonour, but despise and condemn her; and that thou only madest that vow purposely to break it? O *De Merson*, if thou art not capable of counsel, yet do but believe the truth, and thou wilt find, that if thou wilt not love her, because she is too old to be thy wife; yet thou shouldst respect and regard her, because she is old enough to be thy Grandmother: for as it is incivility not to reverence Age; so it is impiety to disdain and malign it, and if in any man towards a meer stranger, how much more in a Husband to his own wife? And because it is easier to espy our Wive's imperfections, than to find out, or reform our own; if thy Wife *La Vasselay* be guilty of any fault towards thee, it is because she loves thee too well, and affects thee too dearly.

We have seen *De Merson's* distaste of his wife *La Vasselay*: Let us now see how she likes, or rather why she soon dislikes him; for he bears himself so strangely, and withall, so unkindly towards her, as her desires of his youth come far short both of her expectation and hopes; for if he lie with her one night, he wandreth six from her; is still abroad, and seldome or never at home with her; yea, he is of such a gadding humour, and ranging disposition, and his thoughts and delights are transported elsewhere, not at home; with other young Dames of *Mans*, not with her self; and the vanity of his pleasures do so far surprize and captivate him, that he is already become so vicious, as he makes day his night, and night his day; living rather like a voluptuous *Epicure*, than a temperate or civil *Christian*; Neither, quoth she, is it jealousy but truth which makes her pry so narrowly into such lewd and lascivious actions, wherein

the farther she wades, the more cause she finds both of grief and vexation; which makes her wish, that she had been blind when she first saw him; and either he, or her self; in Heaven, when they so unfortunately married each other here upon Earth.

How now, fond and foolish old Gentlewoman! are thy joys so soon converted into sorrows, and thy triumphs into tears? why, thou hast just cause to thank none but thy self for these thy crosses and afflictions, such thy lustful and lascivious desires were not only the author, but the procurer of them: for, hadst thou been more modest, and less wanton, thou mightest have apparently seen, and providently fore-seen, that *De Merfion's* youth was too young for thy age, because thy age was too old for his youth: so that hadst thou been then but half so stayed and wise, as now thou art forrowful, thou needest not grieve for that which thou canst not redress, nor repent for that which is out of thy power to remedy. But, rash and inconsiderate woman! how comes this to pass, that thou art ready to entertain jealousy, when death stands ready to entertain thee? Could all the course of thy former youth be so happy, not to be acquainted with this vice? and doth now thy frozen age think it a virtue to admit and embrace it? Ay me, I grieve to see thy folly, and lament to understand thy madness in this kind: for, what is jealousy, but the rage of our thoughts and brains, the disturber of our peace and tranquillity, the enemy of our peace and happiness, the traitor to our judgment and understanding, the plague of our life, the poison of our hearts, and the very bane and canker of our souls? Jealousie! why, it is the daughter of Frenzy, and the mother of Madness: it is a vice purposely sent from hell, to make those wretched on earth, who may live fortunate and happy, and yet will not, yea, it is a vice which I know not whether it be more easie to admit, or difficult to expel, being admitted. But, *La Vasselay*, expel it thou must, at least, if thou think to live fortunate, and not to dye miserable. Wert thou as young, as aged, thy jealousy might have some colour and excuse in meeting with the censures of the world; whereas now, not deserving the one, it cannot receive the other. And as those women are both wise and happy, who wink at the youthful escapes of their Husbands; so thy jealousy makes thee both meritorious and guilty of thy afflictions, because thou wilt be so foolish to espy, and so malicious to remember these of thine. Is *De Merfion* given and addicted to other women? Why, pardon him, because he is a young man: and as he is thy Husband, and thou his Wife, believe that he is every way more worthy of thy prayers, than of thine envy.

Thus we see upon what fatal and ominous terms these late married couple now stand: *De Merfion's* youth scorning and spurning at his Wife *La Vasselay's* age, and wholly addicting himself to others; and her age growing infinitely jealous of his youth: so that for any thing I see or know to the contrary, these different vices have already taken such deep and dangerous root in them, as they threaten not only the shipwreck of their content, but of their fortunes, if not of their lives.

Now for to find out the particular object of *La Vasselay's* jealousy, as her foolish curiosity hath already the general cause; we must know, that she hath a very proper young Gentlewoman who attends her, of some eighteen years of age, termed *Gratiana*, of a middle stature, somewhat inclining to fatness, having a fresh sanguine complexion, and bright flaxen hair; she being indeed every way exceeding lovely and fair; and with this *Gratiana*, she fears her Husband is more familiar, than either modesty or chastity can permit: and yet she hath only two poor reasons for this her credulity and jealousy; and God knows, they are poor and weak ones indeed: The first is, that she thinks her own withered face serves only but as a foil to make *Gratiana's* fresh beauty seem the more precious and amiable in his eyes. The second is, that she once saw him kiss her in her presence in the Garden, when she brought him a Handkercher, which his Page had forgotten to give him. Ridiculous grounds, and trivial reasons, for her to build her fear, or erect her jealousy on, or to invent and raise so foul a scandal and calumny! And yet not to suppress, but to report the whole truth, *De Merfion* was lasciviously in love with *Gratiana*, had often tempted her deforation, but could never obtain her consent thereunto; for she was as chaste as fair, and impregnable either to be seduced by his gifts and presents, or to be vanquished and won by his treacherous promises, protestations, and oaths: for she told him plainly and peremptorily, when she saw him begin to grow importunate and impudent in this his folly, That although she were but a poor Gentleman's daughter, yet she thanked God, that her Parents had so virtuously train'd her up in the School of Honour, that she would rather dye, than live to be a Strumpet to any Gentleman or Prince of the World. Which chaste answer, and generous resolution of hers, did then so quench the flames of his lascivious and inordinate affection to her, as thenceforth he exchanged his lust into love towards her; and vowed, that he would both respect and honour her as his Sister. Now although they both keep the passage of this business secret from his Wife, her Mistress; yet

yet not withſtanding, as it is the nature of Jealouſie, not to hearken to any reaſon, nor approve of any belief but of her own; therefore ſhe is confident, that he lies with *Gratiana* other than with her ſelf; which the vows ſhe cannot digeſt, and will no longer tolerate. To which end (with a moſt malicious and ſtrange kind of treachery) ſhe makes fair weather with *Gratiana*; and (thinking to cool her hot courage, and to allay the heat of her luxurious blood) looking one day ſtedfaſtly in her face, ſhe tells her, that ſhe hath need to be let blood, to prevent a Feaver; whereunto, although chafte and innocent *Gratiana* was never formerly let blood, ſhe notwithſtanding willingly contents thereunto; which to effect, *La Vaffelay* (like a baſe Miſtris, and a treacherous ſtep-dame) ſends for an *Apothecary*, named *Rennet*, gives him a watch-word in his ear, to draw at leaſt ſixteen ounces of blood from *Gratiana*; for that ſhe was ſtrongly entred into a burning Fever; but he being as honeſt as ſhe was treacherous and cruel, told her, that the drawing of ſo great a quantity of blood from her, might not only impair her health, but endanger her life. But ſhe replies, it was ſo ordered by a *Doctör*; whereupon he opens her right-arm vein; and as he had near drawn ſo much from this poor harmleſs young *Gentlewoman*, ſhe faints twice in a Chair betwixt their arms, and all the cold water they threw in her face, could very hardly reſet her, and keep life in her; this old hard-hearted Hag ſtill notwithſtanding crying out, that it was not blood enough: having no other reaſon for this her treachery and cruelty, but that indeed ſhe thought it not enough, or ſufficient to quench the unquenchable thirſt and flame of her jealouſie; of which this is the firſt effect towards this innocent young Gentlewoman; but we ſhall not go far to ſee a ſecond.

Gratiana is ſo far from dreaming of her Miſtris jealouſie toward her Maſter and her ſelf; or from once thinking of this her treacherous letting her blood, as ſhe thanks her for her affection and care of her health; and now the very next day after *De Mersſon* dining at home with his old wife (which he had not done in many days before) and ſeeing *Gratiana* look ſo white and pale demands of her, if ſhe be not well, and then queſtioneth his wife what ails her *Gentlewoman* to look ſo ill, which ſhe ſeems to put off with a teigned excuſe; but withall (as if this care of her Husband towards *Gratiana*, were a true confirmation of their diſhoneſty, and her jealouſie) ſhe retains the memory thereof deeply in her heart and thoughts; yea, it is ſo frequent, and fixed in her imaginations, as ſhe cannot, ſhe will not any longer ſuffer or endure this affection of her Husband, to *Gratiana*; nor that *Gratiana*'s youth ſhall wrong *La Vaffelay*'s age in the rites and duties of Marriage. Wherefore caſting ſad aſpects on him, and malignant looks on her, ſhe to pleaſe and give ſatisfaction to her jealouſie (which cannot be pleaſed or ſatisfied with any thing but revenge) reſolves to make her know what it is, for a Waiting-maid to offend and wrong her Miſtris in this kind; when not to diminith, but rather to augment and redouble her former cruelty toward her: Her Husband riding one day abroad in company of divers other Gentlemen of the City, to hunt Wolves, which abound in thoſe vaſt and ſpacious woods of *Main*, the under pretence of ſome other buſineſs, calls *Gratiana* alone into her inner Chamber, when bolting the door after her, ſhe with meager and pale envy in her looks, and implacable fury and choller in her ſpeeches, chargeth her of diſhoneſty with her Husband; calling her whore, ſtrumpet, and baggage; affirming, that the time and hour is now come for her to be revenged of her. Poor *Gratiana*, both amazed and affrighted at this ſudden and furious, both unexpected and undeſerved alarm of her Miſtris, ſeeing her honour, and (as ſhe thinks and fears) her life called in queſtion, ſhe after a world of ſighs and tears, terms her accuſers Devils and Witches, vows by her part in Heaven, and upon the peril of her own ſoul, that ſhe is innocent of that crime whereof ſhe accuſed her, and that neither in deed or thought ſhe was ever diſhoneſt or unchaſt with any man of the world, much leſs with her Maſter. But this will not ſatisfie incenſed *La Vaffelay*, neither are theſe ſpeeches or tears of *Gratiana* of power to paſs currant with her jealouſie; but reputing them falſe and counterfeit, ſhe calls in her Chamber-maid and Cook-maid, whom ſhe had purpoſely layd there, and bids them unſtrip *Gratiana* naked to her waſte, and to bind her hand and foot to the Bed-poſt, which with much repining and pity, they are at laſt enforced to do. When commanding them forth the Chamber, and bolting the door after them, ſhe not like a woman, but rather as a fury of hell flies to poor innocent *Gratiana*, and with a great birchen rod, doth not only raze but ſcarifie her arms, back, and ſhoulders; when harmleſs ſoul, ſhe (though in vain) having no other defensive weapons but her tongue, and her innocency, cries aloud to Heaven and Earth for ſuccour. But this old Hag as full of malice as jealouſie, hath no compaſſion of her cries, or pity of her ſighs; yea, neither the ſight of her tears or blood (which tricking down her cheeks and ſhoulders, doth both bedew and ingrain her ſmock) are of power to appeaſe her fury and envy, untill having ſpent three rods, and tired and wearied both her arms, ſhe in the heat of her choler, and the height of her revenge, delivers her theſe bitter and coſſing words; *Minion, this, this is the way,*

yea, the only way to cool the heat of thy courage, and to quench the fire of thy lust: When calling in her two Maids, she commands them to unbind *Gratiana*, and to help on her clothes; when triumphing in her cruelty, she furiously departs and leaves them; who cannot refrain from tears, to see how severely and cruelly their Mistress had handled this her poor Gentlewoman.

Gratiana, the better to remedy these her insupportable and cruel wrongs, holds it discretion to dissemble them; and so providing her self secretly of a horse and man, she the next night steals away, rides to *La Ferte*, and from thence to her Father at *Nogent le Rotrou*, where he was superintendent of the Prince of *Conde's* House and Cattle in that Town, and where the Princess Dowager, his Mother, built up the greatest part of her sorrowful Residence, while he was detained Prisoner in the Castle of *Boys de Vincennes*, near *Paris*. *La Vasselay* grieves at this her sudden and unexpected departure, the which she fears her Husband *De Merson*, and her Father *Monsieur de Bremay*, will take in ill part; wherein she is no way deceived; for the one grieves, and the other storms thereat: yea, when *De Merson* (through flattery and threats) had drawn from the Chamber-maid and Cook-maid, the truth of his Wife's cruel whipping of *Gratiana*, as also the cause thereof, her Jealousie; he justly incensed and enraged, flies to this his sottish and cruel Wife, tells her, That Jealousie comes from the Devil, whose part he affirms she hath acted; and acting this upon innocent *Gratiana*, than whom there lives not a chaster Maid in the World. That although she were poor, yet that she was as well descended as her self. In which regard, if she did not speedily right and redeem her wrongs, and seek means to pacific and recall her, that he would forthwith leave her, yea, and utterly forsake her. Which cooling-card of his to his Wife, makes her look on her former erroneous Cruelty towards *Gratiana*, rather with outward grief, than inward repentance. But seeing that her jealousy must now stoop and strike fail to her Husband's choler; and that to enjoy his company, she must not be exempted and deprived of hers; she, contrary to her desire and will, (which still retains the fumes and flames of jealousy, as that doth of revenge) is enforced to make a virtue of necessity, and so to bear up with the time, feigning her self repentant and sorrowful for that she had formerly done to *Gratiana*: she, to reclaim her, buys her so much wrought black Taffaty for a Gown, and so much crimson Damask for a Petticoat, and, with a Bracelet of Pearl which she accustomed to wear upon her right arm, she sends it to *Nogent* to her, by *La Vilette*, a Gentleman of her Husbands, & accompanieth it with a Letter to her Father *Monsieur de Bremay*, which contained these words.

LA VASSELAY to DE BREMAY.

Having vindicated Truth from Error, and metamorphosed Jealousie into Judgment, I find that I have wronged thy *Gratiana*, whereat I grieve with contrition, and sorrow with repentance, sith my Husband's vows and oaths have fully cleared her Honour and Chastity, which my foolish incredulity and fear rashly attempted both to eclipse and disparage: in which regard, praying her to forgive, and thy self to forget that wrong, I earnestly desire her speedy return by this Bearer, and ye both shall see, that I never formerly hated her so much, as henceforth I will both love and honour her. I have now sent her some small tokens of my affection; and ere long she shall find greater effects and testimonies thereof: for knowing her to be as chaste as fair, in this, *De Bremay*, I request thee to rest confident, That as she is now thy Daughter by Nature, so she shall be henceforth mine by Adoption.

LA VASSELAY.

De Bremay having received this Letter, and his Daughter *Gratiana* these kind tokens from her Mistress, *La Vasselay*; his choler, and her grief and sorrow, is soon defaced and blown away: so he well satisfied, and the content and pleased, he sends her back from *Nogent* to *Mans*, by *La Vilette*, by whom he writes this ensuing Letter to his Mistress, *La Vasselay*, in answer of hers.

DE BREMAY to LA VASSELAY.

THY Letter hath given me so much content and satisfaction; as thy undeserved cruelty to my daughter, *Gratiana*, did grief and indignation. And had she been guilty of that crime whereof thy fear made thee jealous, I would for ever have renounced her for my daughter, and deprived her of my sight: for, as her Vertues are her best wealth, and her Honour her chiefest revenue; so, if she had failed in these, or sated in this, I should then have joynd with thee to hate her, as I do now to love her. But her Tears and Oaths have cleared her innocency; and in hers, thy Husbands. In which regard, relying upon her own merits, and thy professed kindness, she forgetting, and I forgiving things past, I now return her thee by thy servant *La Vilette*; hoping, that if thou wilt not affect her as thy adopted Daughter, yet that thou wilt tender her as thy obedient and observant Hand-maid.

DE BREMAY.

Gratiana's

Gratiana's hopes, and her Father's credulity of *La Vasselay's* future affection towards her, as also her gifts and promises, so far prevail with them, as she is now returned to her from *Nogent* to *Mans*: But I fear, she had done far better to have still remained with her Father; for she might consider, and he know, what little safety, and apparent danger, there is to rely upon the favour of an incensed Jealousie. *La Vasselay* (in all outward shew) receives and welcomes *Gratiana* with many expressions of love, and demonstrations of joy, thereby to please her Husband; who, indeed likes so well of her return, as he likes his Wife the better for procuring it. And now to the eye of the world, and according to human conceit and sense, all three parties are reconciled and satisfied, as if *La Vasselay's* jealousy had never hitherto offended her Husband, nor her cruelty wronged *Gratiana*; or as if he had never known the one, nor she felt the other. But we shall not go far to see this calm overtaken with a tempest; and this Sun-shine surpriz'd with a dismal and disastrous shower.

For three Months were not fully expired, since *Gratiana's* return to *Mans*, but *La Vasselay's* old jealousy of her, and her Husband *De Merson*, which seemed to be suppressed and extinguished, doth now flash and flame forth a new, with more violence and impetuosity; yea, he cannot look on *Gratiana*, much less speak to her, but presently this old jealous Beldam, in her heart and thoughts, proclaims them guilty of Adultery; whereat she indiscreetly suffers herself to be so far transported with indignation and envy, as she vows she will no longer tolerate or digest it. And now it is that, like a Fury of Hell, she first assumes damnable and execrable resolutions, not only against the Innocency, but against the Life of innocent and harmless *Gratiana*, who, poor soul, is the nearer her danger, in respect she holds her self farthest from it; yea, this jealous old Hagg, this Fury, nay, this She-devil, *La Vasselay*, hath not only consulted, but determined and concluded with her bloody thoughts, that she will speedily send *Gratiana* into another world, because her youth shall no longer abuse and wrong her age in this: When forgetting her self, her soul, and her God, thereby purposely to please her Senses, her Jealousie, and her Tutor the Devil, she vows, that no respect of Reason or Religion, no consideration of Heaven or Hell, shall be capable to divert her from dispatching her: yea, and as if she not only rejoiced, but gloried in this her pernicious and bloody design, she thinks every hour a year, before she hath performed it: To which end, providing her self of strong poyson, and watching and catching at the very first opportunity; as soon as ever *Gratiana* found her self not well, she, under a colour of much affection and care to her, makes her some white Broth, wherein infusing and intermixing the aforesaid poyson, she (gracelessly and cruelly) gives it her; the which within six days, fainting and languishing, makes a perpetual divorce and separation betwixt her soul and her body, leaving this to descend to Earth, and that to ascend to Heaven, to draw down vengeance to this hellish and execrable *La Vasselay*, for so inhumanly and cruelly murdering this her harmless and innocent Waiting-Gentlewoman, *Gratiana*.

De Merson understanding of *Gratiana's* death, almost as soon as of her sickness, he very sorrowfully bites the lip thereat: for, considering this accident in its true nature, his thoughts suggest him, and his heart and soul prompts him, that his Wife, *La Vasselay*, had undoubtedly occasioned her death, and so metamorphosed her Jealousie into Murder: yea, and notwithstanding the fair and sorrowful shew which she puts thereon to the contrary, yet the premises considered, he is very confident in this his belief and fear; when grieving at the cruelty of this disaster, and abhorring the Author of this so monstrous and bloody a fact, the very sight of this his old wretched Wife, is odious; and the remembrance of this her cruel crime, detestable and execrable unto him. Again, when he considereth *Gratiana's* beauty and chastity, and that she was sent to her untimely grave for his sake, this doth not only re-double his sorrows, but infinitely augment and encrease his afflictions; so that beginning to fear his Wife's envy, as much as he hated her jealousy, in that it was not only possible, but likely, that it might also futurely extend and reflect on him, as it already had on harmless and innocent *Gratiana*, he assumes a resolution to leave and forsake her, the which she shall shortly see him put in execution: when the better to disturb and vex her, he secretly packs up all her Bills, Bonds, Leases, and Conveyances, as also all her Money, Plate, Jewels, and richest Household-stuff, and so giving out a prohibition to all the Tenants, not to dare to pay her any Rent, he allowing her only a bare maintenance; very suddenly (when she least expected or dreamt thereof) takes horse and rides home to his Father's, where he resolves to make the greatest part of his residence; and all the tears and prayers of his Wife, are not of power to reclaim or retain him.

La Vasselay seeing the unkindness of her Husband, *De Merson*, in making her a Widow almost as soon as a Wife; as also his ingratitude, in depriving her of the use and fruition of her own Estate and Means, and leaving her so poor an allowance as could scarce

warrant her a competent maintenance, she is almost ready to dye for meer grief and sorrow thereof; but how to remedy it, she knows not: and now she repents her folly and indiscretion, in matching her aged self to so young a man as *De Merson*; now she doth not only accuse, but condemn her own jealousy, which drews her to this foul fact of murthering her harmless and (as she now believes, her) innocent Waiting-maid, *Gratiana*; for which, this ungrateful departure, and hard usage of her Husband, is but the least, and, as she terms it, but the fore-runner of greater punishments, which God hath ordained & reserved for her: yea, it is not only a grief to her thoughts, but a vexation to her heart and soul, to see her self made the mocking-stock and laughter of all *Mans* and *Main*, who rather excuse her Husband's youth, than any way pity or commiserate her age; and to see that the friends of her prosperity turn their backs and faces to her in her affliction and poverty; and if she have any hope yet left, to assist and comfort her in these her calamities, it is by endeavouring to reconcile and reclaim her Husband to her by Letters, when taking pen and paper, she, within a month of his departure, sends him these few lines.

LA VASSELAY to DE MERSON.

Since at thy request I both recanted my Jealousie to thy self, and repented my Cruelty to my Maid *Gratiana*, what have I committed or done, that should deserve this thy ingrateful, and as I may truly say, heart-killing departure? for, having made a most exact scrutiny in my thoughts and soul, either of them inform me, and both assure me, that the freeness and fervency of my affection towards thee, deserved not so cruel, but a far more courteous requital. If my Age be any way displeasing to thy Youth, yet deprive me not of the felicity of thy sight and presence, wherein I not only delight, but glory. And although I can be content that thou surfeit with my wealth, yet make me not so miserable, as to starve both in and for thy presence. If any have given thee any sinister or false impressions either of my self or actions; why, if thy affection to me will not deface them, at least let thy pity: yea, return my sweet and dear Husband; and what errors or faults soever thou sayest I have committed, I will not only redeem them with kisses, but with tears.

LA VASSELAY.

De Merson having received this his Wife's Letter, it works such poor effects in his affection, as he doth rather rejoyce than commiserate her estate and sorrows: yea, he so slights her, and her remembrance, as once he had thought to have answered her Letter with silence: but at last, he (some eight days after) returns her this Answer:

DE MERSON to LA VASSELAY.

What hope can I have of thy affection, when I see thou art inviolably constant to thy Jealousie? and if the scrutiny of thy thoughts and soul be as true as thou pretendest, yet I fear, that this Jealousie of thine is not the greatest, but the least of thy crimes. Thou writest to me, that I give a cruel requital to thy affection; but, pray God thou have not given a more sharp and inhuman one to *Gratiana*'s service and Chastity. Neither is it thy Age, but thy Imperfections and Vices, which are both displeasing and odious to my youth: for, I could brook that with as much patience, as I can digest these with impossibilities. If thou want'st Means, I will grant thee more; but for my presence, I have many reasons to deny thee. I know none but thy self, which hath given me any impressions of thy actions; and if those were false, they would prove thy true happiness, as now they do thy misery; which my affection doth pity, though cannot redress it. It is but in vain for thee, either to expect or hope for my return: and sith thy faults and errors are best known to thy self, let thy repentance redeem them towards God; for neither thy kisses nor tears can or shall to me.

DE MERSON.

This Letter of *De Merson*, to his Wife *La Vasselay*, is so far from comforting, as it doth extremely afflict her: and although his discontents be such, as she sees it almost impossible to reconcile and reclaim him, yet being exceedingly perplexed and grieved with this her solitary and discontented life, she yet hopes, that a second Letter may obtain that of him, which her first could not: when six months time being now slipt away since his departure, she feigning her self sick, writes unto him again to this effect:

LA VASSELAY to DE MERSON.

THY absence hath so deprived my joyes, and engendered my sorrows, that sickness threatens my life to be near her period. So among a world of discontentments, let me yet bear this one content

to my grave, that I may once more see thee, whom so tenderly I both desire and long to see: and if I cannot be so happy as to live, at the least make me so fortunate, as to dye in thine arms; which I know not whether it be a greater charity for thee to grant, or a cruelty to deny me this request of mine: for, my dear De Merson, if thou wilt not be pleased to be my Husband, yet be not offended to remember, that I am thy Wife: and withall, that as I desire thy return; so, that I have not deserved thy departure. But if thou wilt still be inexorable to my requests, these Lines of mine, which I write thee rather with tears than ink, shall bear witness betwixt thy self and me, of my kindness, of thy cruelty, and how my life sought my affection, though my death could neither find nor obtain it.

LA VASSELAY.

De Merson reads this Letter with laughter; yea, he is so insensible of her Lines, Requetis, and Tears, as if another had sent him news of her death, as she her self did of her sickness, it had been far more pleasing, and better welcome to him: but thinking how to gall her to the quick, to the end he might henceforth save her labour to write him any more Letters, and himself to receive and peruse them, he returns her this sharp and bitter answer:

DE MERSON to LA VASSELAY.

IT is thy Error, not my Absence, which hath exchanged thy Joys into Sorrows; and if thy life draw near her period, they cannot be far from theirs. My sigh is a poor content for thee to bear to thy Grave, sith, as a Christian, thou shouldest delight to see none but thy Saviour, nor be ambitious to live in any arms but His: and if thou hold not this to be Charity, I know others cannot repute it Cruelty. That I am thy Husband, I grant; and that thou art my Wife, I do not deny: but yet I fear thy heart knows, though thy Pen affirm the contrary, that I have far more reason for my departure, than thou to desire my return. And, if thou wilt yet know more, if the Ink wherewith thou writest thy Letter, be Tears, pray God thou didst not bedew Gratiana's Winding-sheet and Coffin, with her Tears and Blood: for, hadst thou not been cruel, yea, inhuman to her, I would never have been unkind to thee. And to conclude, Live as happy, as I fear her death will make thee dye miserable.

DE MERSON.

The receipt and perusal of this Letter, doth not only grieve, but afflict and torment La Vasselay: for the remembrance of De Merson his suspicion and apprehension that she had a hand in the death of Gratiana, doth, as it were pierce her heart, as well with fear, as sorrow: For, as her poverty lay before at his mercy, so now she knows doth her life; and that sith he will not love her, he may chance so malign and hate her, as to reveal it. Whereupon, to secure her self, and to warrant the safety of her life, she soon exchangeth her love into hatred, and her affection and jealousy, into envy towards him: yea, her enraged and incensed thoughts, ingender and imprint such bloody designs of revenge in her heart, as abandoning the fear and grace of God, she impiously concludes a Match with the Devil, to dispatch and murder him, and from which bloody and damnable design, no regard of God or her soul, nor respect of Heaven or Hell, can or shall divert her; when, over-passing a small parcel of time, wherein she ruminated and pondered how she should send him from this life to another: at last her malicious curiosity makes her thoughts fall on La Villette, being his Gentleman, who still followed him, as holding him a fit Agent to attempt, and Instrument to finish, this bloody business, which so much imported her content and safety, grounding her reasons upon the greatness of his heart and mind, and the weakness of his purse and means; as if poverty were a sufficient cause and priviledg to commit so treacherous and bloody a fact: when knowing him to be then in Mans, receiving up his Master's Rents, she sends for him; to whom (the door bolted) she tells him she is to request his secrecie in a business which infinitely tends to his good. He promiseth it her; but she will have him swear thereunto; which he doth: when with sighs and tears making a bitter invective and recapitulation of her Husband, his Master's undeserved indignity and cruelty towards her; she then and there makes a proposition to him, to murder him for her; and that she will give him a thousand Crowns to effect it. La Villette seeing the greatness of the danger in that of the crime, seems not only discontented, but amazed hereat: for, although he love Gold well, yet he will not purchase it at so deer a rate, and base and damnable a price, as that of his Master's blood; when seeing she could not prevail, she again puts him in mind of his Oath to secrecie; which he again vows never to infringe or violate; and withal, like a good servant, seeks to dissuade and divert her from such bloody thoughts and attempts. Had La Villette remained in the purity and candor

of

of this his *Religious* and *Christian Resolution*, not to imbrue or distain his hands in the innocent blood of his Master; it would have made him as happy, as we shall shortly see him miserable in attempting and executing the contrary; for as a propension and resolution to *Virtue*, breeds not only Honour, but safety; so the contrary effects thereof, produce not only shame, but misery. To foresee sin, is a pious wisdom; to prevent and eschew it, is always a most wise and blessed piety.

And whereas time should rather decrease than increase, and rather root out than plant Malice in our thoughts, and Envy in our resolutions; yet directly contrary, that of *La Vasselay* to her Husband *De Merson*, doth not die, but live, will not fade but flourish; for a month or two more being run out and expired, and *La Villette* again in *Mans*, her malice unto her Husband is so inveterate and implacable, as she again sends for him to her house, where (in great secrecy and intended affection) she tells him, that if he will murder his Master, she within six months will marry him in requital; and not only live his faithful wife, but dye his obedient and constant Hand-Maid. Now, although her first proffer of a thousand Crowns, could not procure it of *La Villette*; these her sugred speeches, which she intermixeth with kisses, and the consideration of so many thousands, which her Estate not only promiseth, but assureth, doth; so as forgetting his former vertue, to remember his future vice, he (like a damnable Villain) swears to her to effect it: Which wretched verbal Contract, they interchangeably seal with Oaths and Kisses; which (if they had any fear of God, or care of their salvations) they should have detested with horror, and abhorred with detestation. Neither will his Malice (or the Devil the Author thereof) give him leave to protract or defer it: for, having resolved to murder him as he rides abroad; his Master on a time being invited to a general Hunting, by the Baron of *Saint Susanna* (Son and Heir to *Monsieur de Varennes*) at his said Town of *Susanna*, as he came riding homewards towards his Father's House at *Mansfrelle*, he in the midst of a great Wood, near unto the small Village of *Saint George's*, riding behind his Master, discharged his Pistol, loaden with a brace of Bullets, thorow his reins, which makes him instantly fall off dead from his Horse to the ground. When this hellish servant, *La Villette*, seeing his Master devoid of breath, and grovelling and weltring in his blood, he having acted the part of a sinful Devil, in committing this cruel murder, now resolves to assume and represent that of a subtil Hypocrite, in concealing it; when determining to report that they were both assaulted, and his Master slain, by Thieves; he, to make all his actions conduce and look that way, chargeth his Pistol again with another brace of Bullets, and shoots thorow his own Hat, gives himself a cut o're his left hand, and then breaks his Rapier; takes his own Pistol, and his Master's Rapier, and throws it into a Pond close adjoining; takes likewise his Master's Purse and VVatch out of his Pocket, and hides it secretly: and then the more cunningly and knavishly to blear and deceive the eyes of the world, thereby to make this his hypocrisy pass the currenter, he having purposely provided himself of two small Cords, with the one he binds both his own feet, and with the other (by a pretty sleight) slips therein his arms behind his back, and then setting himself against a Tree, he very pitifully weeps, groans, and cries out upon the Thieves and Murtherers of his Master *De Merson*: when three Gentlemen of *Brittain*, travelling that way towards *Paris*, repair to his assistance, whom they find out by his cries; to whom he relates, That five Thieves had assaulted his Master and himself; that he fought in the defence as long as his Sword held; that his Master was killed with a Pistol, then robbed, and himself shot thorow, and wounded, and bound, as they saw. VVhen these three *British* Gentlemen, grieving at this mournful accident, and bloody spectacle, they instantly cut the cords wherewith he was bound; and so having conveyed the dead Corps to the next Cottage, they run up and down the VVood to find out these Thieves and Murtherers, but in vain: so *La Villette* having thanked these Gentlemen for their affection and charity towards his dead Master, and living self, he with a wonderful exterior shew of sorrow, takes care for the speedy and decent transporting home of his breathless Master to *Mansfrelle*; where his mournful Father receives and buries him with infinite grief, lamentation, and tears.

In the mean time, this murderous *La Villette* gives private intelligence thereof to the bloody *La Vasselay*, who although she inwardly receives this news with extream content and joy, to see her self freed from so unkind and ungrateful a Husband; yet publickly to the eye of the VVorld (thereby the better to delude and deceive the VVorld) she contrariwise takes on blacks, seeming to be exceeding mournful, pensive, and sorrowful thereat: but God will shortly discover the falshood of these her tears, and in the triumphs of his revenge, pull off the Mask of this her dissembling and treacherous hypocrisy: for, as *Mans*, *Laval*, *Angiers*, and all the adjacent Towns and Countreys, grieve at this lamentable Murder of *De Merson*: so they

they as much admire and wonder to ſee this old Widow *La Vaffelay*, ſo ſhortly married and elpouſed to his Gentleman *La Villette*, whoſe Nuptials are celebrated and contumacated far within the term of ſix months after. For the curious Wits of theſe Cities and Countreys, conſidering what a prepoſterous courſe and reſolution this was for her to marry her Husband's man, and withall ſo ſoon: as alſo, that there was none other preſent but himſelf, when his Maſter *De Merſon* was murdered, it is umbragious, and leaves a fear and ſting of ſuſpicion in their heads, that there was more in the wind than was yet known; and therefore knowing no more, they defer the detection thereof to the providence and pleaſure of God, who beſt, yea, who only knows in Heaven, how to conduct and manage the actions here below on earth: and now indeed the very time is come, that the Lord will no longer permit theſe their cruel and bloody Murthers to be concealed, but will bring them forth to receive conſign punishment; and for want of other Evidence and Witneſſes, they themſelves ſhall be Witneſſe againſt themſelves. And although *La Vaffelay's* poiſoning of *Gratiana*, and *La Villette's* pittoiling of his Maſter *De Merſon*, were cunningly contrived, and ſecretly perpetrated; yet we ſhall ſee the laſt of theſe bloody Murthers, occaſion the diſcovery and detection of the firſt, and both of them moſt ſeverely and ſharply puniſhed for theſe their bloody crimes, and horrible offences. The manner is thus:

Theſe two execrable wretches, *La Villette*, and *La Vaffelay*, have not liv'd married above ſome ſeven or eight months, but he being deeply in Law with *Monsieur De Murelle*, his Predeceſſor's Father, for the detention of ſome lands and writings, he takes an occaſion to ride home to his houſe of *Murelle*, to him, to confer of the differences; and by the way falls into the company of ſome Merchants of *Laval* and *Vitry*, who were returning from the Fair of *Chartres*: when riding together for the ſpace of almoſt a whole days journey, the ſecret providence, and ſacred pleaſure of God had ſo ordained, that *La Villette's* horſe, who bore him quietly and ſafely before, on a ſudden firſt goes backwards, in deſpight of his ſpur or ſwitch; and then ſtanding an end on his two hind-legs, falls quite back with him, and almoſt breaks the bulk and trunk of his body; when having hardly the power to ſpeak, his breath failing him, and he ſeeing no way but death for him, and the hideous image thereof apparently before his eyes, the ſpirit of God doth to operate with his ſinful ſoul, as he there confeſſeth how his wicked wife *La Vaffelay*, had cauſed him to murder his Maſter *De Merſon*, whom he ſhot to death with his Piſtol; that ſhe firſt ſeduced him with a thouſand Crowns to perform it, which he reſuſed; but then her conſent to marry him, made him not only attempt, but finiſh that bloody buſineſs; whereof now from his very heart and ſoul he repented himſelf, and beſeeched the Lord to forgive it him.

And here, before the Reader's curioſity carry him further, let me, in the Name and fear of God, both requeſt and conjure him to ſtand amazed and wonder with me at his Sacred Providence, and inſcrutable wiſdom and judgment, which moſt miraculoſly concurs and ſhines in this accident, and eſpecially in three eſſential and moſt apparent circumſtances thereof. For, it was on the very ſame Horſe, the ſame day twelve-month, and in the very ſame wood and place, where this execrable wretch, *Villette*, formerly murdered his Maſter *De Merſon*. Famous and notorious circumſtances, which deſerve to be obſerved and remarked by all the Children of God, yea, and to be imprinted and engraven in their hearts and memories, thereby to deter us from the like Crimes of Murther.

Now theſe honeſt Merchants of *Laval* and *Vitry*, (as much in charity to *La Villette's* life, as in execration of that confeſſed Murther of his Maſter *De Merſon*) convey him to an Inn in *St. Georges*, when expecting every minute that he would die in their hands, they ſend away poſt to advertiſe the *Preſidial Court* of *Mans* hereof, (within whoſe Jurisdiction *St. Georges* was) who ſpeedily commanded *La Villette* to be brought thither to them alive or dead: but God reſerved him from that natural, to a more infamous death; and made him live till he came thither: where again he confeſſeth this his foul murder of his Maſter *De Merſon*, and likewiſe accuſeth *La Vaffelay* to be the ſole inſtigatour thereof, as we have formerly heard and underſtood. Whereupon he is no ſooner examin'd, but this bloody old Hag is likewiſe impriſoned; who with many aſſeverations and tears, denies and retorts this foul Crime from her ſelf, to him. But her Judges are too wiſe to believe the weakneſs and invalidity of this her fooliſh juſtification. So whiles they are conſulting on her, *De Bremaſ* having notice of all theſe accidents, but eſpecially of *La Vaffelay's* impriſonment, he (ſtill apprehending and fearing that ſhe undoubtedly was the death of his Daughter *Gratiana*) takes poſt from *Nogent* to *Mans*, where he accuſeth her thereof to the Criminal Judges of the *Preſidial Court*; who upon this her double accuſation, adjudged her to the Rack; when at the very firſt torment thereof, ſhe (at laſt preferring the life of her ſoul before that of her body) confeſſeth her ſelf to be the actor

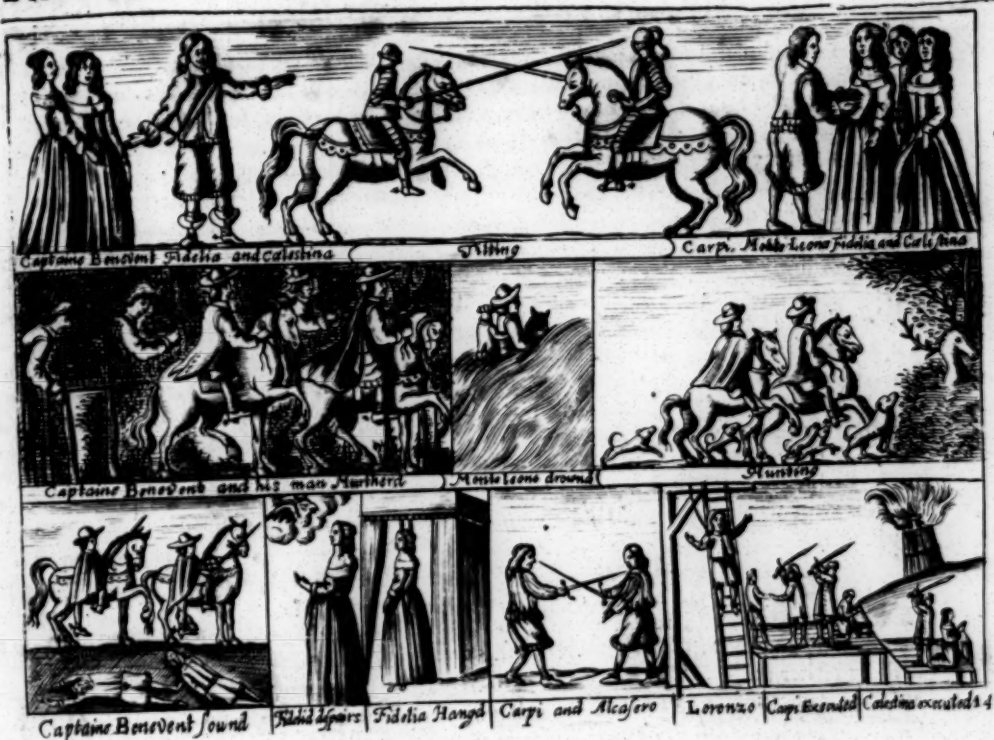
of her first crime of Murther, and the Author of the second; when, and whereupon the Judges (resembling themselves) in detestation, and for expiation of these her foul crimes, condemn him to be hanged, and her to be burned alive; which the next day, at the common place of Execution, (near the *Hills* in *Mans*) is accordingly executed in the presence, and to the content of a world of people of that City, who as much abhor the enormity of these their bloody crimes, as they rejoice and glorifie God for this their not so severe as deserved punishments.

As for *La Villette*, he (like an impious Christian) said little else but that which he had formerly spoken and delivered in the wood, at the receiving of his fall; only he said, that he had well hoped, that his great wealth which he had with *La Vasselay*, would have sheltred and preserv'd him from this infamous death, for murdering her Husband, and his Master *De Merson*.

But as for this bloody Beldame, and wretched old Fury, *La Vasselay*, she was content to grieve at *Gratiana's* death, though not to lament or pity that of her Husband *De Merson*; yea, and although she seemed to blame her jealousy towards her, yet her age was so wretchedly instructed in impiety, as she could not find in her heart either to make an Apology, or any way to seem repentant for her inhuman cruelty towards him: for, as she demanded pardon of *De Brema*y for poisoning his Daughter; so she spake not a word tending that way, to *Manfrelle*, for causing his Son to be pistoll'd: only, in particular terms, she requested God to forgive the vanity of her youth; and, in general ones, the World to forget the offences and crimes of her age: and so conjuring all old Widows and Wives to beware by her mournful and execrable example; her flames and prayers made expiation for the offence of her body; and her soul mounted and fled to Heaven, to crave remission and pardon of God, who was the only Creator of the one, and Redeemer of the other.

And such were the deplorable, yet deserved ends of this bloody and wretched couple, *La Vasselay*, and *La Villette*, for so cruelly murdering harmless *Gratiana*, and innocent *De Merson*; and thus did God's All-seeing and Sacred Justice, justly triumph over these their crying and execrable Crimes. O that their example may engender and propagate our reformation; and that the reading of this their lamentable History, may teach us not only how to meditate thereon, but also how to amend thereby.

GOD's



GOD's Revenge against the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murder.

HISTORY XIV.

Fidelia and Coelestina cause Carpi and Monteleone, with their two Lacquies, Lorenzo, and Anselmo, to murder their Father, Captain Benevento; which they perform. Monteleone and his Lacquy Anselmo, are drowned. Fidelia hangs her self. Lorenzo is hanged for a Robbery, and on the Gallows confesseth the murdering of Benevento. Carpi bath his right hand, then his head, cut off. Coelestina is beheaded, and her body burnt.

Our best parts being our Virtues; and our chief and sovereign Virtue, the purity and sanctity of our selves; how can we neglect those, or not regard this; except we resolve to see our selves miserable in this life, and our souls wretched in that to come? And as *Charity* is the cement of our other virtues, so *Envy* (her opposit) is the subversion of this our *Charity*; from whence flows *rage*, *revenge*, and many times *murder* (her frequent, and, almost, her inseparable companions): but of all degrees of *malice* and *envy*, can there be any so inhuman and diabolical, as for two graceless Daughters to plot the death of their own Father, and to seduce and obtain their two Lovers to act and perform it? whereof in this ensuing History we shall see a most barbarous and bloody precedent, as also their condign punishments inflicted on them for the same. In the reading whereof, O that we may have the grace by the sight of these their fearful crimes and punishments, to reform and prevent our own, that we may look on their cruelty, with charity; on their rage, with reason; on their errors, with compassion; on their desperation, with pity; and on their inhumanity, with piety: that the meditation and contemplation thereof, may terrifie our choler, quench both the fire of our lust, and the flames of our revenge: so shall our faith be fortified, our passions reformed, our affections purified, and our actions eternally both blessed and sanctified: to which end I have written and divulged it. So *Christian Reader*, if thou make this thy end in perusing it, thou wilt then not fail to receive comfort thereby, and therefore fail not to give God the glory.

Many years since the Duke of *Osuna* (under the command of *Spain*) was made *Vice-roy* of the noble Kingdom of *Naples*, the which he governed with much reputation and honour,

although his fortunes or actions (how justly or unjustly I know not) have since suffered and received an Eclipse. In the City of *Otranto*, within the Province of *Apulia*, there dwelt an ancient, rich, and valiant Gentleman, nobly descended, termed Captain *Benevente*, who by his deceased Lady, *Sophia Elianora*, Niece to the Duke of *Piombino*, had left him two Daughters, and a Son, he termed *Seignior Richardo Alcasero*; they two, the Ladies *Fidelis* and *Calistina*; names indeed which they will no way deserve, but from whom they will solely dissent and derogate, through their hellish vices, and inhuman dispositions to blood and murther. We may grace our names, but our names cannot grace us. *Alcasero* lives not at home with his Father, but for the most part at *Naples*, as a chief Gentleman retaining to the *Vice-roy*; where he profiteth so well in riding and tilting (a noble virtue and exercise (beyond all other *Italians*) natural and hereditary to the *Neapolitans*) that he purchased the name of a bold and brave *Cavalier*: but for *Fidelis* and *Calistina*, the clocks of their youth having struck twenty, and eighteen, the Captain their Father (thinking it dangerous to have Ladies of their years and descent, far from him) keeps them at home, that his care might provide them good Husbands, and his eye prevent them from matching with others. It is as great a blessing in children to have loving Parents, as for them to have obedient children; and had their obedience answered his affection, and their duty, his providence, we had not seen the *Theater* of this their *History* to besprinkled and gored with such great effusion of blood.

This Captain *Benevente*, their Father, for his blood, wealth, and generosity, was beloved and honoured of all the Nobility of *Apulia*; and for his many services both by Sea and Land, was held in so great esteem in *Otranto*, that his House was an *Academy*, where all the *Gallants* both of City and Country, resorted to back great horses, to run at the Ring, and to practise other such Courtly and Martial Exercises, whereunto this old Captain, as well in his age, as youth, was exceedingly addicted: so as the beauty of his two Daughters, *Fidelis* and *Calistina*, could not be long either unseen, or unadmired: for they grew so perfectly fair, of so sweet complexions, and proper stature, that they were justly reputed and held to be the *Paragons* of *Beauty*, not only of *Apulia*, but of *Italy*: so as *Beauty* being the Gold and Diamonds of *Nature*, this of theirs (so sweet in its influence, and so excellent and delicious in that sweetness) drew all mens eyes to love them, many mens hearts to adore them: so, had they been as rich in *Virtue*, as in *Beauty*, they had lived more fortunate, and neither their Friends nor Enemies should have lived to have seen them die so miserably: for now that proves their ruin, which might have been their glory. They are both of them sought in marriage, by many *Barons* and *Cavaliers*, as well at home, as abroad; but the Captain, their Father, will not give ear, nor hearken to any, nor once permit that such motion be moved him. They are so immodest, as they grieve hereat, and are so extremely sorrowful, to see that a few years past away, makes their *Beauties* rather fade, than flourish: Where *Virtue* graceth not *Beauty*, as well as *Beauty*, *Virtue*; it is often a preface and fore-runner of a fortune as fatal, as miserable.

But as their thoughts were too impatient and immodest to give way to such incontinent and irregular conceits: so on the other side, the Captain, their Father, was too severe, and withall, too unkind, I may say, cruel, to hinder them from Marriage, sith their beauty and age had long since made them both meritorious and capable of it. It was in them immodesty, in him unkindness, to propose such ends to their desires and resolutions: for as he hath authority to exact obedience from them, so have they likewise reason to expect fatherly affection and care from him. But he is more affected and addicted to his wealth and covetousness, than inclined to regard his Daughters content, and therefore is fully resolved, not as yet to marry them; which is a resolution better left than embraced, & infringed than kept of him; sith it may bring forth effects contrary both to his hopes and desires. It is commonly dangerous for Parents to content themselves with their children's discontents: for where *Nature* is crossed, it many times degenerates and proves unnatural; as the *Cataracts* of *Nilus* make it submerge and wash *Egypt* with her inundation: but *Fidelis* and *Calistina* will make trial of one invention and conclusion more, before they will give way to their distaste, or strike sail to their choler or revenge. They see their Father is resolute and severe in nipping their hopes, and crossing their desires of marriage; and yet they hope, that although they cannot prevail with him, that their Brother *Alcasero* may; to which end, the sooner to obtain and crown their desires with content, they consult together, and so by a confident friend of theirs, send him this Letter to *Naples*.

FIDELIA and COELESTINA to ALCASERO.

Despairing of our Father's resolution to marry us, we have no other refuge or recourse, but to thyself and thy affection, in requesting thee powerfully to sollicite him herein, that he may not prefer his Gold before

before our content, and consequently his hopes before our despair; neither could our hearts or thoughts persuade us, either to employ a quai it another but thy self with these our desires, which Modetty would have suppressed but that Truth contraielled and oppsed it: for his severity and cruelty is such towards us, that although we are sought in marriage by divers Cavaliers our Superiors, yet he will not permit us to be seen, much less to be wedded of any. Joyn then thy power to our Wishes and prayers, and thy affection to the procuring of our contents: and we then doubt not but to be as happy in a Brother, as otherwise we fear, we shall see in ourselves unfortunate, yea, miserable in a Father: and as thou canst not forget our descent and Blood, so we zealously pray and beseech thee to remember, if not our Beauty, our Youth.

FIDELIA, COELESTINA.

Their Brother receives this Letter; he is too brave, generous and courteous, to be unkind to any, especially to young Ladies, and most especially to his Sisters, whose content he makes and reputes his own. He comes to *Orranto*, deals effectually with the Captain his Father herein, who gives them this answer, That he hath provided the *Baron of Carpi* for *Fidelia*, and the Knight *Bartholomew Monteleon* for *Celestina*; and that within fifteen days they are to come to *Orranto* to see them; which news doth exceedingly rejoyce, first himself, then his Sisters; but their joy shall not last long, but be buried as soon as born. Within the prefixed time, these two noble men come, but they are hateful, and not pleasing to *Fidelia* and *Celestina*; for the *Baron of Carpi* is crook-back'd, and squint-eyed, and *Monteleon* is lame of one leg. These Ladies value their beauty at too high a rate, to bestow it on such deformed Husbands; and although *Venus* accepted of *Vulcan*, yet they will have none of these, because they deem no hell to that of a discontented bed; heretofore they wished for Suters, and now they wish they were well rid of these; and so sacrificing to their own contents, they set up this resolution in their hearts and souls, that they will rather die Maidens, than live to see themselves Wives to such Husbands. Their Father receives *Carpi* and *Monteleon* courteously, and entertains them nobly according to their Rank and Merits; he tells his Daughters plainly, that they shall marry these and none others. Thus the Bark of these their resolutions is surprized and beaten with two contrary winds; he will be obeyed of his Daughters, and they will be commanded of their Father in all things, but not in this of their Marriage.

It is never good for Parents to force the affections of their Children in their Marriages, sith it is a business, which not only lives but dies with them; but withall, their own wills must neither be their Law, nor their Guide: for their Parents have (or at least should have) more experience and judgment than they, to see who are, and who are not fit matches for them: But where authority opposeth affection, or affection reason, there such marriages are still ushered in with discontent, and waited and attended on with misery. Likewise, there is a great respect and consideration to be observed by Parents, in the inclinations and natures of their children: for some will be perswaded or reprov'd with a word, whereas others will become more headstrong and rebellious with menaces and threats. Had this Captain attempted and practis'd the first, and not the second towards these two Ladies his Daughters, peradventure they had never leapt from reason to rage, from obedience to contempt, nor from hope to despair; yea, I dare presume to aver with truth and safety, that we should have seen them all as happy, as I now fear we shall see them miserable.

But to proceed with their History: They are pressed by the Captain their Father, and importuned by the two noble men their Suters, to finish and confirm these contracts. But *Fidelia* and *Celestina* with a true semblance of distaste, & yet a false shew of courtesie, give the denial to their Father in particular terms, and to them in general. He storms at their disobedience, and they impute this excuse of theirs to modesty, rather than unkindness. They flatter themselves with this hope, that sith they are fair, they must be courteous, and cannot be cruel; or if the contrary, that the Captain their Father will so manage his Daughters affections, as all things shall sort to their desires and expectations: but they shall come too short of their hopes, for they are neither reserved for the Ladies, nor the Ladies for them; but whies thus they are busie in advancing the process of their affections, *Fidelia* and *Celestina* attempt a contrary enterprize, for they with tears and prayers, request their Brother *Alcafero*, importunately to sollicite their Father in their behalf, that he will not enforce them to marry those whom they cannot affect, much less obey; which, like a noble and dear Brother, he performs with much zeal and perswasion; but he cannot prevail with him, nor bring them any other answer, than that they must and shall marry them, and only them.

Had this resolution of their Father been more courteous and less rigorous towards his Daughters, this History of theirs had not deserved so much pity and compassion, nor would have drawn so many sighs from the hearers, or tears from the Readers: foreseeing their Father cruelly re-

solved to offer violence to their affections, they begin to hate him, because he will not better love them. And here (*O here*) they enter into *devillish machination*, and *hellish conspiracy* against him: for as he plots their discontents, so do they his destruction. *Fidelia* and *Cælestina* see they blood, and cause one, and therefore so they pretend shall be their fortunes; they would reveal their intents and designs each to other; but the fact is so foul and unnatural, as for a while they cannot: but they need no other Oratory than their own sullen and discontented looks; for either of them may read a whole lecture of grief and choler in each other's eyes, till at length tired with the importunity of their Father, and the impatience of *Carpi* and *Montelon*. *Fidelia* as the more audacious of the two, first breaks it to her Sister *Cælestina*, in this manner. That she had rather die, then be compelled to marry one whom she cannot affect; that the *Baron* of *Carpi* is not for her, nor she for him; and that sith her Father is resolute in this match (although she be his Daughter) she had rather see him laid in his Grave, than her self in *Carpi's* bed. There needs not many reasons to persuade that which we desire: For *Cælestina* tells her Sister plainly, that she (in all points) joyns and concurs in opinion with her, adding withall, that the sooner their Father is dispatcht, the better; because she knows they shall never receive any content on Earth till he be in Heaven; and so they conclude he shall die.

But alas, what hellish and devillish Daughters are these, to seek the death of their Father, of whom they have received their lives? Who ever read of a *Parricide* more inhumanly cruel, or impiously bloody? so if ever *murder* went unrevenge'd, this will not, for we shall see the *Authors* and *Actors* thereof most severely punished for the same. Men and Women may be secret in their sins, but God will be just in his Decrees, and sacred in his Judgments. What a religious resolution had it been in them, to have retired, and not advanced in this their damnable attempt? but they are too profane, to have so much pity; and too outrageous to hearken to this religious reason, yea, they are too impious to hearken to *Grace*, and too revengeful and bloody-minded, to give ear either to *Reason*, *Duty*, or *Religion*. So now, like two incensed and implacable Furies, they consult how, and in what manner they may free themselves of their Father: *Fidelia* proposeth divers degrees and several sorts of *murders*, but *Cælestina* likes none of them; in some she finds too much danger, in others too little assurance; and therefore as young as she is, she invents a plot as strange as subtil, and as malicious and diabolical as strange; she informs her, that to be rid of her Father, there cannot be a securer course, than to ingage the *Baron* of *Carpi*, and the Knight of *Montelon* to murder him; *Fidelia* wonders hereat, saying, it will be impossible for them to be drawn to perform it, sith they both know and see, that the Captain their Father loves them so well, as will or nill, they must be their Husbands. But *Cælestina's* revengeful plot is further fetch'd, and more cunningly spun; for she hath not begun it, to leave it raw and unfinished, but is so confident in her devillish industry, as she affirms she will perfect and make it good. *Fidelia* demands how? *Cælestina* answereth, That they both must make a feigned and flattering shew, to change their dutie, and now to affect *Carpi* and *Montelon*, whom before they could not; that having in this manner drawn them to their lure, when they attempt to urge *marriage*, they shall both agree to inform them, that it is impossible for them to obtain it, whiles the Captain their Father lives; sith albeit in outward appearance he make a fair shew to make them their Husbands; yet that he means and intends nothing less; for that he hath given them expresse charge and command (at any hand) not to love or affect them; which is the main and sole cause, that hath so long withheld them from making sooner demonstration of their affections toward them; and this (quoth she) will occasion and provoke them to attempt it; adding, that by this means they may give two strokes with one stone, and so not only be rid of our Father, but likewise of *Carpi* and *Montelon*, who peradventure may be apprehended, and executed for the fact; and for our safeguard and security, we will powerfully conjure and swear them to secrecy.

There is no web finer than that of the *Spider*; nor treachery subtilter than that of a *Woman*, especially if she contemne *Charity* for *Revenge*, her Soul for her Body, God for *Satan*, and consequently *Heaven* for *Hell*; how else could this young Lady lodg so revengeful a Heart in so sweet a Body, or shroud such bloody Conceits and Inventions under so fair and so beautiful Complexion?

But the *Panther*, though his skin be fair, yet his breath is infectious; and we many times see that the foulest Snake, lurks under the greenest and beautifullest leaves. *Fidelia* gives an attentive ear to this her Sister's bloody *Stratagem* and *Design*; she finds it sure, and the probabilities thereof apparent and easie, and therefore approves of it. So these two beautiful, yet bloody Sister's vow, without delay, to set it on foot, and in practise. It is the Nature of *Revenge* to look forwards, seldom backwards; but did we measure the beginning by the end, as well as the end by the beginning, our affections would favour of far more Religion, and of far less impiety, and we should then rejoyce in that which we must now repent, but cannot remedy. They take

take time at advantage, and pertinently acquaint *Carpi* and *Monteleon* with it. The passions of affection prove often more powerful than those of *Reason*; they suffer themselves to be vanquished and led away by the pure beauty and sweet oratory of these two discontented and treacherous *Ladies*, without considering what poison lurks under their speeches, and danger under their tongues. They commit a gross and main error in relying more on the Daughters youth, than the Father's gravity; on their verbal, than his real affection; and so they engage themselves to the Daughters, in a very short time, to free them of the Captain their Father. It was a base vice in *Gentlemen* of their rank, to violate the Laws of Hospitality, in so high a degree, as to kill him who loved them so dearly, and entertained them so courteously; and it is strange that both their humours were so strangely vicious, as to concur and sympathize in the attempt of this execrable murder. But what cannot *Vice* perform, or *Ladies* procure of their *Lovers*? at least, if they love *Envy* better than *Virtue*, and *Pleasure* than *Piety*.

Captain *Benevente* is many times accustomed after dinner to ride to his vinyard, and now and then to *Alpiata* a neighbor-village, where he is familiarly (if not too familiarly) acquainted with a Tenant's wife of his, whom he loved in her youth, and cannot forsake in her middle age; perseverance in vice, never makes a good end: a single sin is distastful; but the redoubling thereof, is both hateful and odious to God. *Carpi* and *Monteleon* take their two Lacquies, *Lorenzo* and *Anselmo* with them, as soon as they know the Captain to be abroad, only accompanied with his confident Gentleman *Fiamento*; and disguising themselves, they watch him at the corner of the wood, where of necessity he must pass. The event answereth their bloody expectations and desires: they see *Benevente* and *Fiamento* approaching, riding a soft trot, when like so many *Fiends* and *Devils*, they all four rush out of the thicket, & (without any other form) with their swords and Pistols (after some resistance) kill them dead to the ground; but this is not the end of their hellish malice and envy: neither is the unsatiable thirst of their revenge yet quenched; for they take these two murdered bodies (who are afresh reeking and weltring in their blood, and carry them to a neighbour-hill, and so throw them down into a deep quarry full of thick bushes and brambles, whereas they thought no mortal eye should ever have seen them more, and then there they consult upon their flight. *Carpi* resolves to take post for *Naples*, and there for a time to shroud himself among the multitude of the Nobility and Coaches, which grace and adorn that City; and *Monteleon* resolves to hie towards *Brundisium*, with intent, that if these murders were revealed, and himself detected and accused, he would there imbarck himself either for *Venice* or *Malta*: but he hath not as yet made his peace and reckoning with God.

Leave we *Carpi* and his Lacquy posting for *Naples*, and let us see what accident will speedily befall *Monteleon*. It is impossible for murder to go long unpunished; *Monteleon* and his Lacquy *Anselmo* shall, ere they ride far, see this position verified in themselves; He is provided of two fair Gennets, one for himself, the other for his Lacquy, and having taken his leave of *Carpi*, away he goes for *Brundisium*; but he hath not ridden past twelve miles before his own horse fell down dead under him, which doth somewhat afflict and amaze him; but this is but the least part of his misery, and but the very beginning of his misfortune; he is inforced to make a virtue of necessity, so he rides his Lacquy's horse, and he follows him on foot. It is impossible for a guilty conscience to be secured from fear; he rides narrow lanes and by-ways, but at last near the Village *Blanquetelle*, he meets with a swift Ford, which is passable for horse, but not for foot: Here *Monteleon* is constrained to take up his Lacquy *Anselmo* behind him, which he doth; but being in the midst thereof, the horse stumbles, and falls with both of them under him; which is done so suddenly, that *Monteleon* had no time to cast off his Lacquy; and so they are both drowned, and have neither the grace nor power to breathe, or speak a word more.

Gods Judgments are secret and inscrutable: had they had time to repent, they had only lost their lives, whereas now it is rather to be feared, than wished, they likewise run the hazard of their souls. But as it is a virtue to think and censure charitably of the dead, so it must needs be a vice to do the contrary. Heretofore they thirsted for blood, and (lo) now they have their fill of water. All *Elements* are the servants of *God*, but these two of *fire* and *water*, are the most terrible, the most impetuous. This is a testimony of our weakness, and of *Gods Power*.

By this time Captain *Benevente*, and his man *Fiamento* are found wanting, and no news to be heard of them; his house rings and resounds with sorrow, all his servants and friends mourn and lament for his absence, and his two accursed Daughters, they seem to be all in tears thereat: But we shall shortly see this their hypocrisy and dissimulation both detected and revenged. They lay all the Country to purchase news of their Father, and speedily by post advertise their Brother *Alasfero* thereof at *Naples*, who amazed hereat, comes away with all possible speed and expedition; his two Sisters and himself wonderfully mourn and lament for the absence of their Father, and now seeing five days past, and no news of him, they begin to suspect and fear, that

that he is made away and murdered; and because *Fiameto* was alone with him, they suspect him of the fact, which they are the sooner induced to believe, in regard he is fled, and not to be found; but they shall soon see the contrary, and that as he was a faithful servant to their Father his Master, during his life, so he was a true companion to him in his death. And although *Alcasero* his Son use all possible zeal and industry to find out his Father, yet with Earth cannot, now Heaven will reveal the news and sight of him. For as some neighbouring *Gentlemen* (his kinsfolks and friends) are hunting of a Stag near *Alpiata*, they pursue him on horseback some five or six hours, and at last being tired, he runs for refuge and shelter thorow the bushes and briars, into the same old Quarry, where the dead bodies of Captain *Benevente*, and his man *Fiameto* were thrown. The *Gentlemen*-hunters descend from their horses, and with their Swords drawn, enter purposely to kill the Stag, which they perform; when casting aside their eyes, they see two dead mens bodies, one near the other, whose legs, hands and faces, the *Crows* had pitifully mangled and defaced. They are amazed at this mournful and unlooked-for spectacle; when approaching to discern them, they by their cloaths find and know them to be Captain *Benevente*, and his *Gentleman Fiameto*. They are astonished and amazed hereat, and so one of them rides back post to *Otranto*, to acquaint *Alcasero* his Son heretofore, who melting into tears, returns with him near *Alpiata*, where, to his unspeakable grief, he sees the dead bodies both of his Father and *Fiameto*, which before all the Hunters he caused to be searched, and finds that his Father (with a Pistol-bullet) was shot thorow the head in two places, and run thorow the body with a Rapier in three; and that *Fiameto* had five deep wounds with a Rapier, and one shot thorow the head. *Alcasero*, and the whole company grieve and lament at this sorrowful news: they know well that *Fiameto* did not set upon the Captain his Father; and that neither of them had Pistols: and though they might imagine it done by thieves, yet they were quickly cleared of that jealousy and suspicion, because they find rich Rings on his Master's fingers, and store of Gold in his pockets: So they referring the discovery of this bloody and damnable murder to Time, and to God the Author and Giver of Time, *Alcasero* causeth the dead bodies, first of his Father, then of *Fiameto*, to be laid in a Coach, which he had purposely caused to be brought thither; and so accompanied with all the *Gentlemen*, returns with it to *Otranto*, where all the whole City lament and bewail this Tragical Disaster: and because these dead corps of theirs have received wrong in being so long above ground, *Alcasero* that night gives them their due burials, interring *Fiameto* decently, and his Father honourably, according as the necessity and strictness of the time would permit him.

It is now *Alcasero's* curiosity and care to seek out the murderers of his Father; and for his Sisters they are so irreligious and wretched, as they think to mock God, and delude the world with their immoderate, yet counterfeit mourning; but it proceeds not from their hearts, much less from their souls. The morrow after their Father's burial, they are all three informed, *Monteleon* and his Lacquy *Anselmo* are drown'd, as they pass the River *Blanquetelle*, whereat he wonders, and his two Sisters rejoyce and triumph, especially *Celestina*, who now sees her self freed, not only of the Captain her Father whom she hated, but also of the Knight *Monteleon* her Suter, whom she could not love: She is so impious and graceless, as she doth rejoyce, but will neither repent nor pity at these accidents; yea, she so slightly and trivially passeth over the remembrance of her Father's untimely and bloody death, as if murder were no sin, or that God had ordained no punishment for it; she wears her mourning attire and weeds, more for shew than sorrow; for her Father was no sooner laid in his Grave, but she builds many Castles of pleasure in the Air of her extravagant and ambitious thoughts, vowing that ere long she will have a Gallant of her own chusing to her Husband; but she may come short of her hopes, and perchance find a halter for her neck, before a wedding-Ring for her finger. As for her Brother *Alcasero* his thoughts are roving and roaming another way; for he finds it strange that the Baron of *Carpi* comes not to condole with him for his Father, and to continue his love and affection to his Sister *Fidelia*, whereat he both admires and wonders, and not only takes it in ill part, but also begins to suspect, and to cast many doubts and jealousies thereon, and what the issue thereof will be, or what effects it will produce, we shall shortly see. But a month or two being blown away, *Carpi* hearing no suspicion or talk of him, and thinking all things in a readiness for him to be assured and contracted to his Lady and Mistress *Fidelia*; he takes a new Lacquy, and apprelling him in a contrary Livery, sends him secretly to *Otranto* with this Letter to her.

CARPI to FIDELIA.

There are some reasons that stay me for not coming to *Otranto*, to condole with thee for the death of thy Father, which what they are, none can better imagine than thy self: when thy sorrows are overblown, I will come to thee, in hope to be as joyfull in thy presence, as thy absence makes me miserable. I have given

given thee so true, and so real a proof of my affection, as thou shouldst offer me palpable injustice; and to thy self extream injury to doubt thereof. For what greater testimony canst thou futurely expect, than to believe I will ever prefer thy love before my own life, if thy constancy answer mine? Heaven may, but Earth cannot cross our desires. I pray signifie me how thy Brother stands affected to our affections; thy answer shall have many kisses, and I will ever both honour and bless that hand that writ it.

CARPI

The Lacquy comes to *Otranto*, and finds out *Fidelia*, to whom (with much care and secrecy) he delivers his Master's Letter, and commends, and requesteth an answer. *Fidelia* receives the one, and promiset her the other; but she is perplexed and troubled in mind. Here her thoughts make a stand, and consult whether she shall open this Letter or no. Her conscience hath heretofore yielded to the death of her Father; and now Religion begins to work upon the life of her Conscience, which indeed is that of her Soul. Had she persevered in this course of piety, her repentance might have pleaded for her disobedience, and her contrition redeemed her crime; but she forsakes the helm that might have steered her to the Port of happiness and safety, and so fills the sails of her resolutions with the wind of despair, which threaten no less than to split the Bark of her life on the Rocks of her destruction and dearth. She now begins to hate company, which before she loved, and to love solitariness, which before she hated; yea, the living picture of her dead Father doth so haunt her thoughts, and frequent her imaginations, that wheresoever she is, it is present with her. Remorse, as a *Vulture* gnaws at her heart and conscience; yea, though nothing do fear her, yet she fears all things. She sees no man running behind her, but she thinks he purposely follows her to drag her to Prison; she is afraid of her own shadow, and thinks, that not only every tower, but every house will fall upon her: she will not come into any Boat, nor pass any River, Brook, or Well, for fear of drowning. This despair of hers, causeth her to be cold in her Religion, and frozen in her Prayers, which should be both the preservative and antidote of the soul: her speeches for the most part are confused and distracted, and her looks sullen, fearful and gaitly (the proper signs and symptoms of despair) *Carpi's* Lacquy having stayed two days in *Otranto* for his answer, holds it his duty to importune *Fidelia* to be dispatched, the which that night she promiset him; and now in sad and melancholy humour she breaks off *Carpi's* Letter, and peruseth it; which not only renews, but reviveth the remembrance of her Father's death: whereat she enters into a strange and so implacable a passion, as she once had thought to have thrown his Letter into the fire, and her self after. Now she is resolved to write back to *Carpi*, and then presently she changeth her resolution, and vows she will answer him with silence. But the Devil is as subtil as malicious, and so she calls for Pen and Ink, and out of the dregs of discontent, and the gall of despair, writes and returns him this answer.

FIDELIA to CARPI.

MY Fathers death hath altered my disposition for I am now wholly addicth to mourning, and not to marriage. I pray trouble not thy self to leave Naples, to come and condole with me in *Otranto*: for the best comfort that I can receive, is, that it is impossible for me to receive any. I never doubted of thy affection, nor will give thee any just cause to suspect, much less to fear mine. If this will not suffice, rest assured I have resolved, that either my Grave, or thy self shall be my Husband. How my Brother stands affected to thee, is a thing difficult for me to understand or know, sith I am only his Sister, not his Secretary: but in all outward appearance, I think he neither loves thee for my sake, nor my self for thine. Live thou as happy, as I fear I shall die miserable.

FIDELIA.

What a fearful Letter is this, either for *Fidelia* to send, or *Carpi* to receive: But her disordered and distracted spirits can afford no other; and therefore she dispatcheth away the Lacquy with this. And now (as if her thoughts transported her to hell) she cannot be alone, for the Devil is still with her; he appears to her in a shape of an *Angel of Light*, and professes her Mountains of Wealth, and Worlds of Honor, if she will fall down and adore him. To rebel against God is a sin: But to persevere in our rebellion, is not only a contempt, but a treason in the highest degree against God. The best of Gods people are commonly tempted; but those are, and prove the worst, who are overcome with temptation. Fortitude is a principal and sovereign virtue in Christians; and if we vanquish the Devil, it is good for us; that he assaulted us with those Victories (as well spiritual as temporal) are ever most glorious and honourable, which are achieved with greatest danger. Had *Fidelia* followed the current of this counsel, and the stream of this advice, she had never been so weak with God, nor so unfaithful to her self, as to

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destroy her self : but forsaking God, and contemning prayer, which is the true way to the truest felicity, what can she hope for but despair, or expect but destruction ? Her Brother *Alcafero*, and many of her kinsfolks, neighbours and friends (with their best zeal, and possible power) endeavour to perswade and comfort her ; they exhort her to read religious books, and continually to pray ; she hearkneth to both these counsels, but neither can, or will not, follow either ; her sleeps are but broken slumbers, but distracted dreams ; and ever and anon it seems (to the eyes of her mind and body) that the Captain her Father doth speak to her, and follow her. In a word, she is weary both of the world, and of her life ; yea, despair, or rather the *Devil* hath reduced her to this extream misery, and miserable extremity, that she is ready to kiss that hand that would kill her, or that Death which would give her death ; she never sees a Knife in the hands of another, but she wisheth it in her own heart : her Conscience doth so terribly accuse her, and her thoughts give in such bloody evidence against her conscience and her self, for occasioning her Father's murther, that she resolves she must dye, and therefore disdains to live. And now comes her sister *Cælestina* to her, to perswade and confer with her, but she will prove but a miserable comforter. *Fidelia* sees her with hatred and detestation, and when she begins to speak, very peremptorily and mournfully cuts off her speeches thus ; *Ah Sister, would we had slept when we plotted our Father's death, for in seeking his ruine, we shall assuredly find out our own : Provide you for your safety, for I am past hope of mine ; and so get you out of my sight.* I know not whether the beginning of this her speech favored more of Heaven, than the end thereof doth of Hell : for sure, if we pass hope, we come too short of salvation ; and if we forsake that, this infallibly will forsake us.

This poor, or rather this miserable *Gentlewoman*, having always her murdered Father before her eyes (which incessantly haunts her as a *Ghost*, and yet she enforced to follow it as her shadow) is powerfully allured and provoked by the instigation of the *Devil*, in what manner, or at what rate soever, to dispatch her self, being so wretchedly instructed in faith and piety ; and she adds and believes, that the end of her life will prove not only the end of her afflictions, but the beginning of her joys. But, O poor *Fidelia*, with a thousand pities and tears, I both pity and grieve to see thee believe so infernal an Advocate : for what joy either will he, or can he give thee ? Why, nothing but bondage for liberty, torments for pleasures, and tortures for delights ; or if thou wilt have me shew thee whereat his flattering oratory, or sugred insinuation tenderth, it is only to have thee destroy thy body in earth, that (as a *Triumph* and *Trophy* to the enlargement of his obscure Kingdom) he may drag thy body and soul to hell-fire. But *Fidelia* is as constant in her sin, as impious in her resolution ; and so (all delays set apart) she seeks the means to destroy her self : she procures poison and takes it, but the effect and operation thereof answers not her desires. I know not whether she be more impatient to live than willing to dye. We never want invention, seldom means to do evil ; a little pen-knife of hers, shall in her conceit perform that which poison could not ; she seeks it, and now remembers, it is with her pair of Knives, in the pocket of her best Gown : she flies to her Ward-robe, and so to her pocket, but finds not her Knives, only she finds her *Naples-silk* girdle instead thereof. The *Devils* instruments are never far to seek ; she thinks it as good to strangle her Throat, as to cut it. And here comes her mournful and deplorable *Tragedy*, she returns swiftly to her Chamber, bolts the door, and so (which I grieve and tremble to relate) fastens it to the teaster of her Bed, and there hangs her self ; and as it is faithfully reported, at that very instant, and for the space of an hour, it thundred and lightened so cruelly, as if Heaven and Earth were drawing to an end, that not only the chamber where she hung, but the whole house shook thereat. The thunder being past, and the skies clear, Dinner is served on the Table, and *Alcafero* and *Cælestina* ready to sit ; they call for their Sister *Fidelia*, but she is not to be found. One goes to her Chamber, and returns, that her Key is withoutside, and the door bolted within, and yet she answers not. They both flee from the Table to her Chamber, and call, and knock, but no answer. *Alcafero* commands his men to break open the door, which they do, and there sees his Sister *Fidelia* hanging to the Bedstead stark dead. They cry out as affrighted and amazed at this mournful and pitiful spectacle, and with all speed take her down ; but she is breathless, though not cold ; and they see all her face and body, which were wont to be as white as snow, now to be coal-black, and to stink infinitely. These are the woful effects, and lamentable fruits both of *Despair* and *Murther*. O, may Christians of all ranks, and of both Sexes, take heed by *Fidelia*'s mournful and miserable example, and withal remember, that murther will still be revenged and punished, especially that which is perpetrated by children toward their Parents ; a sin odious both to God and man, such it not only opposeth Nature, but Grace ; Earth, but Heaven.

No sooner (with grief and mourning) hath *Alcafero* buried this his natural, yet unnatural sister

sister *Fidelia*, but as his other sister *Calestina* weeps for her death, so she again rejoiceth that her sister hath no way revealed the great business, which so much concerns her, I mean the murder of the Captain her Father. But *Time* will detect and revenge both it and her. And that we may not seem extravagant in the narration and unfolding of this *History* by we from *Orranto* to *Naples*, and leave we the fatal and woful Tragedy of *Fidelia*, to speak a little of the *Baron of Carpi* her Lover, who hath yet a great part to act upon the *Theatre* of this *History*.

He hath no sooner received *Fidelia's* Letter by his Lacquy, but he much wonders and grieves at the contents thereof: he sees her cold in her affection towards him, and hot in despair to her self, and thinks, that as it is in her power to rejoyce him with her affection, so it may be in his to comfort her with his presence: but her request and his conscience inform him, that it is yet too soon to leave *Naples* to see *Orranto*; and yet that he may not fail in the complement and duty of a Lover, he resolves to visit her by Letter, though not in person, and so writes her these few lines.

CARPI to FIDELIA.

W^{ERE} thy request not my Law, I would see *Fidelia* to comfort her, and comfort my self to see her: But sith I must be so unfortunate, as in one Letter to receive two different sorrows, my refusal, and thy despair, what remedy (or Antidote) can I more aptly administer, than Patience to the first, and Prayer to the second. If thou weigh matters aright, I have more occasion of sorrow than thy self, and yet I am so far from despairing, as I hope *Time* will give thee consolation and me content. Endeavour to love thy self, and not to hate me; so shalt thou draw felicity out of affliction, and I security out of danger. I hope thy Brother will not follow thy Fathers steps: his affliction to thee, shall be mine to himself. Let thy second Letter give me half so much joy, as thy first did grief, and I shall then triumph at my good fortune as much as I now lament and pity thine, and in that mine own.

CARPI.

He sends this Letter of his to *Orranto*, by his Lacquy *Fiesco*, who carried his first; but he must go into another world, if he mean to deliver it to *Fidelia*: He comes to *Orranto*, and repairs to Captain *Benevente's* house; whereas he is walking in the second Court, *Alcafero* being very solitary and pensive at a window, leaning his head on his hand, and deeply and seriously thinking what two fatal disasters were befallen his house, as the loss of his Father and Sister, he by chance espies this Lacquy *Fiesco*; at whose sight his heart beats, and his blood very suddenly flasheth up in his face; he exceedingly wonders hereat, and attributing every extraordinary motion in himself, as step or degree to the discovery of his Father's murder, whereon his thoughts were always fixed, and could never be withdrawn, he sends a Gentleman of his, named *Plantinus*, to enquire whose Lacquy it was, and what was his business. *Plantinus* descends and examineth him, but he is close and will reveal nothing. He intreats him to enter and taste the Wine, which he doth; when in-gaging, and leaving him in the Cellar, he trips up to his Master, and acquaints him with his answer, adding withal, that some fifteen days since he saw him here before. *Alcafero* commands this Lacquy to be brought before him, he examines him, but he will not discover himself; he threatens him with the whip, and imprisonment, but he cannot prevail. It is a virtue in a servant to conceal his Master's secrets. *Alcafero* is angry at his silence and fidelity, yet commends him; he bethinks himself of another course and subtilty, as well knowing that fair words may obtain that which threats cannot; he prays him to dine with his servants, and enjoyneth *Plantinus* to bring him to him in the Garden after dinner, the which he doth. *Alcafero* takes him apart, and tels him, that some fifteen days past he saw him here: *Fiesco* answereth him with silence. *Alcafero* finds much perturbation in his heart, and distraction in his looks and speech; he thinks this boy can reveal something which he ought to know, and therefore thinks to surprize him with a silver hook; he proffers him twenty Duckets, and lays it down before him, to discover himself and his business.

Gold is, but ought not to be a powerful bait to indiscretion and poverty. It is a small point of small wisdom in *Noblemen* to commit secrets of importance to those who have too much folly, and too little judgment to conceal them. The sight of this Gold doth not only dazle *Fiesco's* eyes, but eclipse his fidelity: so he holds it no sin towards God, nor treachery towards his Master to reveal it; but takes it, and informs him that he is the *Baron of Carpi* his Lacquy, who sent him from *Naples* thither, with a Letter from him to the Lady *Fidelia* his sister. *Alcafero* grows pale hereat, and is very curious and hasty to see the Letter: *Fiesco* delivers it him, who steps aside, and reads it; whereon he plucks his hat down his fore-head, and so making three or four paces, reads it ore again. He is perplexed to know as much as he sees, and grieved not to see and find as much as he desireth to know. He now confirms his former suspicion of

Carpi and believes that he is a chief Actor or Agent in his Father's *Tragedy*. But he knows it wisdom to use silence in the discovery of a crime of this nature; and therefore calls *Fiesco* to him, bids him stay that night, and to speak with him in the morning before he depart.

Alcasero withdraws himself from the Garden to his Closet, and there again peruseth this Letter of *Carpi*'s: he finds it full of suspicion and ambiguities, and perceives it hath a relation to former Letters; yea, there is a mystery in this Letter, the which he must unlock and find out ere he be satisfied; for although *Carpi* be squint-ey'd, yet he fears he hath looked too right on his Father. He flies to *Fidelia*'s Closet, Trunk and Casket, and finds a former Letter of *Carpi*'s to her, and the Copy of one of hers to him; and the perusal of these two Letters are so far from diminishing his suspicion, as it doth augment and encrease it; for now he verily believes that *Carpi* and his Sister *Fidelia* have jointly had a great hand in his Father's murder. But all this while he doth not once so much as suspect or imagin that his other Sister *Calistina* hath play'd any part in this *Tragedy*; but *Time* is the daughter of *Truth*, as *Truth* is that of *Heaven*. In the morn he calls for *Fiesco* to whom he gave this farewell, Tell the Baron of *Carpi* thy Master, that my Sister *Fidelia* is in another World, and not in this, and that shortly I resolve to see him at Naples, and that in the interim I will reserve his Letter. *Fiesco* departs, but knows he hath so highly betrayed and wronged his Master, as he dares not see him, and so shews him a fair pair of heels. Such Lacquies far better deserve a halter than a Livery. *Carpi* wonders at his Lacquies long stay; in which mean time *Alcasero* comes to Naples, where he is yet irresolute, whether to accuse *Carpi* by order and course of Law, or to fight with him: but he resolves to do both; and that if the Law will not right him for the murder of his Father, his sword shall. He goes to the Criminal Judges, and with much passion and sorrow accuseth the Baron of *Carpi* for murdering of the Captain *Benvenuto* his Father; and for proof hereof, produceth his two Letters to his Sister *Fidelia*, and the Copy of one of hers to him. Whereupon the Judges grant power to apprehend *Carpi*; so he is taken and constituted prisoner; and now he hath leisure to think on the baseness and foulness of his fact. But he is so far from dejecting himself to sorrow, or addicting himself to repentance, as he puts a brazen face on his looks and speeches, and so peremptorily intends and resolves to deny all. Had he had more grace, or less impiety, he would have made better use of this his imprisonment, and have shewn himself at least humble, if not sorrowful for his offence and crime. But he holds it wisdom in greatest dangers to shew most courage and resolution, and so makes himself fit to grapple and encounter with all accidents and occurrences whatsoever.

Men may palliate their sins but God will find them out, and display them in their naked colors. *Alcasero* is an importunate solicitor to his Judges, to draw and hasten on *Carpi* his arraignment: But they (resembling themselves) proceed therein modestly and gravely: they consult and consider the three Letters; they find conjectural sentences enough to accuse, but no solid proof to condemn him, they hold, that their opinions ought not to be swayed with the wind of every presumption, and that it is not fit so trivially to set the life of a man at six and seven. Besides, as they approve of *Alcasero* his affection to his father, so they dislike of his impetuosity and vehemency towards *Carpi*. They all resolve to lay the Sword of Justice in the balance of Equity; and then ordain, that *Carpi* shall be racked, to see whether they can draw more light from his tongue, than from his pen. But he endures these his tortures and torments with wonderful constancy and still denies all. Had his cause been more religious and humane, and not so bloody, this fortitude and courage of his had been as praise-worthy, as now it is odious and execrable. The Court by sentence (pronounced in open Senate) acquit and clear *Carpi* of this murder, wherat *Alcasero* exceedingly repines and murmurs.

It is not enough that *Carpi* hath now escaped this danger; for *Alcasero* remains still constant in his conceit, that he is the murderer of his Father, and therefore vows and resolves to fight with him: He lets pass some six weeks time, till he be found of his limbs, and then resolves to send him a challenge. Had *Carpi* been innocent, it had been more honourable and requisite, that he had challenged *Alcasero*, than *Alcasero* him; but his cause being unjust, and his conscience fearful; he dares not run the hazard, to be desirous or ambitious to fight with *Alcasero*; which if he had attempted, *Alcasero* will anticipate and prevent him; who making *Plantinus* his second, he out of the ashes of his sorrow, and the fire of his revenge, sends him to *Carpi* with this Billet or Defiance.

ALCASERO to CARPI.

Although the Law have cleared thee for the murder of my Father yet my Conscience cannot, and my Raper will not. I should be a monster of Nature, not to seek revenge for his death, of whom I have received my life. Could I give peace to my thoughts, or unthink the thoughts of my disaster, I would not seek to bereave thee of thy life, with the hazard of mine own: But finding this not only difficult, but impossible,

impossible, pardon me if I request thee to meet me single, at eight of the clock after supper, at the West end of the common Vineyard, where I will attend thee with a couple of Rapiers, the choice whereof shall be thine, and the refusal mine: or if thou wilt make use of a Second, he shall not depart without meeting one to exchange a thrust or two with him.

ALCASERO.

Whiles the Baron of Carpi is triumphing to see how he hath bleared the eyes of his Judges, and so freed himself from the fears and danger of death, behold, *Plantinus* finds him out, and delivers him *Alcasero* his Challenge. He takes it, and with a variable countenance reads it: whereat he finds a reluctance and combat, not only in his thoughts, but his Conscience, whether he should accept or refuse it. His Honour bids him do the first; but his Conscience wils him to perform the second; *It were better to be born a Clown than a Coward*. Besides if he should refuse to fight with *Alcasero*, he upon the matter makes himself guilty of the Captain his Fathers death. He knows he hath an unjust cause in hand, but he prefers his Honour before his Life; when setting a good face upon his resolution, he addresseth himself to *Plantinus*, thus.

Sir, I presume you know this business, for I take you to be *Alcasero's* Second. He hath (replied *Plantinus*) done me the honour to make choice of me, instead of a more worthy. Will (quoth the Baron of Carpi, tell thy Master from me, That although I have not deserved his malice, yet that I accept his challenge, and will perform it; only I must fight single, because I am at present unprovided of a Second. *Plantinus* (as full of Valour as Fidelity) prays him, That he may not see his hopes and desires frustrated, but that he may enjoy part of the feast. But Carpi gives him this answer, which he bids him take for his last resolution: That he will hazard himself, but not his friend. So *Plantinus* returns with joy to his master, and discontent to himself; when nothing proving of power to quench the fire of these two Gentlemen's courage and revenge, they meet at the time and place appointed. *Carpi* fights with passion and vehemency; *Alcasero* with judgment and discretion. *Carpi* looks red and fiery with choler, and *Alcasero* pale and gasty, not for fear of his cause, but for the remembrance of his sorrows; and to conclude and shut up this combat in the issue thereof, Justice is not now pleased to shew the effects of her power and influence, nor God that of his Justice, onely it is reserved for another time, and for a more shameful manner: so *Carpi* hath the best of the day, for he is onely hurt in his right hand, and scarr'd over both his lips, as if the providence and pleasure of God had ordained, that that hand which committed the Murther, and that mouth which denied it, should be purposely punished, and no part else. As for *Alcasero*, he had five several wounds, whereof one being thorow the body, made *Carpi* believe it was mortal, and the rather, for that he fell therewith speechless to the ground; so leaving him grovelling and weltring in his blood, he departs, resting very confident that he was at his very last glasp of life, and point of death. But *Carpi* his Chirurgion (being more humane and charitable than his Master) leaps over the next hedge, and comes to his assistance: He leans him against a bank, binds up his wounds and wraps him in his Cloak, and so runs to a Litter, which he saw near him, and prays the Lady that was in it, that she would vouchsafe to take in *Dona Alcasero*, who was there extremly and dangerously wounded; and this did *Carpi* his Chirurgion perform, in the absence of *Alcasero's* own Chirurgion, who out of some distast or forgetfulness, came not at the hour and place assigned, according to his promise. It was the Lady *Marguerita Esperia*, who out of her noble and charitable zeal to wounded *Alcasero*, presently descended her Litter, commanded her servants to lay him in softly, and to convey him to his lodging, and she her self is pleased to stay in the fields till her servants return it her. It was a courteous and a charity worthy of so honourable a Lady as her self; and in regard whereof, I hold it fit, to give her remembrance and name a place in this History. All Naples, yea, the whole Kingdom rings of this combat; the Baron of Carpi and *Alcasero* are (jointly) highly commended and extolled for the same, the last for his affection and zeal to his dead father; the first, for giving *Alcasero* his life when it was in his power and pleasure to have taken it from him. But God will not permit *Alcasero* to die of these wounds, but rather will have him live to see *Carpi* die before him, though in a far more ignoble and shameful manner.

As soon as *Alcasero's* wounds are cured, and he pretty well recovered he leaves Naples, and returns to Otranto, where his Sister *Celestina* did as much shake and tremble at the imprisonment of the Baron of Carpi, as she now rejoyces at his liberty; especially, sith she is assured, that he hath no way accused her, nor used her name for the death and murther of her Father, which indeed makes her far more pleasant and merry than before, and within six months after marries with Seignior *Alonso Ludovici*, whom she ever from her youth had loved and affected, and with whom she lives in great pleasure, state and pomp: and no less doth her brother *Alcasero*, who for the courtesie which *Dona Marguerita Esperia* shewed him when he was so dangerously wounded,

in requital thereof, doth now marry the fair *Beatina*, her only Daughter, with whom he lives in the highest content and felicity, as any Gentleman of *Italy*, or of the whole world can either desire or wish.

But this Sun-shine of *Carpi's* prosperity, and *Calestina's* happiness and glory shall not last long, for there is a storm breaking forth, which threatneth no less than the utter ruin, as well of their fortunes as lives. Where men cannot God will both detect and punish Murthers; yea, by such secret means and instruments, as we least suspect or imagin. They are infallible *Maxims*, *That we are never less secured, than when we think our selves secure; nor never danger than when we esteem our selves farthest from it.* And if any be so incredulous, or as I may say, so irreligious as not to believe it, have they but a little patience, and they shall instantly see it verified and made good in the *Baron of Carpi*, and the Lady *Calestina*, who thinking themselves now safe and free from all adverse fortunes and fatal accidents whatsoever, and enjoying all those contents and pleasures which their hearts could either desire or wish to enjoy, or which the world could prostitute or present them, they in a moment shall be bereaved of their delights and glory, and enforced to end their days on a base Scaffold, with much shame, infamy and misery. The manner is thus:

God many times beyond our hopes and expectations, doth square out the rule of his Justice, according to that of his will. All men are to be accountable to him for their actions, but he is none for his decrees and resolutions: it is in him to order, in us to obey; yea, many times he reproves us, but yet with no intent to pardon us. Curiosity in matters of Faith and Religion, proves not only folly but impiety; for as we are men, we must look up to God, but as we are Christians, we must not look beyond him. He oftentimes makes great offenders accuse themselves for want of others to accuse them; and when he pleaseth, he will punish one sin by another, the which we shall now see verified in *Lorenzo*, the *Baron of Carpi's* his Lacquy; that wretched and bloody *Lorenzo*, who as we have formerly heard, assisted this his Master to murder Captain *Benevente* and *Fiamento* near *Alpiata*; who ever since being countenanced and authorized by his Masters favour, in respect of this his foul fact, wherein his bloody and murderous hand was deeply and jointly imbrued with him: he from that time becomes so debauch'd and dissolute in his service, as he spends all that possibly he can procure or get; yea, and runs likewise extremely in debt, not only with all his friends, but also with all those whom he knows will trust him: so as his wants being extremely urgent, and enforced to see himself reduced to a miserable indigence and poverty, he being one day sent by the *Baron* his Master to the Senate-house with a Letter to his Counsellor, he there in the throng and croud of the people cuts a purse from a Gentlewoman's side, wherein was some five and twenty Duckatoons in Gold, was taken with the manner, and apprehended and imprisoned for the fact, and the next morn his Process was made, he found guilty, and condemned to be hanged: so he is dealt withal by a couple of *Friers* in prison, who prepare his soul for Heaven: He sees the foulness of his former life, and repents it. The *Baron of Carpi's* his Master, no sooner understands this news, but he shakes and trembles, fearing lest this his Lacquy should reveal the Murther of the Captain and his man: whereupon he resolveth to flie; but considering again, that if his Lacquy accuse him not, his very flight will proclaim and make him guilty, he stays, and as he thinks, resolves of a better course. He goes to the prison, and deals with his Lacquy to be secret in the business he wotes of, protesting and promising him, that in consideration thereof, he will enrich his mother and brothers. *Lorenzo* tells him, that he needs not fear; for as he hath lived, so he will die his faithful servant: But we shall see him have more grace, than to keep so graceless a promise, *Carpi* flattering himself with the fidelity and affection of his Lacquy, resolves to stay in the City: but he shall shortly repent his confidence. He was formerly betrayed by *Fiesco*, which methinks should have made him more cautious and wise, and not so simple to intrust and repose his life on the uncertain mercy of *Lorenzo's* tongue: but God's Revenge draws near him, and consequently he near his end; for he neither can nor shall avoid the Judgment of Heaven.

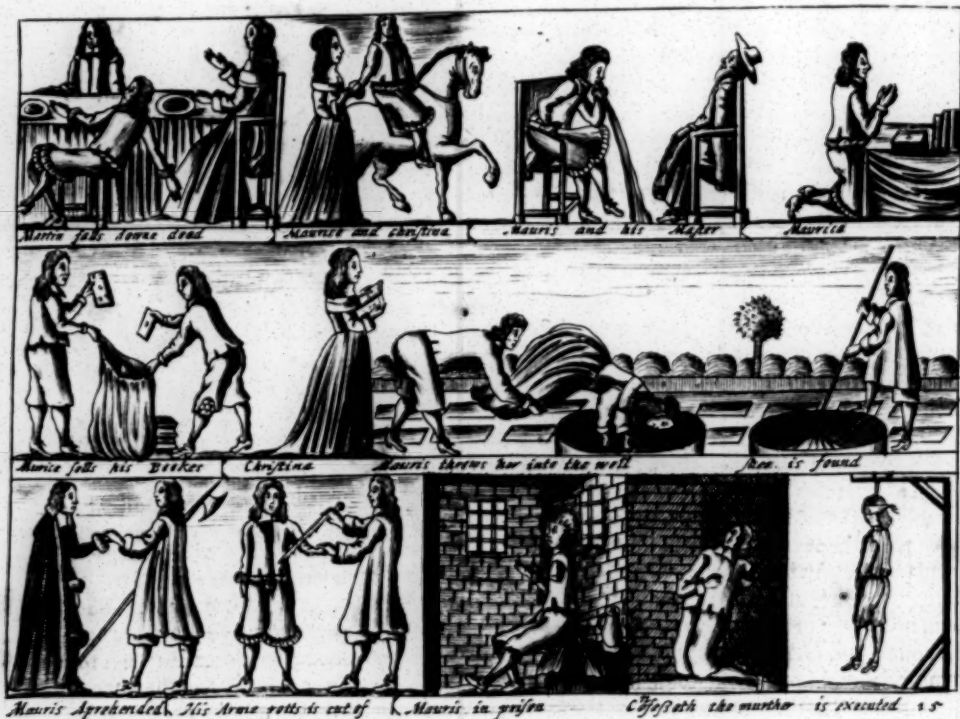
Lorenzo on the Gallows will not charge his soul with this foul and execrable sin of murther; but Grace now operating with his soul, as much as formerly *Satan* did with his heart, he confesseth that he and the *Baron of Carpi's* his Master, together with the Knight *Monteleon*, and his Lacquy *Anselmo*, murdered the Captain *Benevente*, and his man *Fiamento*, and threw them into the Quarry, the which he takes to his death is true; and so using some Christian-like speeches of repentance and sorrow, he is hanged.

Lorenzo is no sooner turned over, but the Criminal Judges advertised of his speeches delivered at his death, they command the *Baron of Carpi's* his lodging to be beleagured, where he is found in his study, and so apprehended and committed prisoner; where fear makes him look pale, so as the Peacocks plumes both of his pride and courage strike fail. He is again put to the Rack, and

and now the second time he reveals his foul and bloody murder, and in every point acknowledgeth *Lorenzo's* accusation of him to be true: So he is condemned first to have his right hand cut off, and then his head, notwithstanding that many great friends of his sue to the *Viceroy* for his pardon. The night before he was to die the next morn. one of his Judges was sent to him to prison, to perswade him to discover all his Complices in that murder, besides *Monteleon* and his Lacquy *Anselmo*; yea, there are likewise some Divines present, who with many Religious Exhortations perswade him to it: So *Grace* prevails with *Nature*, and *Righteousness* with *Impiety* and sin in him; that he is now no longer himself, for contrition and repentance hath reformed him; he will rather dis-respect *Calistina*, than displease God: whereupon he affirms, that she and her deceased sister *Fidelia*, drew him and *Monteleon* to murder their Faither, and his man *Fiamento*; and that if it had not been for their allurements and requests, they had never attempted either the beginning or end of so bloody a business: and thus making himself ready for Heaven, and grieving at nothing on Earth, but at the remembrance of his foul Fact, he in the sight of many thousand people, doth now lose his head.

This *Tragedy* is no sooner acted and finished in *Naples*, but the Judges of this City send away Post to those of *Otranto*, to seize on the Lady *Calistina* (who in the absence of her husband for the most part lived there) a Lady whom I could pity for her youth and beauty, did not the foulness of her fact, so foully disparage and blemish it. She is at that instant at a *Noblemans* house, at the solemnity of his Daughter's marriage, where she is apprehended, imprisoned and accused to be the Author and plotter of the Captain her Father's death; neither can her tears or prayers exempt her from this affliction or misery. She was once of opinion to deny it, but understanding that the *Baron of Carpi*, and his Lacquy *Lorenzo* were already executed for the same in *Naples*, she with a world of tears freely confesseth it, and confirms as much as *Carpi* affirmed: whereupon in expiation of this her inhuman *Parricide*, she is condemned to have her head cut off, her body burnt, and her ashes thrown into the air; for a milder death, and a less punishment the Lord will not (out of his Justice) inflict upon her, for this her horrible crime, and barbarous cruelty committed on the person of her own Father, or at least seducing and occasioning it to be committed on him; and it is not in her husbands possible power to exempt or free her hereof. Being sent back that night to prison, she passeth it over (or in very truth the greatest part thereof) in prayer, still grieving for her sins, and mourning for this her bloody offence and crime; and the next morn being brought to her execution, when she ascended the Scaffold, she was very humble, sorrowful and repentant, and with many shows of tears requested her brother *Alcafero*, and all her kinsfolks to forgive her, for occasioning and consenting to her Fathers death, and generally all the world to pray for her; when her sighs and tears so sorrowfully interrupted and silenced her tongue, as she recommending her soul into the hands of her Redeemer, whom she had so hainously offended, she with great humility and contrition, kneeling on her knees, and lifting up her eyes and hands towards Heaven, the Executioner with his Sword made a double divorce betwixt her head and her body, her body and her soul; and then the fire (as if incensed at so fiery a spirit) consumed her to ashes, and her ashes were thrown into the air; to teach her, and all the world by her example, that so inhuman and bloody a daughter, deserved not either to tread on the face of the earth, or to breathe this air of life.

She was lamented of all who either knew or saw her, not that she should die, but that she should first deserve, then suffer so shameful and wretched a death: and yet she was far happier than her sister *Fidelia*; for she despaired, and this confidently hoped for remission and salvation. Thus albeit this wretched and execrable young Gentlewoman lived impiously, yet she died *Christianly*: wherefore let us think on that with detestation, and on this with charity. And here we see how severely the murder of Captain *Benevente* was by Gods just revenge punished, not only in his two Daughters who plotted it, but also in the two *Noblemen* and their two Lacquies who acted it. Such attempts and crimes deserve such ends and punishments, and infallibly find them. The only way therefore for *Christians* to avoid the one, and condemn the other, is with sanctified hearts, and unpolluted hands, still to pray to God for his Grace, continually to affect prayer, and incessantly to practise piety in our thoughts, and godliness in our resolutions and actions: the which if we be careful and conscionable to perform, God will then shroud us under the wings of his favour, and so preserve and protect us with his mercy and providence, as we shall have no cause to fear either *Hell* or *Satan*.



GOD's Revenge against the Crying and Execrable Sin of Murder.

HISTORY XV.

Maurice, like a bloody villain, and damnable Son, throws his Mother Christina into a well, and drowns her: the same hand and arm of his wherewith he did it, was away from his body, and being discried of his wits in Prison, he there confesseth his foul and inhuman murder, for the which he is hanged.

IF we did not wilfully make our selves miserable, God is so indulgent and merciful to us, as he would make us more happy; but when with high and presumptuous hands we violate the Laws of Nature and Grace, of Earth and Heaven, in murdering through Envy those, whom through Duty and Affection we are bound to obey, honour, cherish and preserve; then it is no marvel, because we first forsook God, that he afterwards abandoneth us to our selves, and sins, and to the fruits thereof, Calamity, Misery, Infamy and Perdition: and that we may see human cruelty to be justly met with, and punished by Gods upright and divine Justice; Lo here in this ensuing History we shall see a wretched Son kill his harmless and dear Mother. A very fearful and lamentable *Paricide*, a most cruel and execrable fact, for the which we shall see him rewarded with condign punishment, and with a sharp and infamous death, although not half so deplorable as deserved. It is a bitter and bloody History, the Relation and Remembrance whereof, in the most barbarous and flinty hearts, is capable; not only to ingender Compassion but Compunction; yea, not only Contrition but Tears, at least if we have any place left in us for Pity, or room for Pity; the which if we have, doubtless the end of our reading will not only bless, but crown the beginning, and the beginning the end thereof.

Upon the North-east side of the Lake *Leman*, vulgarly known and called the Lake of *Geneva* (because it pays its full tribute, and makes its chiefest *Rendezvous* before that City, whereof it environeth at least one third part.) There stands a pretty small and strong Town, distant a little days journey from it, termed *Morges*, which properly belongs to the jurisdiction of *Bern*, one of the chiefest *Cantons* of that warlike people and Country of *Switzerland*, wherein of very late years, and recent memory, there dwelt a rich and honest *Burger* or *Burgomaster* (for of *Geneva* those parts and people are not, because they will not be capable) named *Martin Halsenorse*, who by his wife *Christina Sunysfaven*, had one onely child, a son, named *Maurice Halsenorse*, now of some fourteen years old; whose Father although he were by profession a Soldier, and enrolled a Lieutenant to one of those *Auxiliary bands* of that Country, which are in pay to the *French King*, yet nevertheless his chiefest ambition and care was, to make this Son of his a Scholar, because the ignorance and illiterature of his own age, made him to repent it in himself, and therefore to provide a remedy thereof in his Son's youth, sith he now knew and saw, that a man without learning, was either as a body without a soul, or a soul without knowledge and reason, which are her chiefest virtues, and most sacred *Ornaments* and *Excellencies*: So he brings him up to their own *Grammar-School* in *Morges*, where in some three or four years his affection and care to study, makes him so good a *Proficient*, as he becomes not only skilful, but perfect therein, and almost as capable to teach his *School-Master*, as he was to instruct him; yea, and to add the better *Grace* to the *Grace* of that *Art*, he was of so mild and so modest a carriage, and the blossoms of his youth were so sweetly watered with the *Heavenly dew* of *Virtue* and *Piety*, as if his manners and himself were wholly composed thereof; so that for *Learning* and *Goodness* he was, and was justly reputed, not only the *Mirror*, but the *Phoenix* of all the youth of *Morges*; and as he esteemed himself happy in his Parents, so they reciprocally hold themselves, not only happy, but blessed in this their Son. But because the inherent corruption of our nature, and the perverseness and multiplicity of our sins are such, as they cannot promise us any true joy, much less assured and permanent felicity: so the Sunshine of this their temporary content, equally divided in thirds betwixt the Father, Mother, and Son, will shortly receive a great eclipse, and a fatal dyfaster, which will be to them so much the more bitter and mournful, sith both the cause and effects thereof were of each of them unthought of, of them all unexpected.

For *God* in his sacred decree and providence, seeing *Martin Halsenorse* the Father his strength arrived at his full *Meridian* and height, and his days to their full number and period: He, as he sate at dinner jocund and merry with his wife and son, is suddenly taken with a deadly swoon, which presently deprives his body of this life, and sends his soul to enjoy the sweet felicity, and sacred joy and immortality of the life to come. A *Document* which may teach us not to rely upon the rotten priviledges and strength of youth, but so to prepare our lives, that death at all places, and in all times, may still find us armed and ready to encounter it. A *Document* which may teach us with the erected eyes, as well of our faith as body, so to look from *Earth* to *Heaven*, that our souls be not only ready, but willing to forsake this stinking tabernacle and prison of our mortality, to flie and be admitted into *Heaven*, that heavenly *Jerusalem*, and *Celestial City*, where they may enjoy the blessed *Communion* of the *Saints*, and the greatest blessings of all joys, and the most sovereign joy of all blessings, then to see our *Creator* and *Saviour*, *God* the Father, and *Christ Jesus* his Son face to face, wherein indeed all the joys and blessings of our souls are comprized and included.

The death of *Halsenorse* the Father, is not only the *Argument*, but the cause of his widow *Christina's* grief, of his Son *Maurice's* sorrow, of her tears and groans, of his sighs and afflictions; yea, and not to derogate from the truth, I may step a degree farther, and say, That this his death is a fatal *Herauld*, and mournful *Harbinger*, which portends and prepares both of them many disastrous calamities and woful miseries, the which in a manner, are almost ready to surprize and befall them.

This sorrowful widow being thus deprived of her dear Husband, who was both her comfort and her joy, her stay and her Protector, her head and her glory, although he left her a good Estate, sufficient enough to warrant her against the fear of poverty, and to secure her self against the apprehension of, worldly indigence; and wherewithal to maintain both her and her son, with somewhat more than an indifferent competency; yet she saw her friends forsake her, and her Husband's familiar acquaintance abandon her, as if their friendship died with him, and that their remembrance of him was wholly raked up, and buried in the dust of his grave. A most ingrateful d season and iniquity of time, rather to be pitied than cured, and reprov'd than reformed, so fading and inconstant are the unfriendly friendships of the world, who for the most part are ground'd on profit, not on honour; on avarice, not on virtue, on their own

gold, not on the want of their Christian neighbours and brethren; but enough of this, and again to our History.

Now, if *Christiana* (for only by that name I will henceforth entitle her) have any comfort or consolation left her, to sweeten the bitterness of her Husband's death, it is only to see him survive and live in her Son *Maurice*, in whose virtues and years, her hopes likewise begin again to bud forth and flourish; when remembering what an earnest care and desire her Husband had to see him a Scholar, as she inherits his goods, so she will assume and inherit that resolution of his: and although she love her Son's sight, and affect his presence tenderly and dearly, yet she can give no peace to her thoughts, nor take any truce of her resolutions, till she send him from *Merges*, to the University of *Losanna*, some three Leagues distant from thence, there to perfect his studies and learning, the seeds whereof already so hopefully blossomed forth, and trustified in him. To which end, her deepest affection and care having hearkened out one *Deodatus Vareseus*, a Bachelor of Divinity of that University, whom fame (though indeed most falsely) had informed her to be an expert Scholar, and an excellent Christian, she agrees with him; when allowing her Son an honest exhibition, and furnishing him with Books, a Gown, and all other necessities, she sends him away to *Losanna*, charging him at his departure, to be careful of his learning, carriage and actions; and above all, to make piety and godliness in his life and conversation, the *Regent* of all his studies; when with tears of natural affection, they take leave each of other.

Maurice being arrived at *Losanna*, finds out his Tutor *Vareseus*, who receives and welcomes this his Pupil courteously and kindly: but alas, the hopes of *Christiana* the Mother, are extremely deceived in the virtues of *Vareseus*; because his Vices will instantly deceive both the merits and expectations of her Son, or rather change nature and qualities in him, and thereby shortly make him as vicious in *Losanna* as formerly he was virtuous in *Merges*: for I write with grief and pity, that to define the truth aright, it was difficult to say, whether he were more learned or debauched, a more perfect Scholar, or profane Christian; for although the dignity of his Bachelorship of *Theology*, did hide many of his dissolute pranks, and obscene imperfections, yet his exorbitant deportment and indolence, could not so closely overvail and obscure them, but his intemperate affection to drinking, and beastly inclination to drunkenness, began now to become obvious and apparent to the Eyes and Heads of his Colledge, yea to the whole University: A most pernicious and swinish vice; indeed too too much incident and subject to these people the *Swissers*; but if it had been immured and confined within these Rocks and Mountains of *Germany*, it had proved not only a happiness, but a blessing to the other *Western* parts of the Christian world, where it spreads its infection like an uncontrollable and incurable *Gangren*, yea, like a most contagious and fatal pestilence: so as in *Vareseus* there was nothing more incongruous and different, than his doctrine and his life, his profession and conversation, his Theory and his Practice, his knowledge and his will. But if the head-springs and fountains be corrupted with this vice of drunkenness, no marvel if the Rivers and Streams of *Commonweals* be infected and poisoned therewith; yea, if it be not debarred, but have admittance and residence in the Classes of Universities, from which Nurseries and Gardens of the Muses, both the Church and State fetch their chiefest Ornaments and Members; how can we expect to see it rooted out from the more illiterate Commons, whose gross ignorance makes them far more capable to learn Vice than Virtue; or rather Vice, and not Virtue; sith there is no shorter nor truer Art to learn is, than of their Arts Masters. because the example and president of ill doing in our Teachers, and Superiors, doth not only plant, but ingraff and root it; not onely privilege, but as it were, authorize it in us, still with a fatal impetuosity, with a dangerous violence, and pernicious event and issue: for if remedies be not found in learned Physicians, it is then in vain to seek them in the rude and unlearned people; and if the Preceptor himself be not sanctified, it is rather to be feared than doubted, that his Disciple will not. This (yea this) is a most mournful and fatal rock, whereon divers virtuous and religious parents have even wept themselves to death, to see their children suffer shipwrack; yea, this beastly and brutish sin of Drunkenness, is still the Devil's Usber and Pander to all other sins; and therefore how cautious and careful ought the Heads of Schools and Universities be, to expell and root it out from themselves, and to hate and detest it in others, sith in the remiss winking thereat, I may (with as much truth as safety) affirm, that toleration is confirmation; and connivency, cruelty; as we shall not go far to see it made good and verified in this ensuing mournful History; the which in exacting Ink from my Pen, doth likewise command blood from my heart, and tears from mine eyes, to anatomize and unfold it.

Difficildy hath *Maurice* been three months in *Losanna* with *Vareseus*, but his virtues are eclipsed and drowned in vice; yea, he not only thinks, but holds it a virtue to make himself culpable

ble and guilty of this his Tutor's vice of Drunkenness, wherein within less than three moneths he proves so expert, or indeed so execrable a Scholar in his beastly Art, as both day and night he makes it not only his practice, but his delight, and not only his delight, but his glory. He who was before so temperate in his drink and conversation in *Morges*, as for the most part, he wholly drank water, not wine; now he is so viciously metamorphosed in *Lofanna*, as contrarywise, he only drinks wine, no water; yea, and which is lamentable to remember, and deplorable to observe in this young Scholar, he drinks (or to write truer, devours it) so excessively, as his Cups are become his books; his Carousing, his Learning; the Tavern, his Study; and Drunkenness the only Art he professeth; which filthy and infectious disease, spreading from the Preceptor to the Pupil, from old *Varesius* to young *Maurice*, hath so surprized the one, and seized on the other, as it threatens the dispaigement of the first his reputation, and the shipwrack of the seconds fortunes, and it may be of his life.

Now *Varesius*, who will not be ashamed to pity this beastly Vice in himself, doth yet pity it with shame to behold it in his Scholar *Maurice*, and yet hath neither the Grace to reform it in himself, nor the will or power to reprove it in him; but instead of stopping and preventing it, doth in all things give way to the current and torrent of this swinish sin, which inevitably draws after it these threefold diseases and miseries; the poison of our bodies, the consumption of our purses, and the Mole and Canker of our reputations; or if you will, these three not far different from the three former, The bane of our wits, the enemy of our health and life and the consumer of our estates and friends; and within the compass of one whole year, to all those diseases and miseries doth the drunkenness of our debauched young Scholar *Maurice* subject and reduce him, so as it being the nature of sin (not checked and vanquished with repentance) rather to grow than wither, to flourish than fade or decay with our age: the longer *Maurice* lived in *Lofanna*, the deeper root his beastly vice of drunkenness took in him, and he the dearer affection to it, so as that competent exhibition which his Mother yearly allowed him, became incompatible with this his excessive prodigality and intemperancy: yea, his extream superfluity in this kind, was without intermission so frequent, as three quarters of his years pension could not discharge one of his expences and debts, so strong a habit (converted now to a second Nature) had this bewitching beastly sin of drunkenness exacted and gotten of him, as if this were his felicity, and that he only triumphed to become a slave to this his slavish appetite and swinish profession, which to support and maintain, he not only feeds, but surfeits his Mother with variety of subtil and insinuating Letters, thereby to draw divers summs of moneys from her, as indeed he doth; some under pretext of necessity to buy new books, which he affirmed he wanted; others under pretence of his weakness and sickness, and such like colourable excuses; which unthrifty prodigality of his, doth as fast empty her purse and store, as her industrious frugality can possibly fill them; whereof having all the reasons of the world to become sensible, she at last, making her judgment consult with her affection, begins now to fear, that her Son was become less virtuous, and more debauched than she hoped of, and that these his Letters and Petitions for money, were only tricks to deceive the hopes, and betray the confidence she reposed in his virtuous carriage, and godly inclination, whereof being in fine informed and certified from such Students and Burgers of *Lofanna*, whom she had set as Sentinels, to have *Argus*, yea, *Lyncus* eyes over his actions and deportments, she at last with few thanks to his Tutor *Varesius*, many complaints and exclamations to her son, and imexpressible grief and sorrow to her self, commands him home from *Lofanna* to *Morges*, where with much bitterness and secrecy, she taxes and rates him for his drunkenness and prodigality, in that he had vainly spent in one year more than either his Father or her self could collect or gather up in many.

But see the leud subtilty, and wretched deceitfulness of this dissolute son towards this his dear and tender mother: for then and there, seasoning his speeches with virtue, and his behaviour with obedience and piety; he modestly seems not only to tax her credulity, conceived against the candour and integrity of his actions, but also with a kind of tacit choler, to malign and traduce those who unjustly and falsely had cast so foul an aspersion on his virtues and innocency; and the better to make those his speeches, and this his apology and justification pass current with his Mother, his discretion now describes so fair a Law to his Vanity, and his reason to his intemperate and irregular desires, as to the eye of the world, and to her more curious and observant judgment, he seems to be the very picture and statue of *Virtue*, although God and his soul and conscience well knows, that he is the true, essential and real *Image of Vice*: and the better to cloak and overveil this his dissimulation from the eyes of God and his Mother, although he continue to take his Cups by night, yet in *Morges*, and especially in his Mother's house and sight, he casts them off by day, and the better and more firmly to reintegrate himself into her approbation and favour, he mornings and evenings is seen at his prayers, and spends the great

est part of his time in hearing and frequenting of Sermons, the which affords such sweet content to her conceits and thoughts, as she repents her self of her unkindness towards him, and not only acquits him of his drunkenness, prodigality and dissoluteness, but also accuseth his accusers, whom she now as much condemns for *Envy* and *Malice* towards her son, as she highly (as she thinks justly) applauds him for his religious piety towards God.

But sith *Hypocrite* is worse than *Profane*, as making us rather *Devils* than *Saints*; or indeed not *Saints*, but *Devils*; and that no sacrifice is so odious, nor object so hateful to God, as he who denies and dissembleth it in his looks, and yet professeth and practiseth it in his heart and soul; so we shall see to our grief, and this wretched hypocrite find to his misery, that thinking to deceive God, he shall in the end deceive himself; and in attempting to betray his Mother through his false *Virtue*, his true *Vice* will at last betray him, and make him as miserable, as he flattereth himself it will make him fortunate.

Now, the better to root and confirm this opinion of his temperancy in his mother's conceit and mind, and so the more secretly to overveil his excessive affection and addiction to *Drunkenness*, he under the pretence of some necessary and profitable occasions, gets leave of her, sometimes to ride over to *Bern*, *Soleure*, *Friburge*, *Apensal*, and other capital Towns of the *Cantons*, where he falls afresh to his cups, and there continually both day and night swills his brains, and stuffs up his belly with wine, as if he took no other delight or glory, but to drown his wit and learning with his money, and his health with both; and yet again when he returns to *Morges*, he makes such fair weather with his mother, and casts so temperate a cloak and colour on his speeches and actions, as if it were impossible for him to drink more than would suffice nature, or to desire more than would merely quench his thirst. And thus by his hypocritical policy having wrought himself into his Mother's good opinion and favour, as also some store of money out of her purse and coffers, he with a feigned shew of humility and discretion, takes leave of her, and to perfect his studies and learning, returns again to *Losanna*, where he is no sooner arrived, but upon his new return, he finds out his old carousing Companions, who like so many pestilent *Vipers* and contagious *Moths* and *Caterpillars*, are viciously, and therefore fatally resolved, not only to eat out the bottom of his purse, but also the heart of his happiness, and as I may justly term it, to devour the very soul of his felicity; and with these tippling Brats of *Bacchus*, doth our leud and debauched Scholar *Maurice*, continually drink drunk; not only forgetting his learning but himself, and which is worse, his God; having neither the power to remember to repent, or grace to pray, nor to remember any thing but his cups; so beastly is he inclined, so swinishly and viciously is he affected and addicted; and what doth this either prognosticate, preface, or promise to produce in him, but inevitable affliction, misery and ruin of all sides.

As the shortest errors are best, so those *Vices* which have longest perseverance and predominance in us, prove still the most pernicious and dangerous. It is nothing to crush a Serpent in the egg but if we permit it to grow to a Serpent, it may then crush us; a plant may be removed with ease, but an old tree difficultly. To fall from sin to repentance, is as great a happiness, as it is a misery to fall from repentance to sin; and indeed to use but one word for the affirmation and confirmation of this truth, there can no greater misery befall us, than to think our selves happy, when (through our sins) we are miserable.

Here in *Losanna*, *Maurice* esteems this his beastly sin of *drunkenness* to be a *Virtue*, not a *Vice* in him; yea, in paying for all shots and reckonings in Taverns, he sottishly and foolishly thinks it the shortest and truest way to be beloved and honoured (though indeed to be contemned) of all; and therefore without fear or wit, yea, without the least spark of *Grace*, or shadow of consideration, his stomach (like the Devils sponge) and his insatiable throat (like a bottomless gulf) so devours his wine, and his wine his money, as that which should be the *Argument* of his glory, he makes the cause of his shame; and his money which should fortifie his reputation, he converts and turns to ruin it. But as poverty (in a just revenge of our *Vanity*) rejoiceth to look on us, because we first disdained either to look on, or regard it; so he having spent the fragrant Summer of his folly and prodigality, in wasting the moneys his Mother gave him in wine; now the deprivation thereof makes him feel the frosty winter of that want, which he can better remember than remedy, rather repent than redress. The *Fellows* and *Students* of his *Colledge* look on him and his *drunkenness*, some with the eyes of pity, others with those of joy, according as their friendship or malice, their *Charity* or *Envy* either conduct their passions, or transport and steer their resolutions and inclinations. As for his Tutor *Varesius*, how can he possibly seek to reclaim this his *Pupil* from *Vice* to *Virtue*, when he is so wretchedly dissolute, as by the publick vote and voice of the *University*, he himself is already wholly and sole relapsed from *Virtue* to *Vice*?

In which respect this vicious young Student *Maurice*, having neither Vertue nor Tutor, money nor credit, discretion nor friend to secure him from the shelves of Indigence, or the rocks of poverty and misery whereon he is rashly and wilfully rushing; he like a true debauched scholar, or indeed as a master of Art in the art of debauchedness, first sells his Books, then his Gown and clothes, and next his bed, being desirous to want any thing but wine; and confidently (though vainly and foolishly) assured, that if he have wine enough, that then he wants nothing. A miserable consideration and condition, a wretched estate and resolution, only tending and conducing to direful misery, and to deplorable poverty and desolation.

But to replenish his purse, to repair his credit and apparel, and to continue his cups and drunkenness, he hath no other hopes or refuge, than again to cast himself on the affection and courtesie of his mother, whom he re-visits with several Letters, which are only so many humble insinuating Petitions, again to draw and wrest moneys from her. But he is deceived in his hopes and expectation, or at least they distinctly and severally, and his mother jointly with them, conspire to deceive him. For I write it with grief, because (by an uncontrollable relation of the truth) she dictates it to my pen with tears, that as well by all those of *Morges*, who came from *Losanna*, as by all those of *Losanna*, who came to *Morges*, she is most certainly and sorrowfully advertised of her sons debauched and dissolute life, of his neglect of learning, and too frequent affecting and following of drunkenness; of the sale of his clothes, bed, and books; of the irreparable loss, both of his time, moneys, and reputation; and withal, how the dregs and scums of wine hath metamorphosed his countenance, and not graced, but filthily disgraced it with many fiery Rubies, and flaming Carbuncles; as also how it hath stuffed and bombasted up his belly and body, as if the dropie and he contended who should first sieze each on other; and therefore she being (with a mournful unwillingness) enforced, not only to take notice, but sorrowfully to rest assured and confident of these disastrous premises, the infallible predictions and symptoms of her son's utter ruine and subversion, she peremptorily and absolutely refuseth his requests, answereth his letters with many sharp complaints, and bitter exclamations against his foul sin of drunkenness, which threatens no less than the ruin both of his reputation, friends, learning, fortune, and life, if not of his soul.

Maurice seeing himself wholly abandoned of his mother, he knows not how to live, nor yet how to provide the means to maintain life, which not onely surpriseth his thoughts, but amazeth and appaleth his cogitations with fear; yea, he takes this discourtesie of hers, so near at heart, and withal is so extreemly impatient to see himself forsaken of her, whom he knows the laws of Nature hath commanded to affect and cherish, as forgetting himself to be her son, and she his mother; yea, forgetting himself to be a man, and which is more, a *Christian*; his wants and vices so far transport him beyond the bounds of Reason and Religion, of nature, and grace, as he impiouly and execrably degenerates from them all, and secretly vows to his heart and soul, or to say truer, to the Devil, (who inchanteth the one, and infecteth and intoxicateth the other) that he will speedily send her into another world, in a bloody coffin, if she will not relieve his wants, and maintain him as her son in this. So alas here it is, that he first gives way to the devil to take possession of his thoughts and heart, and here it is, that he first assumes bad blood, and suggests bloody designs, against the safety and life of his dear and innocent mother. When like a miserable wretch, and a wretched and impious villain, his thoughts and studies (like so many lines running to their centre) are now in continual action and motion, how to finish and bring this deplorable Tragical business to an end; yea, the better to feed this his insatiable bloody appetite, and to quench the quenchless thirst of his matricidious revenge, he forgets all other projects and affairs to follow and hasten on this; which (to give one word for all) takes up both his study and his time in *Losanna*, casting away his books which would seem to divert him from it, as if he courted *Pluto* not *Apollo*; *Proserpina*, not *Pallas*; *Erynnis*, not *Urania*; the *Furies*, not the *Muses*; and as afflictions seldom come alone, but many times (as the waves of the sea) fall one in the neck of another; so to make him rather advance than retire, in the execution of this his unnatural and damnable attempt, his excessive and frequent drunkenness makes him so notoriously apparent to the heads of the *University* in general, and of his own Colledge in particular, that they give him his *Conge*, and (without lending any ear to his Apology or Justification) expell him thence. So that being now destitute of all friends and means, he is enforced to see himself reduced to this point of misery, that he must either beg or starve, which to prevent, (because he as much disdaineth the first, as he is resolved to provide a remedy for the second) he leaves *Losanna*, (where his vices and debts have made the stones too hot for him) and on foot goes home to his mother to *Morges*, hoping that his presence may prevail more with her than his absence; and his tongue make that easie, which his pen (in his Letters) found not onely difficult but impossible.

Being arrived at *Morges*, his loving and indulgent Mother receives him with tears, not of joy, but of grief; for his drunkenness hath so deformed his face and body, as at the first sight she difficultly knew him to be her Son; and although he take pains to conceal that heafily vice of his, and so to plaister and varnish it over with a feigned shew of repentance and reformation; yet she sees to her affliction, and observes to her misery, that he loves his Cups better than his life, and that as soon as she once turns her back from him, he falls close to them, and so tippleth and carouseth from morning to night. Three days are scarce past, before he makes two requests to her; the one for new clothes, the other for money; when to the end that her wisdom might shine in her affection, as well as her affection in her wisdom, she chearfully grants him the first, but peremptorily denies him the second, because she well knows it would be so much cast away on him, sith he would instantly cast it away on Wine; and to write the truth, the grant of his apparel doth not so much content him, as the refusal of her money doth both afflict and inflame him: He is all in choler hereat, and the fumes of revenge do so implacably take up and seize upon his thoughts, and they on it, as now without the fear of God, or care of his soul, he like a damnable villain, and an execrable son, swaps a bargain with the Devil, to destroy and make away his Mother. Hellish resolutions, and infernal conceits, which will not only strangle those who embrace, but confound those who follow them. His impiety made him formerly assume this bloody fact, and now his necessity and want of money (in that he cannot as it were, drown himself in the excess of drunkenness) enforceth him to a resolution to finish it. His faith is so weak towards God, and so strong with the Devil, as he will not retire with grace, but advance with impiety, to see as well the end, as the beginning of this bloody business: He consults hereon with his delight, not with his reason; with his will, not with his conscience; with his heart, not with his soul. He sees he hath no money, and knows, or at least believes, that his Mother hath enough, and therefore concludes, that if she were once dead, it were impossible that his life should want any. So these two wretched Counsellors, Covetousness, and Drunkenness, (or rather Covetousness to maintain his Drunkenness) like two infernal fiends and furies, hale him on head-long to perpetrate this bloody and mournful murder of his dear and tender Mother, the end whereof will bring him as much true misery and infamy, as the beginning doth flatter and promise him false content and happiness. His youth hath no regard to her age, and less to her life, neither will he vouchsafe to remember, that he first received his of her: yea, all the blood that flows in his heart, and streams in his veins and body, cannot any way have the power to prompt him, that it is derived and descended from hers. And if *Morges* will not divert him, *Lefanna* should; if his years cannot instruct him, yet his books might; and if Nature prevailed not with his heart, yet methinks Grace should with his conscience, to present him the foulness of this attempt, and the unnatural cruelty thereof, in resolving to embrew his diabolical hands in her innocent blood; or if the influence of these earthly considerations could not allay the heat of his malice, or quench the fire of his revenge towards her, yet methinks looking from prophaneity to piety, from earth to heaven, from the time present to the future; from the corruption of his body, to the immortality of his soul; from sin to righteousness, from revenge to religion, and consequently from Satan to God, he should hate this bloody design and project of his as much as now he loves it, and seek the preservation of his Mother, with as much obedience and affection, as now he contrives and pursues her untimely end with impiety and detestation. But his Vices will still triumph over his Vertues; and therefore it is rather to be feared than doubted, that they will in the end make him too miserable, ever to see himself so happy.

Miserable *Maurice* therefore (as the shame of his time, the disgrace of his Sex, and a prodigious monster of Nature) having hellishly resolved on the matter, now with a devilish fortitude and hellish assurance passeth on to the manner of her Tragedy. He will not give ear to God, who seeks to divert him from it, but will hearken to the Devil, who useth his beast Oratory to persuade and entice him to it. But as the Devil is malicious in his subtilty, so should we be both wise and cautious in our credulity; for if we believe him, he will betray us; but if we believe God, we shall then betray him: he is impatient of delays; yea, his malice is so bloody, and his revenge so cruel, as he thinks every hour a year, till he hath sent her from Earth to Heaven. He proposeth unto himself divers ways to murder her; and the devil, who is never absent, but present in such hellish occasions, makes him as well industrious as vindictive and implacable in the contriving and finishing thereof. Now he thinks to cut her throat as she is in bed: Then to poison her at Table, either in her meat or drink. Then again he is of opinion to hire some to kill her as she is walking in her Vineyards; or else to cause two Water-men to drown her, as she is taking the Air in a Boat on the Lake, which twice or thrice weekly she is accustomed to do; but yet still he is irresolute, either which, or which not to resolve on, till at last, after a weeks dilatory protraction, having with a fatal and infernal ratiocination banded and rebanded these several bloody

bloody projects in his brains and contemplations, he rejecteth them all, as more full of difficulty and apparent danger, than of warrantable safety, when considering there was a deep Well in the cuter-yard, adjoining to the Garden, he holds it fittest for his purpose to drown her therein, whereon the Devil and he strike hands, and set up their rest and period.

While thus this gracious mother *Christina* endeavours with her best care and prayers to divert her graceless son *Maurice* from this his intemperate and beastly sin of drunkenness, he (as if he were no part of her, but rather a limb of the Devil) with a monstrous and inhumane ingratitude, sets his inventions and brains on the tenter-hooks, to espy out the occasion and time to dispatch her. When burning with a flaming desire to quench the insatiable thirst of his revenge in her blood, he (taking time and opportunity at advantage) seeing all his Mother's people abroad to gather in the Vintage, the Well open, and she with a Prayer-book in her hand, walking in the Garden next adjoining, the Devil insuseth such courage to his heart, his heart such cruelty and inhumanity to his resolutions, that all things seemed then to conspire to see an end to this his so long desired and affected business, of murdering and dispatching his Mother: he taking on him the part of a mad man, whom it seemed sorrow had suddenly afflicted, and grief distracted, he with his hat in his hand, hastily and furiously rusheth into the Garden to his Mother, and cries out to her, that there is one of the Neighbour's children fallen into the Well, which he espied from his Chamber Window: whereunto (harmless good woman) she adding belief to his false and perfidious speeches; and (being beyond her self) afflicted and amazed with this sudden and sorrowful news, she throws away her Book, and hand in hand with him (her sighs interrupting her words, and her tears her sighs) she (as if pity added wings to her feet) trips away to the Well, both to see this mournful spectacle, and chiefly to know, if it any way lay in her possible care to assist, or power to preserve the said child from death: when bringing her to the Well, he better like a Fury, than a man, and rather resembling a meer Devil than a son, fasteneth his left hand on the Well-post, and as she looks into the profundity thereof, he with his right hand tips and throws her in; and so without any more doing, claps down the cover thereof; when rejoicing in his heart, that he had sent her to death, because he sees it now not in the power of the whole world to save her life, he (the better to overveil this his impious villany) ascends her Chamber, breaks open her cupboards, trunks, and chests, takes away most of her money, and silver plate, which he privately hides away for his own behoof and use, and so scattereth a few pieces of money, and some of her clothes and apparel in the floor, thereby subtilly to insinuate and intimate to the world, that it were thieves who had robbed and drowned his mother; when stealing a horse out of the stable, he gets him out of the back door, which he leaves open, and from thence rides to his Mother's people in the Vineyards, to whom he relates he hath been all that morn abroad to take the Ayr, and is now come to pass the remainder of the day with them, and to be merry with them; to which end he sends for Wine from the skirts of the Town; and so they carouse and frolick it till towards night, and then they return home, where they find both doors open, his Mother their Mistress wanting, and no creature in the house, whereat they much admire. So they seek and call her in the Orchards and Gardens, but in vain, for they find no news of her; when the maids ore way, and he and the men-servants another way, seek her where she is accustomed to frequent, but to no purpose, for they can neither see nor hear of her; till at length the maidens rushing into her bed chamber, they find her cupboards, chests and trunks broken open, and some of her money and apparel strewed here and there upon the floor; whereat amazed, they cry out at the window, that thieves had been there and robbed their mistress her chests and trunks: which *Maurice* and the men-servants of the house over-hearing, they ascend and admire at the sight thereof: neither doth his outward fears, or their inward apprehensions, stop or stay at the meer loss of the goods, but they fear the absence of his Mother, and their Mistress *Christina*, and are already become jealous of her safety, and fearful that the thieves have offered her some violence and cruelty. Whereupon late at night, hearing no news of her, her son goes and acquaints the Bayliff of *Morges*, and the rest of the Criminal Officers therewith, who of all sides inquire for her, and make a secret search in the town, to find out the thieves; and in the mean time leave not a room nor place of the house unsought for her, but their diligence proves vain; for they can purchase no news of her, much less of the thieves. They remain in the house all night, and they all with sorrowful and watchful eyes expect to hear of her. Eight of the clock the next day strikes, but as yet she is not seen or heard of: So they again, in presence of the Bayliff search all places and corners, both in the House, Gardens, Orchards, and Yards; but still to no effect, when behold the sacred providence of God, in revealing her to be drown'd in the Well, beyond the expectation of all that were present; for as they are in the midst of their doubts and fears, yea, in the very depth of their

their research, lo, one of the servant-maids, named *Hester*, having that instant morning taken a nap of an hours sleep in a chair, starts suddenly out of her sleep and rest, trips to them, and says, she then and there dreamed, that her mistress *Christina* was cast into the Well and drowned; the which she affirmed with many words, and more sighs, out-cries, and tears; which piercing into the ears and thoughts of the Bayliff and servants, and into the very heart and conscience of this our execrable *Maurice*, they look pale with grief and amazement, and he straineth the highest key of his art and policy, to keep his cheeks from blushing for shame thereat; and the better to hood-wink their eyes and judgment from the least spark or shadow of his guiltiness herein, he with many shivers of hypocritical tears, prays the Bayliff, that upon *Hester's* dream and report, the Well may be searched; adding withal, that it was more probable than impossible, that those thieves who robbed his Mother's house, might likewise be so devillishly malicious to murder her, and throw her into the Well: which the Bayliff seriously considering, as first the maids dream, then the sons request and tears, he instantly in the presence of all those of the house, as also of many of the next neighbours, whom he had purposely assembled, caused the Well to be searched and sounded, where the hook taking hold of her clothes, they instantly bring up the dead body of his Mother and their Mistress *Christina*; the scull of whose head was lamentably broken, and her brains pitifully dashed out with her fall. All are amazed, her servants grieve, and her hellish son *Maurice* weeps and cries more than all the rest at this mournful spectacle. The Bayliff carefully and punctually again examines *Hester*, if God in her dream revealed her not the manner how, and the persons who had thus thrown her Mistress into the Well; she answered negatively, according to the truth, that she had already delivered as much as she knew of that mournful business. When *Maurice*, to shew his forwardness and zeal, for the detection and finding out of his Mother's murderers, he pretends that he suspects *Hester* to be accessory, and to have a hand herein. But the Bayliff and Common-council of *Morges*, having neither passion nor partiality to dazle and inveigle the eyes of their judgment, finding no reason or ground of probability to accuse her, or which might tend or conduce that way, they free her without farther questioning her, and so (as it hath been formerly remembred) they all concurring in opinion, that the thieves who robbed her, had undoubtedly thrown her into the Well. They give leave to *Maurice* to bury his breathless Mother, which he doth with the greatest pomp and decency, requisite as well to her rank and quality, as to his affection and duty; and the better to fan off the least dust or smock of suspicion, which might any way fall upon the luster of his innocency, he at her Funeral (to the eye of the world) sheds many rivollers of tears. But, alas, what is this to this his foul and execrable sin of murdering his Mother? for although it blear the eyes, and inveigle the judgments of the Bayliff and his Associates, the Criminal Judges of *Morges*; yet God the great and Sovereign Judge of Heaven and Earth, will not be thus deluded, cannot be thus deceived herein. No, no: for albeit he be merciful, yet his Divine Majesty is too just to let crimes of this hellish nature go either undetected or unpunished.

We have seen this execrable son so bloody hearted and handed, as with a devillish rage, and inhumane infernal fury, to drown his own dear and tender mother; and with as much cruelty and ingratitude, to throw her from the World into a Well, who with many bitter gripes and torments (to the hazard and peril of her life) threw him from her Womb into the World; and the providence and justice of God will not lead the curiosity of the Reader far, before we see this miserable miscreant overtaken with the imperious storm of God's revenge, and the fiery gusts and tempests of his just indignation for the same, notwithstanding that his subtil malice, and malicious subtilty, have so cunningly contrived, and so secretly acted and compacted it with the Devil, that no earthly person, or sublunary eye can any way accuse, much less convict him thereof; as mark the sequel, and it will briefly and truly inform thee how.

As soon as he hath buried his Mother, his black mourning apparel doth in his heart and actions work such poor and weak effects of repentance and sorrow for her untimely death, as where divers others lament and grieve, he contrariwise rejoiceth and triumpheth thereat, and by her decease being now become Lord and master of all, he like a graceless villain, falls again to his old carousing companions, and vein of drunkenness, wherein he takes such singular delight and glory, as he makes it not only his pastime and exercise by day, but his practice and recreation by night. And as God hath infinite means and ways to scourge and revenge the enormity of our delights and crimes, so we shall shortly see for our instruction, and observe for our reformation, that this ungodly and beastly vice of drunkenness of his, which is his most secret, bosom and darling sin, will in the end prove a ravenous Vulture to devour, and a fatal Serpent to eat out the bowels, first of his wealth and prosperity, and then of his life; for it not only takes up his time, but his study; inasmuch, as I may truly

truly aver to my grief, as affirm to his shame, that he levelleth at nothing more, than to make it his felicity: which swinish excess and intemperancy, (as a punishment inseparably incident and infallibly hereditary to that sin) doth within three moneths make him sell away all his lands, yea, and the greatest part of his plate and household stuff: so his drunkenness first, but then chiefly God's justice and revenge pursuing his foul and inhumane crime of drowning his Mother, makes him of being left rich by her, within a very short time become very extream poor and miserable; so as he runs deeply into debts, yea, his debts are by this time become so exceedingly urgent and clamorous, as contrary to his hopes and fears, when he least dreams thereof, he is imprisoned by his Mercer and Draper, for the blacks of his Mothers funeral, to both whom he is indebted the sum of three hundred crowns, which is far more than either his purse can discharge, or his credit and estate now satisfie. When, abandoned of all his friends, his means spent and consumed, and nothing left him to exercise his patience in prison, but despair; nor to comfort him, but the terrours of his bloody and guilty conscience, he is clapt into a stinking vault or dungeon, where (in horror and detestation of his bloody crime) the glorious lamp of Heaven, the Sun, disdains to send his radiant and glittering beams to comfort him; so as he who was before accustomed to fare deliciously, and, as it were, to swill and drown himself in the best and most curious wines, now he must content himself only with coarse bread and water; and yet his misery is so extream, and that extremity of his so miserable, as he hath hardly enough to maintain and sustain life: But we shall see that this first affliction of his, will instantly be followed and overtaken by a second.

Whitsunday being arrived, he petitioneth his Goaler (for that day) to have the liberty of the yard, and the freedom of the air, which is granted him, when at night descending the stairs, again to be pent up in his obscure dungeon, his foot slips, and he receives a fearful fall, wherewith the bone of his right arm is broken in two pieces, and having no Chirurgion to look to it, it putrifies and rots, so as for the preserving of his life, he within fifteen days is enforced to have it cut off a little below the shoulder; and this was the very same hand and arm which threw his Mother into the Well. A singular act of God's revenging justice, and just revenge shewn herein. O that it may be deeply imprinted in our hearts, and engraven in our souls, that the Reader hereof, of what Sex or quality soever, may as it were stand amazed at the consideration of *Maurice* his impious sin towards God, and of God's due and true revenge and requital thereof in his just judgment and affliction towards him.

But this is not enough for *Maurice* to suffer, nor for God to inflict on him for this his bloody and inhumane crime, in murdering his mother; nor to say the truth, it is but the prologue to the deplorable, yet deserved punishment, which is immediately ready to surprize and befall him. For to the end, that the truth may inform our curiosity, and our curiosity us, of the Catastrophe of this Tragedy, we must understand, that it was the pleasure and providence of God, that the breaking and cutting away of *Maurice* his arm, proved the break-neck of his patience, and the cutting away of his content and judgment. The Devil caused him most inhumanely to drown his mother, the which he might have refused to perpetrate, but would not; and now God in expiation thereof sends him Rage for Reason, Despair for Comfort, and Madness for Sobriety, the which he would fly and eschew, but cannot. He hath committed this execrable crime beyond the rules and laws of Nature; and therefore God hath ordained, that he should feel many degrees of punishments, and this is not only the law, but the rule of Grace. Of all degrees of afflictions, madness is the most to be pitied; and the worst to be cured, sith it makes a man go far beyond reason, and therefore to come too far short of himself; it is held by some to be a sickness of the Liver, or others, an over-furning of the blood, and of others a debility of the brain: But in this our execrable wretched *Maurice*, it was the infectious malady of his soul, which God sent purposely into his brains, to be revenged of his heart, for so inhumanely drowning his Mother. For although his Divine Majesty hath infinite more ways to punish murder, than man hath to commit it; yet that he might make the detection of this of wretched *Maurice*, as strange as the plotting and finishing thereof was cruelly inhumane, and inhumanely cruel, he purposely sends it him; for although since his imprisonment, hunger had taken down his stomach, and quelled his courage, as his former volubility of speech was now reduced to a kind of sorrowful and pensive silence; yet as soon as his brains and senses were possessed and captivated with this prodigious lunacy, and outrageous phrenetic, then his fits were so violent, and that violence so implacable, as his speeches were to many fearful outcries and howlings, and his words so many uncouth and unheard of ravings, so that whosoever heard or saw him, he might justly conceive and affirm, that he had thunder in his tongue, and lightning in his eyes: For his crime made this affliction

and phrensie of his so miserable, so imperuous, as he spake non-sense perfectly, and looked rather like a Fury than a man: yea, his soul conscience and polluted soul rung him so many Panick fears and terrours of despair, as he was afraid of all things, and angry with himself, because he could be no more afraid of himself; so as the dungeon which could imprison his body, was not capable to contain his thoughts, much less to immure his fears, and in this miserable plight and perplexity, he remained for the space of ten days and nights, without any intermission or hope of remedy, which infinitely disturbed his fellow-prisoners, but chiefly his Goaler, whose ears had never been accustomed to hear such discordant tunes, much less to be taken up with such distasteful and fearful melody.

He acquaints the Common Council of the Town hereof, and importunately solicites them, that they will remove this distracted prisoner *Maurice* to some more fitter and more convenient place: Who remembering what *Maurice* had been, and now considering and seeing what he is, they who heretofore would not be so charitable to relieve his poverty, are yet now so religiously compassionate, as they pity his madness; so they command him from a dungeon to a chamber, from his pallet of straw to a feather-bed, from his bread and water, to wholesome meats and broths, but all this will not suffice; and to shew themselves not onely good men, but good Christians, they to restore him to his wits and senses make yet a further progression in charity. They cause him to be conferred with by many good Divines, who are not onely eloquent, but powerful to perswade him to pray often, and to practise other Christian duties and offices; but his cries are so outrageous, and his ravings so extravagant, as he is as incapable to relish their reasons, as they are to understand his rage: When the very immediate finger and providence of God, make them yet so sensible of his unparallel'd misery, as they are resolv'd to remove him from his prison to an hospital, thereby to take the benefit of the air in the gardens, walks, and fields, hoping that they might prevail with him, to recall his wits, and re-establish his senses in their proper seats of understanding, and stations of judgment: when here, (oh here) I conjure thee, Christian Reader, to stand amazed and wonder with me, at the sacred and secret justice of the Lord, expressed and demonstrated in this accident: For as his under Goaler (by the Magistrates command) takes him by the hand, with an intent to conduct him from the prison to an hospital, his bloody crime (like so many Blood-hounds) pursuing his guilty conscience and soul: his thoughts so enformed his knowledge, and his knowledge to confirm his belief, that the drowning of his mother is detected, and that they now draw him from his prison to the place of Execution, to suffer death for the same. Which apprehension and fear, God putting into his conceits and heart, in despite of his madness, he wanting an Accuser, lo here he himself both accuseth and condemneth himself for the same. For the very image of that conceit redoubling his fear, as his fear did his phrensie and madness, he in the midst of those fits, and the height of that agony and anxiety, cries out with a loud voice, *I have drowned my mother in the Well, I have drowned my mother in the Well, God will have me to confesse it, before he suffers you to hang me; I speak it on truth, and by my part of Heaven, what I now confesse is true.* Which words no sooner escaped his tongue, but he instantly returns again to his out-cries of phrensie and madness. His Goalers and the rest are amazed at these fearful speeches, and bloody confession of his; which notwithstanding that they attribute to madness, yet they lead him to the hospital, he still raving and crying as he passeth the streets. But oh! Let us here farther admire with wonder, and wonder with admiration, at the providence and mercy of God here again miraculously made apparent and manifested in this execrable wretch *Maurice*, for he who outrageously cried in prison, and licentiouslly raved in the street, is no sooner entered into the Hospital, but the pleasure of God hath so ordained it, as his madness fully falls from him, and he absolutely recovereth again his wits and senses, in such firm and settled manner, as if he had never formerly been touched or afflicted therewith.

His Goalers make report to the Magistrates, first of his confession of drowning his mother, and then of his sudden and miraculous recovering of his perfect memory, judgment and senses, as soon as he set foot within the Hospital: Whereupon they as much astonished at the one, as wondering at the other, do instantly repair thither to him, and there arraign and accuse him, for that inhumane and bloody fact of his, whereof his own evidence and confession hath now made him guilty. But they take him for another, or at least, he will not be the same man: he denies this horrible and bloody crime of his, with many oaths and asseverations, which they maintain and affirm he hath confessed, says, that they either heard a dream, or saw a vision, whereof he neither dreamt nor thought of, and that he was ready to lose all the blood of his body, to find out, and to be revenged of the murderers of his mother.

But

But the Magistrates are deaf to his apology, and in considering the violence of his madness by its sudden abandoning him, as also his free and uninforced confession of drowning his mother, they conceive that God's providence and justice doth strongly operate in the detection of this foul and inhumane murder; and therefore contemning his requests and oaths (in the vindication of his innocency) they cause him to be refetched from the Hospital to the Prison, and there adjudge him to the Rack, when although his heart and soul be terrified and affrighted with his apprehension and accusation, yet the Devil is so strong with him, as he cannot find in his heart to relent, much less to repent this foul and inhumane crime of his; but considering that he acted it so secretly, as all the world could not produce a witness against himself, except himself, he vows to be so impious and prophane in his fortitude and courage, as to disdain these his torments, and to look on them and his Tormentor, with an eye rather of contempt than fear: But God will be as propitious and indulgent to him, as he is rebellious and refractory to God; for here we shall see both his confidence and resolutions taught another rule, and prescribed a contrary Law; yea, here we shall behold and observe in him, that now Righteousness shall triumph over Sin, Grace over Nature, his Soul over his Body, Heaven over Hell, and God over Satan: for at the very first sight of the Rack, the sight and remembrance of his bloody crime makes him shake and tremble extremly; when his soul being illuminated by the resplendent Sunbeams of God's mercy, and the foggy mists of Hell and Satan expelled and banished thence, he falls to the ground on his knees, first beats his breast, and then erecting his eyes and hands towards Heaven, he (with a whole deluge of tears) again confesseth, that he had drowned his Mother in the Well, from and for the which he humbly craveth remission, both from Earth and Heaven.

And although there be no doubt, but God will forgive his soul for this his foul murder, yet the Magistrates of *Morges*, who have gravity in their looks, religion in their hearts and speeches, and justice in their actions, will not pardon his body; so in detestation of this his fearful crime, and inhumane paricide, they in the morning condemn him, that very afternoon to be hanged. At the pronouncing of which sentence, as he hath reason to approve the equity of their justice in condemning him to die, so he cannot abstain from grieving at the strictness of the time which they allot him for his preparation to death. *But as soon as we forsake the Devil, we make our peace with God.*

All *Morges* and *Lofanna* rings of this mournful and tragical news, and in detestation of this mournful, inhumane, and bloody crime of our execrable *Maurice*, they flock from all parts and streets to the place of execution, to see him expiate it by his death, and so to take his last farewell of this life.

The Divines, who are given him for fortifying and assisting his soul in this her flight and transmigration from Earth to Heaven, have religiously prevailed with him, so as they make him see the foulness of his crime, in the sharpness of his contrition and repentance for the same; yea, he is become so humble, and withal so sorrowful, for this bloody and degenerate offence, as I know not whether he think thereof with more grief, or remember it with detestation and repentance. At his ascending the ladder, most of his Spectators cannot refrain from weeping; and the very sight of their tears proves the argument of his, as his remembrance of murdering his mother, was the cause.

He tells them he grieves at his very soul, for the foulness of his fact, in giving his Mother her death, of whom he had received his life. He affirms, that drunkenness was not onely the root, but the cause of this his beggery and misery, of his crime and punishment, and of his deboshed life, and deserved death, from which with a world of sighs and tears he seeks and endeavours to divert all those who affect and practise that beastly vice. He declares, that his mother was too vertuous so soon to go out of the world, and himself too vicious (and withal too cruel) any longer to live in it; that the sins of his life had deserved this his shameful death; and although he could not prevent the last, yet that he heartily and sorrowfully repented the first. He prayed God to be merciful to his soul, and then besought the world to pray unto God for that mercy; when speaking a few words to himself, and sealing them with many tears and far-fetched sighs, he lastly bids the world farewell; then inviting the Executioner to do his office, he is turned over.

And such was the vicious life, and deserved death of this execrable son, and bloody villain *Maurice*: wherein I must confess, that although his end were shameful and sharp; yet it was by far too too mild for the foulness of his crime, in so cruelly murdering his dear mother *Christina*, whom the Laws both of Nature and Grace commanded him to preserve and cherish. Yea, let all sons and daughters, of all ages and ranks whatsoever, look on this bloody and disastrous example of his with fear, and fear to commit the like by the sight

of his punishment. It is a History, worthy both of our meditation and detestation, whether we cast our eyes on his drunkenness, or fix our thoughts and hearts on his murther. Those who love and fear God are happy in their lives, and fortunate in their deaths; but those who will neither fear nor love him, very seldom prove fortunate in the one, never happy in the other; and to the rest of our sins, if we once consent and give way to add that scarlet, and crying one of murther; that blood which we untimely send to earth, will in God's due time draw down vengeance on our heads from Heaven; Charity is the mark of a Christian; and the shedding of innocent blood, either that of an Infidel, an Atheist, or a Devil. O therefore let us affect and strive to hate it in others, and so we shall the better know how to detest and abhor it in our selves: which that we may all know to our comforts, and remember to our consolations, direct us, O Lord our God, and so we shall be directed.

F I N I S.
